

A
CONTINUATION
Of the Comical
HISTORY
Of the most Ingenious Knight,
DON QUIXOTE
De la Mancha.

By the Licentiate
ALONZO FERNANDEZ de Avellaneda.

Being a THIRD VOLUME;
Never before Printed in *English*.

Illustrated with several curious Copper Cuts.

Translated by Captain JOHN STEVENS.

L O N D O N:

Printed for JEFFERY WALE, at the *Angel* in
St. Paul's Church-yard; and JOHN SENEX,
next the *Fleece Tavern* in Cornhil. 1705.

To the Honourable
Sir *THO. HANMER*,
BARONET.

S I R,

Your favourable Acceptance of Cervantes's
DON QUIXOTE, of my Translation,
makes Avellaneda's *Tour due*. The Authors
'tis true, are two, but the Subject is the same,
and the Translator but one. This is not there-
fore a second Dedication, but only a Repetition
of the First. I should not presume so much upon
Your Goodness, as to prefix Your name to this
Work, were it not absolutely the same with the
other, and consequently Your Property: The other
su'd for Your Protection; this claims it as a part
of the whole. And since you were pleas'd to Ho-
nour *DON QUIXOTE* under his first Parent's
Name, he has no less cause to hope You will ex-
tend that Favour to him under a Father-in-law.
But the Honour and the Favour have been done
to me; I alone stand Indebted to Your Goodness,
and Gratitude obliges me to make what Acknow-
ledgment I am able. That indeed is not worth
Your Acceptance, but it is nevertheless my Duty
to tender it. I am out of the capacity of making

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sutable returns to Your Generosity, and you are above expecting them. Could I have merited Your Favours, or were it possible to repay them, I should not have been Indebted so much, and Your Goodness would have appear'd the less. That alone is true Greatness of Mind, which exerts itself without the motive of previous Desert or the prospect of future Requital. It is Justice to reward Merit, and Policy to be kind with a Design; but it is a Noble Generosity to do Good out of meer principle of Goodness.

Such, Sir, I must own You have been to me, Your Favours have been all Gratuitous, and I should well deserve to be stigmatiz'd with the hateful Character of Ingratitude, were I wanting in my Acknowledgments. Let me therefore beg You will be pleas'd to accept of this small Offering, not as a Dedication, but only as a Testimony of a Thankful Mind, to remain a Monument of Your Goodness and Generosity, which has far exceeded theirs, whose lofty Titles have with less reason purchas'd them such Reputation. And that it may ever entitle me to confess myself

S I R,

Your most Obliged, and
most Humble Servant,

JOHN STEVENS.

THE PREFACE.

IT is proper to acquaint the Reader, that this is a different *Don Quixote* from that of *Cervantes*, and that there may be no Mistake, to inform him, that *Michael de Cervantes* Printed the First Part of his in the Year, 1605, which was receiv'd with universal Applause; but he neglecting to continue it, an *Aragonian* Author, whose Name was *Alonzo Fernandez de Avellaneda*, put out a Continuation of it, in the Year, 1614, calling it *The Second Part of the History of Don Quixote de la Mancha*; which is the same now first Translated and made Publick. *Cervantes* taking it ill that another should build upon his Foundation, fell to Work again, and publish'd his Second Part, which he seem'd before to have no thoughts of. It is therefore to be observ'd, that where such things occur in these two Second Parts, as bear any resemblance to one another, we may easily judge who it was that Borrow'd from the other, since *Cervantes* wrote his long after *Avellaneda*.

The Preface.

It is hard to determine, whether *Avellaneda* did not undertake this Work on purpose to thwart *Cervantes*, who as appears by their Prefaces, bore one another a Grudge, tho' on what account, is not known; and *Nicholas Antonio*, who mentions both Authors, gives no account of it. However it was, in my Judgment, *Avellaneda* has not succeeded amiss: He has held up to *Don Quixote's* Character exactly; he never departs from it, but gives us a Knight Errant who is always Grave, and whose words are all Majestick, Lofty and Florid. As for *Sancho*, he must be allow'd to be Excellent, and a more perfect Original than even *Cervantes* his own. He makes him a Peasant as Ingenious as the other; yet more full of Simplicity, and accidentally says many things, which, as the Author contrives it, do not at all detract from his Simplicity, tho' very often there is much Wit and Sharpness couch'd under them. The other *Sancho's* Character is not so much of a Piece; for sometimes he is all Plain and Innocent, and then again on a sudden he talks Maliciously, in a strain too lofty for a Peasant, and too subtle for a Servant who is but a meer Tool for his Master's extravagant Madness: For there I often forget it is *Sancho* who speaks, and am forc'd against my will, to reflect it is the Author, under *Sancho's* Name. In short, I think there is a bundance of difference between the two *Sancho's*; *Cervantes* his *Sancho* often endeavours to

The Preface.

to be Witty, and is not so; but *Avellaneda's* is so for the most part, without designing it.

I admire this last Author's *Don Quixote's* are so scarce in *Spain*. There are those who say, that *Cervantes* his Favourers burnt most of them. I am rather of Opinion that *Avellaneda* being an *Aragonian*, and consequently his Book perhaps wanting that Elegancy, and purity of Stile which is in *Cervantes*, who was a *Castilian*, therefore the *Spaniards* have not taken care to Re-print it. *Cervantes* himself confirms me in this Opinion, by calling *Avellaneda*, in his Second Part, the *Aragonian*. He gives him this Name in Derision, to upbraid him with his unpolish'd Stile. But that is the main Objection he can make against his Work; for in other Places he talks with too much Passion, and makes out no Fault in him. On the other hand *Avellaneda* Criticises on his first Part without any Gall, and like an unbias'd Person. Now, granting that the one writes more Nice and Correct than the other, yet what is that to Strangers? What does it concern us, tho' the *Aragonian* does not speak so good *Spanish* as the *Castilian*? Provided he is as Witty, and affords us as much Diversion in our Language as the other.

Thus far the *French* Translator in his Preface; which was proper to be Translated, to give the Reader the little light it contains concerning the two Authors, *Cervantes* and *Avellaneda*. As for this *Don Quixote*, it must

The Preface.

be own'd to be translated from the *French*; For as has been said above, the Book is Scarce, even in *Spain*, and perhaps was never seen in *England*, at least that I can hear of. It is true, *Cervantes* in his Preface to his Second Part, inveighs against this Author; and in his Dedication to the Earl of *Lemos*, says, *All Men were surfeited with his Book*. But he is too Partial to be admitted as a Judge in such a Controversy. This Book has the disadvantage to be Translated, as was said before, from a Translation, and must consequently still deviate the more from the Original, and yet it seems well to deserve a favourable Reception. However, it was never my way to plead the Merit of any thing that has past through my Hands; nor will I now endeavour to prepossess the Reader. Every Man in these cases, is his own Judge, and truly the best to know whether what he reads pleases him: And this being a Work of Pleasure and Diversion, it is hop'd will so far recommend itself, tho' it appears too long after all Men are so full and so fond of the other *Don Quixote*.

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Books

The Delightful
HISTORY
 Of the most Ingenious Knight
DON QUIXOTE
De la Mancha.

CHAP. I.

Which mentions another Arabian besides Benengeli, and treats of the Success of Don Quixote's Imprisonment in the Cage.

THE Wise *Alifolan*, an Historian as faithful as *Benengeli*, gives an Account in his Memoires, that the *Moors*, from whom he descended, having been expell'd the Kingdom of *Aragon*, he accidentally found certain Annals writ in *Arabick*, and containing the Third Sally the Invincible Knight *Don Quixote de la Mancha* made from his Village of *Argamasilla*, to be present at the publick Tilting, to be perform'd soon after in the City *Zaragoza*. The Relation he gives us, is as follows.

Don Quixote having been convey'd home in the Cage by the officious care of *Peter Peres de Curate*, and Master *Nicholas* the Barber, he was kept shut up in a Chamber with a Chain at his Heels. There he was daily ply'd with good strong Broths and Cordial Liquors, in which, I don't question, there was good store of *Hellebore*; and in short nothing was spar'd that might conduce to restore him to his

B

Reason.

Reason. The poor Gentleman was well dispos'd, for he so much dreaded relapsing into his Madness, that he never ceas'd pressing his Niece *Magdalen* to find him out some excellent Book, which might employ and divert him during the Seven Hundred Years his Enchantment was to last. She by the Curates direction gave him *Villegas's Flos Sanctorum*, the Gospels of the Year, and *Granada's Sinners Guide*. The reading of these Books insensibly blotted out all the Ideas he had conceiv'd of Knight Errantry, so that in fix Months time he seem'd to be perfectly restor'd to his Reason. Then was his Chain taken off, he was no longer lock'd up in his Chamber, but was allow'd the Liberty of going to Church, where he heard Mass, and was so attentive to his Curates Lectures, that all People were very much Edified at it. In short Mr. *Martin Quixada*, for he was now no longer call'd *Don Quixote*, was look'd upon as a Man perfectly restor'd to his Wits, and all Men blest'd Heaven for it. However none as yet durst talk to him of any thing that might seem to have any relation to his former Madness; which indeed was a great Argument of their discretion; tho' it must be own'd that the pleasant Companions of the Village made amends for this Caution by diverting themselves with his Adventures in his Absence. It happened about this time that the great heat of the Weather cast his Niece into such a Feaver as the Physicians call *Ephmera*, which tho' it generally lasts but a Day, yet very often proves dangerous; and to be brief poor *Magdalen* Dy'd of it. *Don Quixote* could not but be much concern'd at her Death, notwithstanding it was worth to him Eight Hundred Ducats as her Heir; but having still a good Old House-keeper, who was an excellent Housewife, and took great care of him, the trouble wore off insensibly.

On a Holy-day after Dinner, as he sat in his Chamber reading the Lives of Saints, his Old Squire *Sancho Panca* came to give him a Visit, as he was wont to do frequently at other times. Are you there my Friend, said *Don Quixote*? you come very opportunely to hear the Life of a great Man. By no means Sir, reply'd *Sancho*, I will not enquire into other Mens Lives and Conversation, for that is an unlawful Curiosity. Every Man must mind his own Business, without concerning himself with anothers. What a piece of simplicity that is, answer'd *Don Quixote*? what I design to read to you is Holy, and for your improvement. Draw a Chair that you may listen to me more at your Ease. What

What Book is it that lyes before you, said *Sancho*, is it not some Book of Knight Errantry? No, reply'd *Don Quixote*, it is the *Flos Sanctorum*. And pray who was that *Sanctorum*, quoth the Squire? Was he a King, or was he one of those Giants that were converred into Windmills last Year? What a silly Fellow thou art, answer'd *Don Quixote*, this Book contains the Lives of Saints, as *St. Lawrence* who was broil'd on a Gridiron, *St. Bartholomew* who was flead and so of all other Saints, whether Martyrs, or Confessors, whose Festivals are kept by the Church. As God shall save me, said *Sancho*, interrupting him, I believe you design to become a Saint Errant, to gain the Terrestrial Paradise. But pray tell me Sir, when *St. Bartholomew* was flead, and *St. Lawrence* broil'd, were they Dead or Alive? Both of them Alive, answer'd *Don Quixote*. Bless me! exclaim'd the Squire, that's ten times worse then tossing in a Blanket. Hang me if ever I follow the Example of your Saints. As far as mumbling over the Creed and Lord's Prayer half a score times on my Knees, I'll not be outdone by e're a Capucin of them all; but for being roasted, or boyl'd Alive, I am your humble Servant, my Talent does not lye that way. Enough of that, quoth *Don Quixote*, let us read the Life of *St. Bernard*, whose Festival is kept to Day. Tho' the honest Gentleman had read one half of it before, yet was he so complaisant as to begin it again, and every Leaf he turn'd over he made such judicious Comments upon the Text, that the best Moral Philosopher would have been puzzel'd to out do him. Tho' for the most part all that was but labour lost on *Sancho*, yet did it so far move him, that he cry'd out; Let me Dye if you do not Preach as well as the Curate, when he makes a Sermon for the Tithes. But now you talk of *St. Bernard*, I remember that last Sunday, *Peter Alonso's* Son, that goes to School, read a Book to us under the Tree by the Mill. By'r Lady 'tis the finest Book! Oh 'tis quite another thing than your *Flos Sanctorum*. In the first place before you read a Word, just at the beginning of the Book you see a Knight a Horseback, who with a Sword broader than my hand strikes a Rock, and cleaves it asunder. I know who that is, quoth *Don Quixote*, it is *Don Florisbran* of *Candaria*, a most worthy Knight. Besides that Book mentions several other Valiant Knights; as the *Admirall* of *Quasia*, *Palmerin* of *Oliva*, *Blastordas* of the *Tower*, the dreadful Giant *Maleorto* of *Brandanquia*, and the famous Enchantresses *Zuldaria* and *Dalphaden*.

Dalphadea. Right, quoth *Sancho*, and the Book says, that those two Enchantresses, carry'd away I know not what King, I know not how, into I know what Castle. It is the Castle of *Azefaros*, said *Don Quixote*. But *Peter Alonso's* Son must certainly have stolen that Book from me. If so, quoth the Squire, he shall not enjoy it long, for I'll take my turn and steal it from him, and will bring it you next Sunday, that we may read it instead of your *Flos Sanctorum*. Nothing pleases me like the Stories of those Ancient Knights, who at one stroke would cut both Man and Horse in two. You will do me a pleasure, reply'd *Don Quixote*, if you can bring it me again; but pray let it be done so privately that no Body may know of it. Let me alone for that, answer'd the Squire, till then Sir I wish you well. I must go to my Wife, who perhaps may want me. *Sancho* being gone, *Don Quixote's* Head began to be much turmoil'd with those things that had lain bury'd and were now reviv'd in his Memory. He put by the *Flos Sanctorum*, and walking about the Room in a disorderly manner, began to recall into his disturb'd Imagination all the former Ideas of his Knight Errantry. However as much discompos'd as he was, hearing the Bell ring for Even-Song, he took his Cloak and his Beads and went away to Church.

C H A P. II.

Of *Don Quixote's* Relapse.

NORwithstanding Mr. *Martin Quixada* was discompos'd in his Intellects, yet he made no outward show of it, and he might by degrees have recover'd his Peace of Mind, had not *Sancho* distracted him again the next Sunday; but that Visit put him past all Recovery; for the Moment *Don Quixote* took into his hands the History of *Don Florisbran* of *Candaria*, the very picture of that arm'd Knight overthrew all his Reason, and made him as Mad as ever. *Sancho*, said he to his Squire, the Book you have brought me without all doubt contains most wonderful Feats of Chivalry; but it is much better that we endeavour to imitate, and if possible to out do them, than to spend our time in reading them. We have already sacrificed several Months to a Criminal, unactive course of Life, and omitted the Exercise of those Duties incumbent on us, on me as a Knight Errant, and

and on you as a faithful Squire. It behoves us, my Friend, to return to our Employment, which will be very pleasing to God and beneficial to the World, since we shall deliver the Earth from those immense and haughty Giants, who against all right and reason do insult both Knights and Ladies. Thus shall we revive the Fame of our Ancestors, and purchase infinite Glory for our selves and our Posterity. This it is, my Lad, will make us Rich for ever. We go to Conquer Kingdoms for our selves and for our Friends. Fair and softly, quoth *Sancho* interrupting him. It is no such easie matter to catch them. Pray good Sir, do not buz my Ears any more with your Chivalry. You promis'd me last Year that you would make me a King, or Governour of some considerable Country, my Wife an Admiral, and my Children Princes. And what is come of it? I am still but poor *Sancho Panca*, and all Governments shun me as if I had the Plague. Let us talk no more of it, good Master *Don Quixote*, let us both keep our selves well whilst we are well; and let those Fools be beaten who make it their business to look for it. The (a) *Yanguessians*, God be prais'd, did so curry my sides that they left no itching in them. Besides, it cost me my Dapple, and when (b) the Mule is Dead the Doctor must walk a foot. As for that *Sancho*, reply'd *Don Quixote*, we will be better provided this Year to perform the Duties of our Profession than we were the last. I will buy you a bigger Ass than that which was stole from you, and we will take along with us Provisions, Mony and Linnen; for to say the Truth, I have observ'd that those are very necessary precautions. Upon these Terms, said the Squire, and provided you pay me my Wages every Month, I am at your Service: I'll return with you to the Exercise of Chivalry. Give me but the Mony, and I'll away immediately to my Gossip *Thomas Cecial*, who has a stately Ass to sell, and we'll set out to Morrow. I am pleas'd to see you so eager, answer'd *Don Quixote*, and I take it for a good Omen, but we can not be so expeditious, my Friend. I must first provide me with Arms, for I know not what is become of mine. Besides, that our Sally may prove the more Auspicious, I must send you to the Princess *Dulcinea*, to inform her from me that I am going to seek new Adventurers. Were not that cruel

(a) *Yanguessians* in Spain they call Carriers of Galicia.

(b) In Spain all the Physicians ride on Mules.

of my repose the most hard hearted Princess in the World, I would go prostrate my self in her presence, and make a tender to her Celestial Beauty of all the Heroick Actions my Courage is going to undertake ; but so unparallel'd is her Rigour, that she will not permit me to be bless'd with her Ravishing sight, till I have by my infinite Atchievements obliterated the Memory of the Exploits of the most Famous Knights Errant, and even of *Hercules* himself. And therefore I think fit, my Friend, that you go, this very Day to that adorable inhumane Creature. Describe to her the excess of my Amorous pain in such lively manner as may move her Compassion. In short speak to her so feelingly that your relation may touch her heart, and be sure to remember all she says to you, that you may repeat it to me word for word. Nay, as for matter of talking, quoth *Sancho*, I defy a Lawyer to out do me. I'll answer for it, and will not fail to make it good. There is but one thing that troubles me, and that is to know what I shall say to her. You shall say, reply'd *Don Quixote*, that her most humble Slave the Knight of the sorrowful Aspect, is still ready to expose himself for her sake to the most dreadful Dangers ; and that he Conjures her Sovereign Beauty not to forsake him when he shall invoke her in his Adventures. Enough Sir, answer'd the Squire, I shall well enough remember what I can of those words. Let us hear I pray you, said *Don Quixote*, whether you can repeat them well. Deliver your self to me as if I were the Princess *Dulcinea* : That is very pleasant, quoth *Sancho*, how would you have me take you for the Lady *Dulcinea*, when you are my Master *Don Quixote*. Why Numskull, reply'd the Knight, cannot you, whilst you talk to me, imagine you are speaking to *Dulcinea* ? No, by my Grandames Soul can't I, answer'd the Squire, for when I talk to you, I know very well I don't talk to another. And again, I am positive that you are my Master *Don Quixote*. What a Blockhead you are, quoth the Knight, Peasants are generally Sharp and Malicious ; but for your part it must be own'd your simplicity is not to be match'd. It is better that I write to my aimable Queen, and that you carry her my Letter, for you would entertain her with some foolish Discourse. Some foolish Discourse, reply'd the Squire, no by Jove, for God be prais'd, I have as much Wit as another in my Understanding ; and you must not think to perswade me that the Moon is made of green Cheese. However *Don Quixote* resolving

resolving not to trust to *Sancho's* Memory, went into his Closet, took Pen Ink and Paper, and after long pausing about what he had in hand, writ a Letter in a most peculiar stile. Before he would write it out fair he read it to his Squire, who cry'd out in a Transport, By the Lord, a most curious Letter! A School-master would scarce write a better. It is a Bow shoot beyond that you sent *Madam Dulcinea* from the *Black Mountain*. I understand some few words of that, but I can make nothing at all of this, with a pox to it. Give it me and I'll be gone immediately with it to *Tobiso*, and this very Night will bring you a good or a bad answer. *Don Quixote* read his Letter over and over several times, then writ it out fair, and delivering it to his Squire said to him; Take it my Son, and go see that Heavenly Wonder, who has the Supreme disposal of my Destiny. Farewel. I expect your return with impatience. Heavens grant you may bring back a favourable answer.

A few Minutes after *Sancho* was gone, one of the (c) *Alcaldes* of the Town came to call *Don Quixote*, and took him along to the Market place, or Square, where they found the Curate, the Barber, and the other Men of Note of the place in a little Ring. Whilest they stood there discoursing of such things as were most suitable to the Time, they spy'd coming up towards them four Gentlemen attended by several Pages, and by twelve Grooms leading as many Horses with rich Furniture. They all beheld this stately Cavalcade with attention, when the Curate turning to *Don Quixote*, indiscreetly, contrary to his Custom, said to him, Tell us the Truth *Mr. Quixada*, if you had seen these Gentlemen arrive here six Months ago in this Equipage, would it not have puzzel'd your Brain? You would have imagin'd that those Gentlemen were no less than the four immense Giants, Keepers of *Bramiforan* the Enchanters Castle, and that they were come Abroad to steal away some Princess of high Renown. Tho' these words were such as might have mov'd *Don Quixote* to some extravagant Action, considering his Brains were already in a ferment; yet he answer'd very discreetly. Mr. Curate, said he, if you please let us lay aside Raillery, and let us rather go up to those Gentlemen, who stop in the Village; let us know who they are, and what they look for. His advice was

(c) An Alcalde of a small Town or Village in Spain is equivalent to a Bailiff of a Country Town with us.

follow'd, all the Company drew near the Gentlemen, and after the usual Salutations, the Curate very courteously ask'd them who they were, and whether they design'd to lye in the Village. Master Licentiate, reply'd one of them, we are Gentlemen of *Granada*, who are going to the Tilt-ing at *Zaragoza*. Our design was to have gone two Leagues farther, but our Servants and Horses were so tir'd that we thought fit to rest them here; and we must desire you to give us leave, tho' it were but to lye in your Church rather than oblige us to go any further. Well Gentlemen, said the Curate, since there is no Inn in this place fit to Entertain so many, I will take care to Lodge you my self. The two *Alcaldes* shall each of them take one Gentleman, and his followers, and Mr. *Quixada* and I will take care of the other two. You will, not be treated, Gentlemen suitable to your Quality, nor as we could wish, but it shall be with a great deal of good Will and Affection. The Curate having thus order'd their Lodging, every Man carry'd his Guest Home, the Gentlemen having first concerted among them that they would set out very early in the Morning to avoid the great heat of the Weather.

C H A P III.

How Don Quixote Entertain'd his Guest, and of what Discourse passed between them.

DON *Quixote* having conducted his Gentleman to his House, order'd his House-keeper to make Supper ready, and not to spare the Poultry, with which, as good luck would have it, he was then well stor'd. Whilst Supper was dressing, his Guest and he were taking the fresh Air in the base Court. *Don Quixote* being desirous to know his Name, ask'd his Family, and why he came from so remote a part to the Tilting of *Zaragoza*. The Gentleman answered, that his Name was *Don Alvaro Tarfe*, that he was descended from the Ancient Family of the *Tarfes*, a Race of Noble Moors in *Granada*, nearly ally'd to their first Kings. You know, said he, what account there is in History of these Affairs, and how all the *Abencerrages*, the *Zegris*, the *Gomeles*, the *Macas* and other Noble Families of *Granada* embrac'd the Christian Religion, and remain'd in Spain, after

after the Catholick King, *Ferdinand*, had Conquer'd that flourishing Kingdom. As for the Motive of my Journey, I must confess it is Love. A Lady I admire will have me be present at the Tilting at *Zaragoza*, as her Knight; and to please her I go thither to put in for the Prize, that is, to be the Conquerors Reward. I wish you may succeed, said *Don Quixote*; however tho' Fortune which disposes of Events should not prove favourable, you will still have the satisfaction of approving your self a faithful Lover, performing all that in you lyes for the Honour of your Lady. Be so kind as to give me an account of that most excellent Persons rare Qualities, and of the principal Adventures of her Life. It would take up more time than I shall stay here, reply'd *Don Alvaro*, to satisfy your Curiosity. I can only tell you, that my Mistress is in the sixteenth Year of her Age, and that she is counted the greatest Beauty in *Andalusia*. It is true she is of the smaller size, but-----That is pitty, said *Don Quixote* interrupting him, for *Aristotle* says, that a Woman to be perfect must be large. With *Aristotle's* leave, reply'd the *Granadine* smiling, I am not of his opinion in that particular, no more than in many others. I admire Nature as much in its small, as in its greatest Works. Precious stones are small, and the Eyes, which are the most beautiful and most moving parts of Humane Bodies are the least. You are in the right, quoth *Don Quixote*, yet you cannot deny but that tall well proportion'd Women have a more Noble and Majestick Air than the others. This Debate concerning the size of Women held them till one of *Tarfe's* Pages was sent by the House-keeper to acquaint them that Supper was ready. Then *Don Quixote* led his Guest into the Room where the Cloth was laid, and both sat down to Table. During the Supper *Don Quixote* fell into a deep study. One while he would sit with the bit in his Mouth gazing earnestly on the Cloth, without so much as winking; another time *Don Alvaro* asking him whether he was Marry'd, he answer'd, that *Rocinante* was the best Horse ever *Cordova* bred. The *Granadine* being much surpriz'd at this extraordinary disorder, was desirous to know the cause of it after Supper. Mr. *Quixada*, said he to him, if you will give me leave to be free with you, I must declare that you seem'd to me but now so wholly plung'd in your Thoughts, that I have reason to believe you have some discontent upon you: If so, I beseech you do not hide it from me, I will give some ease to your trouble, if it

it be in my Power. Grief when confin'd, and, as it were, shut up in the Heart, has always violent Effects ; whereas communicated to a Friend that bears a part, it is dissipated and becomes less. I am oblig'd to you *D. Alvaro*, answer'd *D. Quixote*, very formally, and I wish I could serve you in return for your Generosity. But be not surpriz'd at having seen me discompos'd.

It is not easy for us, who gloriously profess Knight-Erantry, who daily engage with Giants, or Enchanters, with Monsters or Rinoceros, to disenchant Princesses, and to undo all wrongs. It is not easy for us, I say, to keep down our Thoughts, fill'd with all these Ideas, from soaring aloft. *Tarfe* was astonish'd to hear *D. Quixote* talk so wildly, he perceiv'd the poor Gentleman was not sound in his Intellects, and to be the more fully convinc'd of what he fancied, he said to him ; For all this, Mr. *Quixada*, I do not comprehend. what it was that so wholly took up your Thoughts at Supper. Tho' it do's not well become Knights to reveal such Secrets, reply'd *D. Quixote*, nevertheless since you are a Gentleman and Subject as well as my self to the God of Love, I will not conceal from you the Troubles of my Soul. The incomparable Princess, who has captivated my Liberty, seems insensible to my Passion ; and yet *D. Alvaro*, I protest before God and Man, that I have never transgress'd the Laws of Chivalry. I have ever strictly follow'd the Examples set before me by those Antient and Primitive Knight-Errants, the invincible *Amadis* of Gaul, his Son *Esplandian*, *Palmerin de Oliva*, the Knight of the Sun, *Tablantes* of *Richemont*, *Don Belianis* of Greece, and in fine, by all others who have had the honour to profess the sacred Order of Knight-Errants. *D. Alvaro*, who had a ready Wit, hearing this extravagant Discourse, found immediately how the Matter stood. He perceiv'd that his Friend had given himself too much to Reading of Books of Chivalry, and therefore resolving to divert himself, he said to him, Pray Mr. *Quixada*, is the Lady you adore of this Country ? for you being a Person so judiciously nice, she must be at least another *Diana* of *Ephesus* that could charm you. She surpasses in Beauty, reply'd *D. Quixote*, not only *Diana* of *Ephesus* and *Polixena* of *Troy*, but even *Dido* of *Carthage*, and *Doralice* of *Granada*. Her Eyes and her Complexion are like the Rising Sun, and the natural Red on her Cheeks resembles a Rose when it is new blown ; her Teeth are of Ivory, her Lips of Coral, and her Neck is whiter

whiter than Alabaster ; her Name is the Princess *Dulcinea del Toboso*, and mine *D. Quixote de la Mancha* the Knight of the *Sorrowful Aspect*. *D. Alvaro* had much ado to forbear Laughing, when he heard *D. Quixote* stile himself the Knight of the *Sorrowful Aspect*, a name of Distinction he highly approv'd of, because it so lively express'd the Original. It is that Princess, continu'd our Hero, who gives Life to my Thoughts, who raises my Imagination, and causes those Distractions which make me so much a stranger to my self. I quitted my House and Country, to perform a thousand glorious undertakings abroad for her Honour, and I sent her all the fierce Giants, and unparalell'd Knights I met, conquer'd and in submissive manner. And yet would you believe it *D. Alvaro* ? notwithstanding such unheard of Services, she is to me more cruel than an *African* Lioness, or an *Hircanian* Tiger. She receives my passionate Letters with disdain, or rather with Horrour. I have made Speeches to her longer than those of *S. Catherine* to the Senate of *Rome* ; I compos'd Verses for her full of more tenderness than *Petrarch's* to his beloved *Laura*, and Poems more Sublime than *Homer's* or *Virgil's*, and more full of Digressions than *Lucan's Pharsalia*. I have this very Day sent her a Letter full of the most respectful Expressions, and I expect no other but an answer full of Rigour. No sooner had he spoke these words but he saw his Squire. Well *Sancho*, said he to him, what News do you bring me from my (d) *Infanta* ? Am I to live ? Or must I die ? Sir, reply'd the Squire, here is a Letter she got the Sexton of *Toboso* to write for her, and which she order'd me to deliver to you. A Letter from her, quoth *D. Quixote*, transported with Joy, what a mighty Favour ? good God, is she at length grown sensible to my Love ? Sir, said *Sancho*, read the Letter first, perhaps you have no such great cause to rejoice. Be pleas'd, I beseech you *D. Alvaro*, said our Knight, to give me leave to read this Note, and satisfy the impatience I am under to know my Doom. This said, he kiss'd the Letter, and open'd it, and after having read it to himself, he cry'd out, O Heavens, can I receive such an Answer without dying for Grief ? Never did Lady send such an unworthy Threat to a Knight. Did the *Infanta Oliva* use the Prince of *Portugal* thus, tho' she

(d) In Spain they call all the Daughters of the King Infantas, only the Eldest being call'd Princess.

had never so great an aversion for him? What now, *D. Quixote*, said *D. Alvaro*, can the *Infanta Dulcinea del Toboso* despise you, when there's no Princess in the World but would look upon it as an Honour to be belov'd by you: Do you judge of it, answer'd *D. Quixote*, hear what that inhumane Creature writes to me. Then he read to *D. Alvaro Dulcinea's* Letter, which was as follows.

To Martin Quixada the Brainless.

IT is long since my Brothers ought to have treated you with a good Cudgelling, in return for all the impertinent Letters you have sent me. Had they been at home, when that old Fool *Sancho Panca* brought me your last, he had not gone away with all his Ribs whole; but Patience, if ever he comes hither again he shall pay for it altogether. And as for you *Mr. Martin*, I would have you to take notice, that if ever, for the future, you call me *Dulcinea del Toboso*, and entitle me *Queen*, *Infanta*, or *Empress*, you may have cause to repent having given me those *Shrovetide-Tides*, the longest day you have to live. Be it known to you, that by Sea and by Land my Name is *Al-donza Lorenzo*, alias *Nogales*.

By this abusive Letter you may judge *D. Alvaro*, said *D. Quixote*, whether I have not reason to complain of the unparallell'd ingratitude of *Dulcinea*. O the Jade, cry'd *Sancho*! Mind me, good Sir, I wish I may be troubled with the Snivel as long as I live, if my Master has not perform'd more Acts of Chivalry by Day and by Night, for that Jilt, than another would have done for a Lady Abbess. But what a Pox need he trouble himself? He who has Garlick eates it with his Bread, he that has none must be content without it. Between Friends, my Master, *D. Quixote*, is too patient. If instead of writing to that brazen Face, he had sent her by the Post, or any other way, half a score good kicks in the Guts, she would never have been so squeamish. I am well acquainted with that sort of Cattle. If you give them their way they'll shew no mercy. If a Man turns Sheep, the Wolves will devour him: If he takes a cuff on the Ear, he shall have two, and so forth. I would fain see them put their Tricks upon me; but, I gad, they are not such Fools. I can fence with my Foot as well as Brother *Ferome's* Mule, when I have my Sunday Shooes on full of Hob-nailes. If *Dulcinea* had made her

her two Brothers, *Basil* and *Bertrand Nogales*, beat me, it had
 been the dearest Beating they ever bestow'd in their Days.
Sancho's Hand was too much in to stop here, and *D. Quixote*
 was fain to bid him hold his Peace; but all would not do.
 I must tell you, continu'd he, how that Toad serv'd me one
 Day when I carried her another Letter from my Master.
 I found her in the Stable filling a Pannier of Dung with a
 Shovel, and no sooner I open'd my Mouth to tell her that
 my Master *D. Quixote* most humbly kiss'd her Hands, but
 she saluted me with a Shovel full of Dung, steep'd in Horse-
 piss across the Face. My Beard being that Day, unfortu-
 nately for me, thicker than Master *Nicholas* the Barbers
 Brush, the filth stuck to it like Pitch. Good God, said *D.*
Alvaro smiling, that was an ill reward, my Friend, for
 carrying the Letter. *Dulcinea*, as far as I can perceive, does
 not follow the Examples let her by the ancient Heroines of
 Chivalry, who loaded the Squires that brought them Love
 Letters, with Presents. Love Letters, said *Sancho*? on my
 Conscience, if a Cardinals Squire should carry her an Asses
 Burden of them, she would not so much as thank him.
 What a damn'd Face our Lady makes when a Letter is de-
 liver'd to her. A body would think she was eating Crabs;
 and may the Devil blow Wind in her Tail. Hold *Sancho*,
 cry'd *D. Quixote*, do not curse that Princess; ingrate, un-
 just, and barbarous as she is, still I adore her. Think she
 is the Sovereign over my Will, and respect what I love.
 In truth worthy *D. Quixote*, said the *Granadine*, I cannot
 but be amaz'd. I confess your *Infanta's* Stile is harsh.
 But have not you perhaps, through inadvertency, given her
 some cause of Offence: Examine your self well; perhaps
 you have, without reflecting on it, clapt into your this days
 Letter, some word which she may have taken in a wrong
 Sense; you know that sometimes happens among Ladies.
 No *D. Alvaro*, reply'd *D. Quixote*, there is nothing in that
 Letter which could give her cause of Offence, and to con-
 vince you it is so, I will this moment shew you the foul
 Copy. He went immediately and brought it out of his
 Closet, and sitting down again, read distinctly, in a grave
 tone, these following words.

To the Matchless Princess *Dulcinea del Toboso*.

WOULD the faithful Love which boils over in the Veins of this your Slave, O ungrateful Fair, permit me, to be Angry to Rebellion, against your perfection and absolute Empire, I should soon by Oblivion take Revenge of the contempt with which you treat my scorching Flames. But perhaps you my sweet Enemy, imagine that I never employ my Thoughts in anything but undoing of wrongs, and punishing of Felons; yet tho' every Day I have employ'd my Body against outrageous Giants, and have often shed the Blood of such Monsters, my thought, which is so nimble wing'd, hath nevertheless not forbore joyfully to call to Mind your so beauteous parts, and that it was captivated by the most excellent Lady among the Queens of high Rank. However, O Noble Princess, be pleas'd to receive me to Mercy, if I have committed any Discourtesie towards your high Majesty, and Royal Beauty. And I may well deserve it, for through Love all faults are pardonable. 'Tis the Favour humbly su'd for to your imperial Perfections by him who is so much yours, till his departure out of this World. The Knight of the Sorrowful Aspect,

Don Quixote de la Mancha.

In good truth, said Don Alvaro, smiling, I never saw any thing more pleasant than that Letter. It is so good that it might have been writ at that time by (e) Sancho King of Leon to the Noble Lady Ximena Gomez, when the Famous Cid Ruy Diaz comforted her in his absence. But how comes it, Don Quixote, that being so polite and Elegant in your discourse, you writ to your Infanta in that stile, which, as you well know, is now quite out of Date? I'll tell you the reason, said Don Quixote, I did it to try whether in imitating the stile of our Ancient Knights, I could bow the inflexible *Dulcinea*, and soften that Heart of Adamant, whose hardness my common expressions only serve to increase. And why, quoth the *Granadine*, did you take the Name of the Knight of the Sorrowful Aspect? As for that, quoth Sancho, you must excuse him; for it was I that gave it him, and to deal plainly it does not misbecome him. I took the Name of the Knight of the Sorrowful Aspect, said Don Quixote, because my absence from my Sovereign Lady made me Sorrowful to excess, and in it I imitated *Amadis* who took the Name of *Beltenebros*, which is interpreted

(e) An Old Story in Spain of which there are Ridiculous Ballads. the

the dark Beau. *Tarfe* seem'd concern'd at *Don Quixote's* afflictions, and said to him, Positively that Letter is very full of respect, and I cannot conceive what should set *Dulcinea* so unreasonably against you, or why she thus abuses a Knight of your worth. Then changing the discourse, he said, Being to set out to Morrow before Day to avoid the heat, I would willingly go to Bed with your leave. *Don Quixote* answer'd he might use his pleasure, and went out to fetch some Sweet-Meats to Treat his Guest before he went to Bed. The *Granadine* drawing near to the Bed they had made for him in the Chamber they were then in, call'd two of his Pages to undress him. But *Sancho* fearing to loose the Priviledges of a Squire, would not suffer any but himself to do him that Service, which was so pleasing to *Don Alvaro*, that holding out his Leg to draw off his Boot, he said to him, Go to then, my Friend, since your good will is such, draw steadily, for it will be a great Honour to me to be able to boast I was Unbooted by one of the most Famous Squires of Knight Errantry. Give me leave *Don Alvaro*, quoth *Sancho*, I do really believe I am as good as another; and tho' I have not the Title of *Don*, yet my Father had. How so, said *Tarfe*, if your Father bore that Title of Honour; have you degenerated from it? No, Sir, reply'd *Sancho*, but my Father plac'd that Honourable Title as best pleas'd him, and instead of placing it before his Name, as you Gentlemen do, he put it after, or behind. Then his Name, said the *Granadine*, was *Francis Don*, *John Don*, or *Martin Don*. You have not hit it yet Sir, answer'd the Squire, his Name was (f) *Peter Remendon*. *Don Alvaro* could not forbear laughing at this dull piece of Wit, and he ask'd *Sancho* whether his Father were yet living. No Sir, quoth *Sancho*, he dy'd of Kibe'd Heels Ten Years ago. Of Kibe'd Heels, cry'd the *Granadine* laughing? he is the first Man I ever heard of that dy'd of such a Distemper. God take me *Don Alvaro*, cry'd the Squire, may not every Man dye of the Distemper that pleases him best? *Don Alvaro* and his Pages were still furnish'd with new subject of Laughter, when *Don Quixote* return'd follow'd by his House-keeper bringing a plate of dry Sweet-Meats, and a Flask of White Wine; but *Tarfe* would accept of none. I dare not eat, said he, for I never eat between Meals but I suffer for it. I have often made

(f) *Remendon* in Spanish is a Botcher or Cobler.

the experiment on my self of the Aphorism of *Avicen*, or *Galen*, that to eat before the last Nourishment taken be digested, is prejudicial to Health. Well, cry'd *Sancho*, there is never *Avillain*, nor a *Gilian* of them worth a straw: I would no more forbear eating when I had a good bit in my hand, than I would spitting when I have occasion, tho' those Fellows should jobber more Latin to me than there is in the A, B, C. You are in the right, Friend *Sancho*, quoth *Don Alvaro*, and with your Masters leave you must take this bit from me. This said he took up a preserv'd Pear on the point of the Knife and gave it him. Pray excuse me Sir, said the Squire, these dainties do me harm when the quantity is too small. Yet he took and eat it. Then *Don Quixote* bid his Guest good Night, who was not long out of his Bed after it.

C H A P. IV.

Of Don Quixote's mighty Projects and Designs, which were all approv'd by his Squire.

DOn *Quixote* being gone out of *Don Alvaro's* Chamber, led *Sancho* into another, where he said to him; stay here, my Friend, and lye with me this Night, I have an affair of the greatest moment to communicate to you. Hold a little Sir, reply'd the Squire, I must first take one turn in the Kirchin, for I have not had my Supper yet, and I am like the *Cuckow*, I cannot sing till my Belly is full. Go down then to Supper, said *Don Quixote*, and come to me again instantly. Sir, quoth *Sancho*, I'll put in double bits to have done the sooner, I'll be with you in a very little time, and perhaps sooner than I could wish my self; for I am much afraid that *Don Alvaro's* Servants have not left me much to do. This said, he went down into the Kitchen, and *Don Quixote* went to Bed to wait his return. The House-keeper had kill'd so many Fowl that there was enough to satisfy *Sancho*; she set before him all that was left of the Supper, and he cramm'd himself up to his Throat. Then returning in a good humour to his Master's Chamber, so now Sir, said he, we may talk about business. I am now fit to give Advice, for I am as full as a Tick. Shut the Door, quoth *Don Quixote*, and come to Bed to me. The Squire

Squire stripp'd without any Ceremony, and his Master having him by his side spoke to him as follows. Friend *Sancho*, I have one of the greatest designs in hand that ever Knight Errant thought of; but before I acquaint you with it, 'twill be convenient I put some Questions to you which I did not think fit to ask before *Don Alvaro*. How did *Dulcinea* look when she receiv'd my Letter? Did she read it? No Sir, answer'd the Squire, but she caus'd it to be read. And did she not express any Token of satisfaction, reply'd *Don Quixote*. I beg your Pardon, quoth *Sancho*, she laugh'd like a Mad Woman till her sides shook again. She is a very reserv'd Princess, said the Knight. And what do we know but it was the better to conceal the tender affection she has for me, that she counterfeited so much Rigour, and writ to me in such a harsh manner? But in short, since a Heart that is full of Love cannot but betray it self, did she not, when she dismiss'd you let slip some word that might cherish my Love? Did not some obliging expression escape her against her Will? Yes indeed Sir, reply'd the Squire, she spoke words enough. She told me that you and I were the two greatest Mad Men in all this Country of *La Mancha*, besides I don't know how much more, which I am sorry I did not remember to have told it you again word for word, as you commanded me. Nay, that is too much, cry'd *Don Quixote*, I begin to open my Eyes, I perceive the haughty one despises me; and that I impose upon my self when I give a favourable construction to her Cruelty. It is decreed, I must set my self free from her unworthy Bands; I say unworthy Bands, because never Princess threatned to Cudgel a Knight Errant. This way of proceeding is abusive. For Knights to be hated is tolerable; let it pass, they are not therefore the less Amorous or Faithful; but they must not endure to be despis'd. I will therefore obliterate the Memory of *Dulcinea*; the Resolution is fix'd; and this is one of the great designs I had to acquaint you with. Faith and Troth, quoth *Sancho*, I am glad at my Heart that Madam *Dulcinea* is no longer one of us, for her having taken so much pains to daub me in her Stable. May I never get my Government, if she does not one time or other bite her Nails for Madness, when she hears you are a King, and I a Governour, and that it is her own fault she is not an Empress, and her two Brothers Princes, who are now never like to be any thing but poor labouring Fellows. God knows how they will

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curry

curry her Hide for having behav'd her self so like a Sow towards you, instead of receiving your Letters like a Gentlewoman, and granting you all Knightly Favours you desir'd. Oh how Mad she will be ! but then it will be a Day after the Fair ; after Meat Mustard, and like sending for the Doctor after the Patient is Dead. And when a Man has scalded his Throat and Guts it is too late to blow. That is not all neither *Sancho*, said *Don Quixote*, I have another Project in my Head, which I am pleas'd to take your advice in. Be quick then Sir, quoth the Squire, for I perceive by the many and powerful wamblings of my Brain that I shall soon fall a-sleep. I have understood, answer'd *Don Quixote*, that there is to be a Solemn Tilting at *Zaragoza* very suddenly. We must not by any means let slip so favourable an opportunity, and I design to Morrow to go about providing my self with new Arms, that we may set forward immediately. *Sancho* told his Master he was ready to follow him through the World, which did so please *Don Quixote*, that he embrac'd him for joy ; but the Squire was so far overcome with sleep that he scarce felt the hug. However the Knight, who did not perceive it, held on his Discourse in this manner. Then we will go to *Zaragoza*, where I shall win the first prize at Tilting ; and since that ingrate *Dulcinea* has repaid my Constancy with Contempr, I will seek some other Lady who will better requite my Services. Perhaps you will say I ought to make a scruple of changing my Mistress ; but to that, my Friend, I answer, that the Knight of the Sun, forsook *Claridiana* for the Princess *Landabrides*, tho' he had not the least cause to complain of her. And that I may find a Person worthy of such a Knight as I am, I design to repair to the Court of *Spain*, where my Reputation has already made me known. The Beautiful Princesses that make up the Queen's Court, Charm'd with my Mien and Fame will vye with one another to make a Conquest of my Heart ; but I will not submit it to the disposal of any but of her who shall give me the greatest Testimonies of her Love, either by endeavouring to dress her self to please me, or by the passionate Letters, the Scarfes, the Bracelets, and other Noble Favours she will send me. The Court Knights, and particularly those of the Golden Fleece envious of my Honour and good Fortune, will use a Thousand Artifices to lessen me in the Kings opinion. I will demand satisfaction of them, and having kill'd, or disarm'd them all in the presence

sence of the King and all the Court, I shall certainly gain the Reputation of being the best Knight in the World. What do you think of my Resolution? He held his Peace a while to hear his Squires answer; but finding he was asleep he shov'd him with his Elbow, saying, Hey, my Friend, give ear to me I conjure you. You are in the right Sir, cry'd *Sancho*, betwixt sleeping and waking, all that Mob of Giants is only fit to be hang'd, and it is well done to lay them on. Heaven's confound thee and thy Giants, quoth *Don Quixote*, I am breaking my Brains to beat into your Head that which, under God, most behoves you and me in this World, and you sleep like a Dormouse. Good Sir, said the Squire, be pleas'd to let me sleep, and I will allow all that you have before-said, or shall hereafter say to me to be good and true. By the living God, answer'd the Knight, it is none of the least misfortunes to be forc'd to communicate important affairs to such a Clown as you. Well, sleep on, poor Wretch, and be for ever a slave to your Senses. For my part I will not deliver my self up to sleep, till I have first imprinted in my Imagination the means I am to use to win the first Prize at the Tilting. I will imitate the wise Architect, who before he puts hand to the Work, first contrives and disposes in his Fancy all the parts of the structure he intends to raise. In this Employment *Don Quixote* spent the greatest part of the Night: He represented to himself, by the Force of his distracted imagination, all that was to happen to him at the Tilting. Sometimes he talk'd to the Knights he was to run against, another while he demanded of the Judges of the Field the Prize he had deserv'd. Then having in most humble and grave manner saluted a Lady, whom he conceited most beautiful and most richly adorn'd sitting in a Balcony, he gracefully presented her, as he sat a Horse-back on the point of his Lance, the Jewel he had won as her Knight. At length sleep overcoming his Senses, for a while dispell'd all those extravagant Ideas, his distracted Notion of Knight-Errantry had form'd in his Fancy.

An Hour before Day some body knock'd hard at the Door of the House. The Knight awak'd, and having not without difficulty, calling and shaking him, rouz'd his Squire, he bid him rise and go see who it was. *Sancho* got up, tho' not without Cursing those that broke his Rest. There was the Curate, and the two *Alcaldes*, who came to call up *Don Alvaro*, that he might set out in the cool of

the Morning with the other Gentlemen of *Granada*, as had been agreed among them the Night before. That done the Curate and *Alcaldes* return'd Home to give their Guests their Breakfast, who were then to come and take up *Tarfe* in their way. All Persons were presently up in *Don Quixote's* House, and whilst the strangers Servants pack'd up all things to be gone, the House-keeper and *Sancho* made ready the Breakfast. In the mean while the *Granadine* having dress'd himself, said to *Don Quixote*, who came into his Chamber to bid him good Morrow; Sir Knight I have a Favour to beg of you; I am inform'd one of my Horses is Lame, and cannot carry the least weight, which will oblige me to leave here such part of my Equipage as is most cumbersome, and not absolutely necessary. Among other things I have a Suit of Armour wrought at *Milan*, which I do not much care to carry to *Zaragoza*; for besides that it is more fit to run at the Ring than for Tilting, I have another Suit, which I put a greater value upon. I desire you will order it to be laid up safe for me in your House till my return. He had no sooner spoke these words but two of his Servants brought in a great Trunk, and laid it at *Don Quixote's* Feet, who having had the curiosity to view the whole Suit of Armour, piece by piece, was in an extatic of Joy at so agreeable a sight. The Armour was compleat, Back, and Breast, Gorge, Head-piece, Greaves-Gantlets, Arms and Knees; in short nothing was wanting. Our Knight, whose Fancy Travell'd far in a short time, presently conceiv'd what excellent use he could make of so rich a Trust; and therefore being possess'd with this imagination, he said to the *Granadine* with a chearful Countenance, I hope, *Don Alvaro*, you will not have cause to repent intrusting me with so precious a Treasure. Then he ask'd of him what sort of Equipage he would appear in at the Tilting, what Liveries he would give, and what Device he would bear. To all which *Tarfe* answer'd him precisely, without imagining in the least what strange Projects his curious Examiner had in his Head. Whilst they were putting up the Armour into the Trunk, *Sancho* came in saying, *Don Alvaro* *Tarfe* may be pleas'd to come and sit down to Table, for I have taken care to get Breakfast ready. Say you so Friend *Sancho*, quoth the *Granadine*, I perceive you are a Man of Dispatch: But is your Stomach come to you so early in the Morning? As for that, reply'd *Sancho*, you need not question it, and it deserves

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to be Recorded in the Parish Book; for in spite of the Devil and all his Works my stomach is so good, that I never remember I did rise full cramm'd from Table in all my Life time, unless it were a Twelvemonth ago when my Uncle *James Alonso*, being Steward of the Brotherhood of the Rosary, employ'd me to distribute the Dole of Bread and Cheese. That Day Sir, I must confess I was forc'd to let out two holes of my Girdle. God continue your good Appetite, answer'd *Don Alvaro*, I would give a great deal to have such a sound Constitution of Body. *Tarfe* had scarce eaten a bit before the other *Granadine* Gentlemen came in; and Day beginning to appear, he mounted a Horseback after returning Thanks to *Don Quixote* for his Courteous Entertainment. But our Knight thinking himself oblig'd by all the Rules of Chivalry, as well Errant, as Sedentary, to bear them Company some part of the way, caus'd *Rocinante* to be brought out of the Stable, ready Saddled and Bridled, and placing him before *Don Alvaro*, behold, says he, the finest Horse you ever heard of. *Bucephalus*, *Alfano*, *Sayan*, *Rapieca*, *Bayard*, *Cornelin* and *Pegasus* himself were not to compare to him. I believe so, since you say it, reply'd *Tarfe* smiling, after viewing the Skeleton Beast with astonishment; but in truth, good Sir *Don Quixote*, a Man by his looks would never believe what you say of him. Most certain it is that *Rocinante* being prodigious tall and long, and withal so thin and lean that one might have shot straws through him; he did not seem to promise all his Master said of him. To conclude, the *Granadines* set forwards, and when they had rode about a quarter of a League, they intreated *Don Quixote* not to give himself the trouble of going any farther. There past betwixt them some little courteous Contest, but at length the most obliging Knight of the *Mancha* gave way to the pressing instances of the strangers, and return'd to his Village.

C H A P. V.

Of the first use Don Quixote made of the Armour Don Alvaro had entrusted him with.

AS soon as *Don Quixote* came Home he presently sent for *Sancho*, who was just then got to his own House. The Squire came running very readily upon his Masters Orders, who immediately double lock'd his Chamber Door, that no Body might come to interrupt him. Rejoyce my Son, said our Knight, I have an agreeable piece of News to tell you. We may make our Sally when we please, for I have Armour already. Pray where is it, said the Squire? In that Trunk, reply'd *Don Quixote*, shewing him that in which *Don Alvaro's* Armour lay. Sir, quoth *Sancho*, I doubt you know not what you say: We must not suffer our selves to be tempted by other Mens Goods. That Trunk is none of yours; it belongs to *Don Alvaro Tarfe*. That's your mistake, answer'd *Don Quixote*. I must discover all the Mystery to you my Friend. These Arms are Enchant-ed, and it is the Wife *Alquise*, my Protector, who sent them me privately last Night by *Don Alvaro Tarfe*, that I may go to the Tilting at *Zaragoza*, and there win the most valuable Prize. This is a common practice of Enchanters, when they will not show themselves to the Knights they favour. It was thus, and by the hands of the Infanta *Imperia*, that the Wife *Belonia* sent Armour to her Favorite *Don Belianis*, when he undertook to fight for the Dutchess of *Isperia*, whom the great Cham of *Tartary* would have caus'd to be burnt. Be not therefore so silly as to believe this Armour belongs to *Don Alvaro*. It belongs to none but me, and I tell you it is a present the Wife *Alquise* sends me by him. If so, said *Sancho*, let us see that Armour a little, since the Key is still in the Trunk. *Don Quixote* instantly open'd it, and took out the Armour. When the Squire saw it so bright and curiously polish'd, and all over adorn'd with flowers, Tropheys, and other curious engraving after the *Milanese* manner, he fancy'd it was all of beaten silver, and in this Rapture he cry'd out, by the Lord, my Dear Master *Don Quixote*, that curious Armour did doubtless belong to him that first lay'd the Foundation of the Tower of *Babel*! If it were mine, I would

would cut it all out into curious shining pieces of Eight such as are Current at this time. Having so said, he took up the Head-piece, and having view'd it attentively went on saying, by the Sacred Beard of *Pontius Pilate*, this silver Cap were fit for an Arch Deacon; and if the brim were but two fingers broader the King himself might wear it. The Curate had best put it on at the procession of the Rosary; this curious Cap and his fine brocard Cope will make him outshine the Sun-Dial. By my Fathers Ghost I'll lay a Wager that this Armour is worth above sixty Thousand Millions. But tell me, pray Sir, who was it that made it? Was it the Wise Old Thief himself? Or did it come into the World ready made? How silly you are, reply'd *Don Quixote*. The Wise *Alquife* may very likely have been the Workman, for doubtless it could not be wrought but by some great Enchanter. And when I examine the curious Workmanship of it, methinks I see the beautiful Armour of *Achilles*, which *Homer* says was made by *Vulcan*, the Infernal Blacksmith, at the request of the Goddess *Thetis*. A Plague rot him, cry'd *Sancho*, for a Cursed Blacksmith that Works at the Devils Forge. I'll go to his Shop to get him to mend my Plough share, but let him stay a while, with a pox to him. It must be confess'd, (quoth *Don Quixote* without regarding what his Squire, said he was so taken up with his own Notions) that this is admirable Armour. I am resolv'd, my Dear Lad, to try it on immediately, help me on with it. By my Faith, said *Sancho*, at every piece of Armour he put on, these Plates of silver delight my Eyes, they look like a glittering piece of Church stuff. But above all the Gantlers pleas'd him. He could never sufficiently admire them, and he said if he had the like he should never want Gloves as long as he liv'd. *Don Quixote* now seeing himself in Armour Cap-a-pe, began to be puff'd up with Pride. Well *Sancho*, said he in a louder tone than ordinary, what do you think of this Armour? Does it not add new Lustre to my good Mien? Tell me, do you think, the Genteel *Don Seraphin* of Spain whom none could behold without admiring, had so fine an Air as I? At the same time he utter'd these Words, he walk'd strutting about the Room, thrusting out his Belly, and stalking with his Legs. Sometimes he stamp'd on the Ground like one in a Passion; sometimes he lifted his Arms as if he threatned. Then would he move five or six paces hastily; presently he stop'd all on a sudden; and at last his

wild Notions starting up again stronger than ever transported him into a perfect Frenzy. He drew his Sword, and gazing on *Sancho* in a furious manner, Stay thou devouring Dragon, said he to him, in a tone that might have frightened all the *Sanchos* in *Spain* out of their Senses, thou Dreadful Monster of *Lybia*; thou Infernal Basilisk, stay and thou shalt feel the wonderful force of my Arm. Thou shalt see whether with one stroke of my redoubtable Sword I cannot cut in two not only thy Venomous and Monstrous Figure; but even the two sturdiest Giants that ever the haughty Gigantick Race produc'd. This said he advanc'd towards *Sancho*, who perceiving him make towards him in that outrageous manner, shelter'd himself behind the Bed, which, as good luck would have it, being at a distance from the Wall, gave him the opportunity to avoid his Masters first strokes. Still the raving Knight did not recover himself from his Frenzy; he behav'd himself in the Room as if he had been possess'd, waving his Sword round his Head so dexterously and with such vivacity, that the most active Gladiator could not have out-done him. He lay'd about him to the right and to the left, back-stroke and fore-stroke, flashing all that stood in his way, cutting the Hangings and other Goods in most dismal manner; but above all the Bed Curtins and Counterpoint on the Bed were all hack'd to shivers. Thou proud Giant, cry'd he to quaking *Sancho*, thou haughty Animal, thy last Hour is now come; thou shalt now satisfy the Divine Vengeance for all the ills thou hast done in this World.

Thus he cry'd out, and at the same time made such home thrusts, that had the Bed been narrower, or had not the Curtins broke the push, there had been an end of the faithfullest of all Squires. The poor Wretch did not spare for crying out in that pressing danger, and to avoid being reach'd by the Fatal blade, he thrust himself up against the Wall as flat as a Flounder, and it had been happy for him to have been as strong as *Sampson*, that he might have thrust back the Wall a Pikes length; still he cry'd out, as loud as he could stretch his Throat; Alas my dear Lord, and Master, by all the Miseries the Devil brought upon holy *Job*, by the Wounds of Master Saint *Lazarus*, by the holy Arrows of Sir Saint *Sebastian*, I conjure you have Compassion on my poor sinful Soul. These words instead of appeasing *Don Quixotes* Rage, seem'd rather to confirm him in his Folly, and to encourage him the more to pursue

a Revenge, which he thought necessary for the publick Safety, honourable to Knight Errantry, and Meritorious towards purchasing Heaven. Ah subtle Serpent, reply'd he in the same haughty tone, thou crawlest at present, and hop'st to appease my Wrath with humble expressions; but thou art deceiv'd. Thou shalt not impose on me by thy deceitful words. Deliver, deliver up I say, thou lustful Monster, all the Princesses, whom, contrary to all right and reason, thou detainest in thy Castle, that harbour of Robbers like thy self. Restore, thou infamous Thief, the immense Treasures thou hast stolen. Set free the Knights thou hast kept Enchanted for so many Ages, and put into our hands the wicked Enchantress that has been the occasion of so much mischief. Good Master *Don Quixote*, cry'd the Squire, consider for Gods sake that I am neither Knight nor Princess, nor much less that Cursed Enchantress you talk of. I am poor *Sancho Panca*, your Neighbour and your Faithful Squire, and Husband to honest *Mary Gutierrez*, whom you have above half made a Widow, you have put me in such a fright. Ah! ill luck on her that bore me. If then you will have me give over pursuing you, quoth *Don Quixote*, cause the Empress I demand of you to be forth coming immediately, but let her be brought safe and sound, pure and unspotted, and I will receive thy haughty figure to Mercy, after thou shalt have own'd thy self vanquish'd. Wilt thou perform this, thou Arrogant Monster? I will in the name of all the Devils in Hell, quoth *Sancho*; but open the Door for me first, and put up that Cursed Sword which pierces me with Fear, and I will instantly bring you hither not only all the Princesses you require, but even *Annas* and *Caiphas*, if you desire it. This promise laid the Storm. Our Knight recover'd his Sword with as much Gravity and deliberation as if nothing extraordinary hath been done; yet very much tir'd and the Sweat running down, occasion'd by the terrible blows he had laid on upon the Bed and elsewhere, thinking to reach the imaginary Giant. *Sancho* having somewhat recover'd himself come out from behind the Bed, pale and looking gaskly, and his Eyes still flowing in Tears. He cast himself at his Masters Feet saying with a weak and feeble voice, Sir Knight Errant, I own my self vanquish'd, and beg of you to forgive me and I will never return to this place again. The grave *Don Quixote* gave him

him his Hand to Kifs in Token of Forgiveness, repeating a Latin Verse he was often wont to make use of.

Parcere prostratis docuit nos ira Leonis.

The Lyons Noble Wrath taught us to spare the Vanquish'd.

I will receive thee to Mercy, Giant, continu'd the Knt. in imitation of some Ancient Knights, whose example I design to follow; but it must be upon condition that thou shalt thoroughly mend thy Life, and shalt be ready to do all Service to young Damosels, according to the Rules of Ancient Chivalry, ceasing to commit any outrage against them and righting all wrongs to the utmost of thy Power. I do vow and promise so to do, reply'd *Sancho*, withal my Soul, and do offer the Curate to be my Security for performance, who I am sure will be bound for me upon this occasion. But that there may be no mistake, your Worship will be pleas'd to tell me, whether, when you oblige me to set right all that is wrong, you suppose that Clause to include the Licentiate *Peter Garcia*, Prior of *Toboso*, who is Naturally Lame, and has a Club Foot. For to deal plainly with you, good Sir, it is God that made him so, and I will not concern my self with it.

These words remov'd the Cloud from before *Don Quixote's* Eyes, who being at length come to himself, easily concluded that after the Scene he had been acting, *Sancho* would have no great stomach to the Profession; and therefore resolving to turn it all into Railery, he said to him in a pleasant tone and smiling, Well, what think you of all this, my Lad? Is not the Man that could give you such a proof of his Courage in a Chamber lock'd up, is not he, I say, able to overthrow a multitude of Enemies, tho' never so brave, in open Field? By my troth, quoth *Sancho*, all I can say to you is, that if you design to give me such proofs as these often, I have done with the Calling. You may from this time provide your self another Squire. No Wages, no Ass, nor no Equipage shall draw me along. I leave it all to you. Enough, Friend, answer'd *Don Quixote*, all that I did was only to shew you my Courage and Activity. Well, well, reply'd *Sancho*, you make a pretty business of it, by my troth. What is past is past; but pray why did you make those Thrusts and Cuts so home that they grated upon my very Ears? I have not hurt you,
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rejoyn'd *Don Quixote*, and I took a great deal of care to avoid it. Once more I tell you all this is but meer pastime, which you ought not to take ill in the least. Let it pass then for once, said the Squire, but come no more there, for by the Lord *Harry* I don't like such pastime. Let us talk no more of it, quoth *Don Quixote*, help to disarm me, and let us think of nothing but our Progress. Then they began to lay the Project of their Sally, and it was agreed that they would take with them the 800 Ducats of *Don Quixotes* Niece *Magdalen's* Inheritance. That *Thomas Cecial's* Ass should be bought that very Day, and that all the rest should be put up in a Cloak Bag with some Linnen. It was all accordingly put in Execution to a tittle, as our Arabian Historian relates it. *Sancho* bought his Gossips Ass, and came the next Day to *Don Quixotes* to acquaint him with it. I come to tell you Sir, said he, that I have the finest Ass betwixt this and *Salamanca*. You need but hear him bray to be convinc'd. Oh the Rogue will perform the drudgery of Chivalry most compleatly! I long to be upon him. You shall not be detain'd long, quoth *Don Quixote*, for I design to set out this Night. We have nothing to do now but to prepare all things for it. And we have nothing to hinder us, because we are alone, and my House-keeper is gone to wash the Linnen at the Pond of *Toboso*. Now let us see whether *Rocinante* be in good plight, and wants for nothing. Then will we search all the House to see if we can find the Lance and the Buckler I had last Year. If we do not find them, we cannot miss of something to make others. With submission to your better Judgment, said the Squire, I think we had best begin by searching the House, and if we happen to find your last Years Lance and Target, we will then carry *Rocinante* a Measure of Barley, we will Saddle him, and all under one make him just ready to set out, which will put us in some forwardness. No great matter, reply'd *Don Quixote*, but since you will have it so, I am content, let us search the House out of Hand. They went directly into the Kitchen, where *Sancho* spying a Broom laid hold of it, and having view'd it well, Sir, said he to his Master, I have a Thought come into my Head; By my Troth, I believe this is your Lance, without doubt your Lady Housekeeper has made a Broomstick of it. I should be loath to swear for her, answer'd *Don Quixote*, the poor Housekeeper knows not the value of such things; and besides she is so ill affected to Knights Errant, that she is likely

likely enough to have put one of the most glorious Instruments of Knight Errantry to that vile use. Well Sir, quoth the Squire, where the Needle is lost, there it is found. If Madam Housekeeper has made a Broomstick of a Lance, may not we make a Lance of a Broomstick? Why not? Nothing is easier. It is only kicking off the Broom, and fastning a Spear at the end of the Staff. You are in the right, said *Don Quixote*, and I have a sharp piece of Iron in my Chamber, which will be fit for the purpose. Good, quoth *Sancho*, if so, we want nothing but a Buckler and we are in the Field to rights. Let us look about narrowly and perhaps we may meet with it. From the Kitchen they went into a Room where the Housekeeper lay, and there left no place unsearch'd. Nor did they lose their Labour; for our Knight spying an Old great brass Plate on which they us'd to dry Linnen, on the top of a Cup-board, which had been thrown there because the Foot was broke off and the Plate bruiz'd and batter'd. Ah! what is this said he? What a Miracle *Sancho*! I spy on that Cup-board the most precious Buckler in the World. Having spoke these words, he got upon a Chair to reach the Brass Plate, and when he had it in his Hands, cry'd out, O wise *Alquise*, how much is *Don Quixote de la Mancha* oblig'd to you? How shall I be able to acknowledge such Favours. Son *Sancho*, admire what this great Enchanter my Protector does for me. He is not satisfy'd with sending me Enchanted Armour, but to that present he adds this Wonderful Buckler, which is the same the Matchless Emperor *Bendanzazar* formerly bore. Sir, reply'd the Squire shaking his Head, I can assure you that is none of the Buckler you talk of; for it is an Old rusty Brass Plate to dry Linnen on. I grant it is like one, rejoyn'd *Don Quixote*, and it is that which deceives you. So you took *Mambrino's* Helmet for a Barbers Bason, because it was like a Bason. You give too much Credit to outward appearances; but you may rely on me. Knights are never impos'd upon. You must understand Friend, that *Bendanzazar* had three things which made him invincible, and by means whereof he Conquer'd the Empires of *Babylon*, of *Persia*, and of *Trabizond*. The first of them was a Ring, whose Virtue was such, that the Person who wore it could not be Enchanted. The second was a Sword, which at one stroke and without any Labour would cut in pieces the best Temper'd Armour. And lastly the third was this Wonderful

Buckler

Buckler you see here, which cannot be pierc'd, and which would resist a Thunderbolt. Heaven be prais'd Sir, said *Sancho*, in truth it was well done of you to tell me all this; for the Devil take him that would ever have thought that *Target* to be any other than an Old Brass Plate to dry Linnen on, which I should not have thought worth taking off the Ground. Would to God we had the Ring and the good Sword of that *Bendanzar*! But we cannot have all and must be satisfy'd with what we have. The Batchelor *Sampson Carrasco* was in the right the other Day when he said, that all Men could not be Popes, or Arch-Deacons, and that so he had but a good Mitre, and Crosier he car'd for no more. *Don Quixote* was over-joy'd that he was Master of a Buckler whose excellency he was so well acquainted with. Yet he found one Objection against it, and was a long while before he could contrive how to make it serviceable, for it had no Ring within, to hold it on the Arm; but he being ingenious soon found a Remedy for it. He made two Holes through it, and fastned in them a great Leather Thong, which had formerly serv'd him for a Girdle. The Squire perceiving that his Master had pierc'd the Buckler said to him, Ho Sir, did not you say this *Target* was not to be pierc'd? I perceive there is no Duty laid upon Lying. Do not wonder at that, reply'd *Don Quixote*, for the great Magician who made it, Enchanted it after such a manner that the Knights who are possess'd of it may make what they please of it; whereas in Battle it cannot be pierc'd or cut, or broken, as you may plainly see by these dreadful blows that have fallen upon it, and which have only made a small Impression on it. This he said shewing him the many Bruises there were on the Brass Plate. When the Knight had fitted his Shield and Lance, *Sancho* and he went to the Bin where the Barley lay, and taking out a double Measure carry'd it to the Stable. *Rocinante* who had a good Nose soon smelt it, and began to Gney, which *Don Quixote* look'd upon as an undoubted good Omen of the Success of his Sally. They Saddled that excellent Horse and had leisure to prepare all things for their departure before the Housekeeper return'd, who not Dreaming of any thing that was in Agitation, went to Bed peaceably, as she was wont. *Don Quixote* taking the advantage of her first sleep, Arm'd himself, went down without making the least Noise into the Court, open'd the Street Door to let in *Sancho*, as had been agreed between them,

them, and taking *Rocinante* out of the Stable, they both left the Village.

C H A P. VI.

Of Don Quixote's third Sally; of the New Appellative he made Choice of; and of his first Adventure.

IT was towards the latter end of *August*, at least five Hours before break' of Day, when the Famous Knight of *La Mancha*, set out of the Village of *Argamasilla*, mounted on *Rocinante*, and fearfully equip'd with the Armour of the *Granadine*. On his left Arm he bore *Bandenazar's* precious Buckler, and in his right Hand his Lance. His matchless Squire follow'd him on his new Ass, with his Portmanteau behind him, and a Waller in which he had some provision. They had rode without speaking a considerable time, when *Don Quixote* at length broke silence; You see, said he, my Son, how favourable all things seem to our design. The Moon lights us with all her borrow'd Rays, and we have as yet seen nothing which we can interpret to be an ill Omen. All is well hitherto, quoth the Squire, but I am very much afraid lest to Morrow Master *Nicholas* and the Curate missing us in the Village should pursue us with all their Retinue; and if once they catch us, beware of the Cage, good Sir *Don Quixote*, you are well acquainted with every Inch of it. By the Lord, the Relapse would be worse than the Disease it self. O thou Cowardly and Perfidious Barber, cry'd our Hero, I could find in my Heart to go back to the Village to Challenge Man to Man all the Barbers, Physicians, Surgeons and Apothecaries in the World, as also all the Curates, Arch-Deacons, Canons and Chanters of the Greek and Latin Church. Is it possible, Friend, you should make so small Account of my Valour, as to think I can be afraid of such weak Enemies. Could you bring more Lions than *Africk* contains in its vast compass, more Tygers than *Hircania* produces, and more Monsters than the Desert *Lybia* can breed on its burning Sands for me to engage them all, you should see your undaunted Master deliver himself up to the most dreadful dangers

dangers with such Resolution that you could not but compare him to *Alexander* the Great; and you would be in the right in so doing. For I'll lay a Wager, and it is past all dispute that if my Breast were open'd, my Heart would be found Hairy, as was that Valiant Kings. Do not therefore give Ear, my Son, to the Suggestions of that base fear, and from this time think of nothing but the Honour that waits me at *Zaragoza*, part of which will redound upon you. But for the fulfilling in all points the Statutes and Ordinances of Ancient Chivalry, I must adorn this Buckler which is infinitely better Temper'd than *Atlas's* was, with some ingenious Device; and it being convenient that every Device should express the inward Sentiments of the Knights Heart, who appears at the Tilting, I will therefore cause two Damosels Ravishingly Beautiful to be painted on my Shield and they shall be deeply in Love with my Genteel Mien and Courage. On the top shall be plac'd the God of Love, who extending his Arms with his bended Bow shall level all his Arrows at me; but I will appear unconcern'd at his Threats receiving his Arrows on my Shield, and they shall drop without doing Execution at my Feet. At the bottom of the Buckler shall be these words, *The Loveless Knight*. Upon my Life Sir, quoth *Sancho*, it is a rare Device, and the Name fits it well. I find by my Hand we shall do well enough without a Mistress, and we shall live the longer for it; for I have often heard the Barber say that is the way to be long Liv'd.

Such was the Discourse between our Adventurers, who rode on all the rest of the Night, and most part of the Day without resting. But now the Squire, who was not so indefatigable as his Master, was upon the point of beginning to Rail against Knight Errantry, when they discover'd an Inn at a good distance from them. God be praised cry'd *Sancho*, I spy a good likely Inn, where we may pass the Night, and to Morrow we will prosecute our Journey Merrily. *Don Quixote* who was then in the vein of taking Inns for Castles, looking on this, said, upon the word of a Knight, that is one of the strongest Castles in all *Spain*. I scarce think there is such another in all *Lombardy*: Pray Sir, quoth *Sancho*, take heed what you say. Methinks you are too rash in Swearing by your Knighthood. Perhaps that which to you looks like a Castle, and to me like an Inn may more likely be the one than the other. I tell you it is a Castle, answer'd *Don Quixote*, and a wonderful piece
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of Architecture. How regular it is, and how advantageously seated ! Don't you see its lofty Towers, and its Battlements, its great Draw-Bridge, and the two fierce Griffons that guard the Entrance. *Sancho* open'd his Eyes as wide as he could stare, the better to discover the Towers and the Griffons, and it was none of his fault if he saw them not. Sir, said he, you'll make me Mad. That House has neither Towers, nor Griffons, and all I can say of it is, that if this be not an Inn, there never was an Inn in this World. The Knight stiffly maintain'd the contrary, and whilst they were thus contending, two Men a Foot pass'd by them. The Squire ask'd them, whether the House he saw was an Inn, or a Castle. They answer'd it was an Inn, and known in that Country by the Name of The Inn the Man was Hang'd out of, because formerly the Inn-Keeper had been Hang'd, for Murdering a Passenger that lay in his House. That cannot be, cry'd *Don Quixote* in a rugged Tone, away and be pox'd t'ye, you are base Fellows, thus to take away the Constables Reputation, who has always been look'd upon among us as a Worthy Honest Knight. And as for that Castle I maintain it is no Inn. It is a Castle in spite of you, and all others that shall think the contrary. The two Travellers were no less surpriz'd at these words than at the strange figure of him that pronounc'd them ; but seeing him in such a Passion they durst not contradict him, and so went on their way not knowing what to think of this Encounter. When *Don Quixote* was within Musket shot of the Inn, he stop'd, and said to his Squire. Friend *Sancho*, we must not engage here rashly. Let us joyn prudence with Valour, and since you serve me in the quality of a Squire, it belongs to you to go view the place. Draw therefore as near as conveniently you can to that Castle, and view it exactly, that you may be able to make a just Report of all things to me. Take by your Eye nicely the breadth and depth of the Ditch. Observe well the Scituation and manner of the Gates, the Draw-Bridges, the Turn-pikes, the Towers and Turrets, the Platforms, the Covert-way, the Counterscarp, the Parapets, the Caponnières, the Redouts, the Gabions, and the Corps-de-garde. But above all enquire what Ammunition they have, and how many Years Provision, whether they have Water in their Cisterns, and in short what sort of People and what Numbers they are that defend so important a Fortrefs. Hey day, said *Sancho*, interrupting him, where
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the Devil do you find all that Stuff? Why you'll make me as Mad as a March Hare. We have here an Inn at Hand, and may go into it this Minute, and Eat and Drink for our Money without quarrelling, or fighting with any Body; and you would have me to go find out Bridges, Ditches, Towers and all the rest of that confounded Bead-Role you have just now run over. If the Inn-Keeper sees me rounding his House, he will fancy I design to steal his Hens, and will come out and break my Bones. For God's sake Sir, let us not play the Devil in Inns, least we meet with more Blanket Tossers and Enchanters in them. Let us not run our selves into mischief when we are well; and since we can walk dry-shod why should we go wet our Feet. Do what I bid you, reply'd *Don Quixote*, and talk no more. Be docible, and let your Valour be accompany'd by a ready and exact obedience. It is that, my Son, which has rendred the *Spaniards* so formidable; and it is no wonder, for the Subalterns being obedient to their Superiors all things are perform'd orderly and regularly; which makes them more stanch and solid. Whereas other Nations do not observe such strict Discipline, which is the Key to Success, are easily broke and routed. Well Sir, said the Squire, I'll obey you; or else we should never have done. *Dapple* and I will go put your Orders in Execution. *Rocinante* and you may follow us gently; but I must tell you that if I find none of all that you have said, I will go to-rights into the Inn, and will there give Orders for our Supper. For by my Faith my Guts are so empty that they twist again for meer Hunger. Having so said he clapt his Heels to his Asses sides, and soon got to the Inn. There he look'd all about him, and seeing nothing but a plain House and a Sign to it. I knew well enough, said he to himself in a Transport of Joy, that this House was a good Inn, an Heavenly Inn, and more useful than all the Castles in *Spain*. This said, he went up to the Door and ask'd the Inn-Keeper, whether he had Entertainment. I have quoth the Host, who was a pleasant Fellow, your As's and you shall be Treated like Princes. Upon this fair Promise *Sancho* alighted, and taking off his Portmanteau desired the Landlord to lock it up for him. Then inquiring what there was to Eat, and he was told there was an excellent Cabbage Soupe, and if that was not enough they would lay down a curious Young Rabbit. *Sancho* gave two skips in the Air when he heard that blessed Soupe mentioned, and

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hoping to stuff his Carcass with it, he led his *Dapple* to the Stable, and whilst he was giving him Straw and Barley and ordering some for *Rocinante*, *Don Quixote* come up to the House.

The Inn-Keeper and some Travellers, who were then standing at the Door, spying that Fantome in Armour, thought they had seen some figure cut out of an old Tapisstry Hanging. They view'd him attentively from head to foot, whilst he casting a side glance upon them and looking very gravely, pass'd by without stopping, or speaking one word. He rounded the Inn, examin'd the Wall nicely, and measur'd its height with his Lance in several places. At length having been clear round the House, and come to the Door again, he then stop'd, and raising himself fiercely on his Stirrups, Indefatigable Governour, said he with a dreadful Voice, and you redoubted Knights, who watch Day and Night to guard this place you have been entrusted with, behold here *The Loveless Knight*. I do Summon and Require you to deliver to me instantly and without the least reply my faithful Squire, whom you contrary to the Laws of good Chivalry have taken by Treachery, or by the Fatal Art of the old Sorcerers who affords you her black assistance. It is an excess of Courtesie towards you which inclines me to demand him by words, when it is in my Power to right my self by Force of Arms. Restore him to me then, unless you will have me put you all to the Sword, and raze this impregnable Castle to the Ground. But restore him to me safe and sound, pure and unspotted, as also all the Knights and Damsels, whom your unheard of Cruelty has shut up in deep Dungeons. If not come out all together against me, not unarm'd as I see you are now, but with your best temper'd Arms, and your Lances of hard Ash which you brandish in such dreadful manner. Mount your swiftest Coursers, and come all full tilt upon me. Here I expect you, to Chastise your Boldness. Whilst he thus spoke he was forc'd every Moment to Rein in *Rocinante* hard and had much ado to make him give back, because the poor Beast finding himself so near the Stable labour'd hard to get at it. The pretended Defendants of the Castle were much surpriz'd at the Knights Discourse, and perceiving that in pursuance to his Challenge he endeavour'd to provoke them to the Combar, calling them Slaves and Cowards, the Inn-Keeper undertook to answer him and said, Sir Knight, here is no Castle that I know of,
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nor any Knights to defend it. All our strength is in our Wine, which is so brisk that it will not only knock a Man down, but will make him say as much, or more than we have heard from you. I assure your Worship we have no Squire shut up in our Inn. If you have a mind to take up your Lodging in it, why do not you alight. We will treat you handsomly, and if you have a Fancy to it, we will furnish you with a brisk *Galician* Lass to pull off your Stockings, and she is as ready to perform as to offer her Service. These Courteous offers did not satisfy our *Loveless Knight*. I vow, cry'd he, by the Sacred Order of Knight Errantry, that unless this Minute you deliver up to me the flour of trusty Squires, and that *Galician* Princess you talk of, you shall all perish by my Sword. He was not a Man that would vent such Threats in vain, and I know not what might have happen'd, if *Sancho* hearing them had not stept out to pacify his Master. He ran to him, and laying hold of his Bridle. The Noble *Don Quixote*, said he, is welcome. He may safely come in. As soon as ever they saw me they all submitted themselves. Alight then Sir, continu'd he, they are all our Friends, and only wait to treat us with such a Cabbage Soupe as *St. Christopher* himself would be glad to meet with, and which I think long till I am at. But, my Son, said *Don Quixote*, has no Body wrong'd you? Tell me ingenuously. I am ready to Revenge your Quarrel. No, no Sir, reply'd the Squire, no Body in this House has touch'd the tip of my finger, and all my Limbs are as sound as when I came out of my Mothers Belly. If so, quoth *Don Quixote*, take this Buckler in one Hand, and with the other hold my Stirrup till I alight. Our Knight being dismounted went into the House, and *Sancho* led *Rocinante* to the Stable. Whatever the Host could say to him *Don Quixote* would not unarm, alledging that among *Pagans* it was not good to be too secure. He only took off his Head-piece, and sat down to Table meerly out of Complaisance. The Soupe and the Rabbet were serv'd up. He scarce meddled with them, tho' he had not eaten a bit all Day; and he spent all Supper time in only looking big like a Knight Errant. As for his Squire, he was more Complaisant with his Meat; for after devouring all the Soupe, he eat above three pounds of Beef and Mutton, and all the Rabbet, besides a Pottle of White Wine, which he Drank off twice to the last drop.

After Supper the Inn-Keeper led *Don Quixote* into a good handsome Room. *Sancho* unarm'd his Master, and then went out to lead *Rocinante* and *Dapple* to Water, and give them another Measure of Barley and Straw. Whilst he was in the Stable, the *Galicia* Maid, whose good Nature the Host had not commended without cause, went into *Don Quixotes* Chamber and accosting him with more impudence than good Grace, said to him. Sir Knight, I come to know of you, whether you have any need of me. Tho' my Complexion is a little brown, yet I am not dirty. Tell me then, shall I pull off your Stockings? I am very ambitious of serving you, for I never saw any thing so like a Rogue I was once in love with, as you are. But no more of him, what is past is gone. It was a Damn'd Dog of a Captain, who stole me away from my Fathers promising to Marry me; but he has not yet been as good at his word, and the Scoundrel was gone in the Morning with all my Cloths and Jewels. This said, the pretended forsaken Damosel fell a crying, and the Moment began again saying, Sir Knight, tho' you see I am Servant to an Honest Inn-Keeper, yet I am a Damosel and a Maid of Honour. But unhappy Orphan as I am, I am left alone and in want, without hopes of any relief but what I must expect from Heaven, and from the Generosity of the Knight that hears me. Would to God some good Christian to Revenge me would pierce the Heart of the Traytor that has deceiv'd me. Most beautiful Princess, quoth *Don Quixote*, interrupting her eagerly, leave that to me. It is the Duty of Knights Errant to right such wrongs as those, and I Swear by the Order of Knighthood which I profess, that after the Tilting at *Zaragoza*, at which I cannot avoid being present, I will punish that perfidious Man, who has so basely forsaken you. To Morrow you shall Mount your white Palfrey, and covering your beautiful Countenance with a Veil, that the affliction which causes your Tears to flow may not appear, you shall go with me, if you please, to the Royal Tilting at *Zaragoza*, attended by your faithful Dwarf. Do not make any longer stay here, most Charming Virgin, retire to your Apartment to taste the Sweet Repose of the Night on that happy Bed, which alone enjoys the Blessing of holding your tender Limbs, and rely on a word which cannot fail. The *Galician* Wench finding her self dismiss'd with such singular expressions, presently concluded that *Don Quixote* was not a Man like Muletiers that

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us'd to Travel that Road ; but her design being to draw a few (g) Royals from him, and perceiving that the story of the Captain had not succeeded as she expected, she immediately alter'd her method. Sir Knight, said she, if you have any Kindness for me, I beseech you to lend me two or three Royals, because I am in great need, for Yesterday as I was washing the Dishes, I had the misfortune to break two curious Earthen Plates, and my Master Swears he will break my Bones, if I do not pay for them. Fear nothing, my Princess, reply'd *Don Quixote* very gravely, the audacious Man that dares touch you shall touch me in the Apples of my Eyes. I am much oblig'd to you, good Sir, quoth the Wench, and I should be so much more, if you would be pleas'd to give me the two Royals I ask. That will save me the beating my Master has promis'd me, and he is the most punctual Man in the World at keeping such promises. How, two Royals, said *Don Quixote*, I'll sooner give you Two Hundred Ducats, nay Three Hundred if you want them. The Wench who look'd no higher than two Royals, supposing by his offer she should easily have them, drew near to the Knight without any Ceremony to requite him with a hug ; but *Don Quixote*, like another *Joseph*, started up frighted at the danger this Amorous Inn-keeping Wife of *Poriphar* was like to bring him into. I have never Read, quoth he in great disorder, that ever any Knight Errant, of those I intend to imitate, gave way, upon the like occasion, to any dishonest Action. This said, he call'd upon his faithful Squire to come to the relief of his Vertue which was so dangerously attack'd. *Sancho*, *Sancho*, cry'd he, bring me our Portmanteau.

The Squire, who was then talking with the Landlord, running up. Open that Portmanteau, said the Knight, and give this beautiful *Infanta* Two Hundred Ducats. We shall be no losers by it, my Son ; for when I shall have taken Revenge of an Outrage done her, she will not only return us that Sum, but she will give you part of the Jewels and precious Stones a discourteous Knight has ungraciously Robb'd her of. The sparing Squire hearing such an extravagant Order, though his very Soul was going to be torn from him. What do you talk of Two Hundred Ducats, quoth he in a surly manner ? Is it not much easier to give this impudent Baggage Two Hundred Kicks

(g) A Royal Plate is six pence, but a Royal Bass only a Groat.

on the Guts? By the Giant *Goliath's* Ears, I'll give no such Sum. Does the brazen Jilt think her Bitches Face and her Tann'd Hide are worth half that Mony? Was it not she that ask'd me just now in the Stable to give her a Groat. Oh the Jade. As I hope to live Sir, if I lay hold of her Hair, I'll make her skip down all the Stairs at once. When the Wench saw *Sancho* in such a Rage, she drew him aside and said to him. My dear Friend, your Master only bids you give me two Royals, and I desire no more. For I am sensible enough there is no thinking of Two Hundred Ducats. The Knight of *la Mancha* was not a little surpriz'd to see his Squire treat a Princess with so much familiarity. *Sancho*, said he to him, do what I bid you immediately, and let me hear no more of you. We will set out to Morrow with the *Infanta*, to Conduct her back into her Country, where we shall be repaid with Interest. The Squire perceiving he must submit said to his Master. Well Sir, I'll go pay her that Mony below Stairs at my leisure, let us go Madam *Infanta*, will you please to walk down and help me to carry this Portmanteau? I'll pay you immediately. As silly as *Sancho* was he had more Wit than to obey his Master. He gave the Wench but a Groat, Swearing he would beat her like Stock-fish, if she did not tell *Don Quixote* she had receiv'd Two Hundred Ducats. To which the sly Gipsy made answer. I am very well satisfy'd with this Groat, Master Squire, and I wish you good Night. The Inn-Keeper rook the Wench into the Kitchen, and *Sancho* went to Bed on a Quilt they had laid for him upon two Mules Pannels, making a Pillow of his dearly beloved Portmanteau which he had so lately preserv'd from a dreadful Gutting.

The first thing he did the next Morning was to give Straw and Barley to *Rocinante*, and the Ass. Then he caus'd a good piece of Lamb, or Mutton, for none but the Inn-Keeper could decide which it was, to be lay'd to the Fire. That done he went up to his Masters Chamber, to awake him. The poor Knight was but then got to Sleep, he had not been able to close his Eyes all Night, his Head was so full of the Tilting and of the Revenge he was to take of the perfidious Captain. He was so compos'd with these Whimsies, that awaking in a Consternation, when his Squire call'd him, he cry'd out. O thou disloyal Knight! Who after breaking thy plighted Faith art not asham'd to see the light of the Sun; behold here the Aven-

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ger of the Princess of *Galicia*. Do not put your self into a Passion, good Sir, answer'd *Sancho*, the Princess is well paid and Kisses your Errant Worships Hands. Rise quickly, for Breakfast will soon be ready. I am resolv'd to set out immediately, said *Don Quixote* getting up, for I think it long till I am at *Zaragoza*. Help me on with my Armour, and let us stay here no longer. As soon as he was Arm'd he went down into the Kitchen, where he took two or three Mouthfuls standing, and then causing *Rocinante* to be brought out, he leap'd into the Saddle very nimbly, and raising his Voice said to the Inn-Keeper, and other standers by. Generous *Castelan*, and you Valiant Knights of this Fortress, consider whether I can do you any Service. Sir Knight, answer'd the Host, we want nothing at present God be prais'd, but that you order your Squire to pay for your Meat, and the Straw and Barley for your Beasts. Friend, reply'd *Don Quixote*, pray, with your leave, where did you ever Read, that *Castellans* who have had the good Fortune to entertain Knights Errant in their Castles, made them pay for their Entertainment? Every Man has his way, quoth the Inn-Keeper, and my method is not to Lodge any Man for nothing. Well, said *Don Quixote*, since you will be taken for an Inn-Keeper, what is it you demand? Fourteen Royals, quoth the Host. It is enough, reply'd the Knight; and order'd *Sancho* to pay him; but at the same time spying the *Galician* Wench with a Broom in her hand, he cry'd out, O Sovereign *Infanta*, here I am ready to undergo all hazards for performing the promise I made you. I am full of impatience till I restore you to all your Rights, and bring you back to your illustrious Parents, whose Eyes, since they saw you, are become inexhausted Fountains of Tears. I am griev'd to the Heart to see so worthy a Princess in the Habit of a Servant of an Inn, and sweeping the House of such infamous Wretches as these are. Mount then your *Palfrey* immediately; or if ill Fortune has depriv'd you of it, make use of my Squires indefatigable Steed and come along with us to *Zaragoza*. The Inn-Keeper who was apt to take what he heard in the worst Sense, fancy'd, by his talk, that our Knight had a mind to Debauch his Servant, and that she was consenting to it. This put him into a Passion, and made him cry to her, How now Impudence, how do you dare to put Tricks upon me? By the Lord I'll make you repent your intrigue with this Mad-Man. May never Barbers Bason come near my Beard if

you do not pay for this. Away you Slut, go wash your Dishes, and leave off your lewd intreagues with a crack-brain'd Fellow. The *Gallician* relying on her innocence would have clear'd her self; but the furious Inn-keeper would not give her time, stopping her Mouth with an unmannerly Cuff, follow'd by half a score good Kicks which overthrew the Princess almost Crippled.

O ye Heavens! What a Spectacle was this for the Knt. of *la Mancha*! To what a degree of Passion did that dismal sight transport him! *Achilles* when he ran to Revenge the Death of *Patroclus*, the God *Mars* when he saw the Blood run from the Goddess *Citherea* did not appear so enrag'd. It would require a Pen dipt in the streams of *Tartarus* to represent how dreadful *Don Quixote* appear'd at that time. He drew his Sword immediately, and raising himself as high as he could on his Stirrups address'd himself in these words to the Inn-Keeper with a Voice like that with which the God of War makes the Mountains of *Thrace* to tremble. O thou rash Knight, quoth he, who hast dar'd presume in my presence to insult the most Noble Lady in all *Spain*, do not think so hainous a Crime shall go unpunish'd. He said, and spurring *Rocinante* fiercely forward upon the Constable of the Castle, who thought of nothing less than this Invasion, let fall such a terrible cut on his Head, that had nor the thickness of his Hat fortunately slanted it off, the Kitchen Princess had been compleatly Reveng'd of the Knight of the Inn. However the cruel Blade rouch'd his Skull, mow'd down all one side of his Hair, and carry'd away a small piece of his Ear. The Blood then ran from the Wound alarm'd all the Inn, and every Man laid hold of the Weapen that came next to Hand. The Inn-Keeper ran into the Kitchen roaring like a Bull, and laying hold of the longest Spit he had, thought of nothing but speedy Revenge. In the mean while *Don Quixote*, contrary to his Custom, had very discreetly made away, the better to stand the fierce Attack design'd to be made upon him. The Inn was seated on a rising Ground, and about a stones throw from it was a large Meadow. In the midst of that Meadow the Courageous Avenger of insulted Beauties thought fit to encamp. There he cry'd aloud, War, War, obliging *Rocinante* to traverse the Ground every way in most awkward manner, and fiercely brandishing his Sword, for *Sancho* was left behind in the Inn with his Lance and Target. The Judicious Squire, perceiving that

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as the matter stood, he was in danger at least of being toss'd in a Blanket a second time, labour'd all that in him was to still the storm. But the Host, who had laid aside his Spit seeing his Enemy at such a distance, call'd for his Gun; and if by good luck his Wife had not thought of hiding it, our Knight had then certainly ended his Days and all his Noble Adventures. The Hostess, and all the Passengers represented to the Inn-Keeper that he was going about to Kill a Madman, and that since his Wound was not dangerous, he ought rather to let him go to the Devil. Sancho put in to back all that was said, and made not the least exception against all the Qualifications they assign'd his Master, perceiving that was the way to quell the disturbance. He paid the Fourteen Royals to a Doit, and then took leave of the Inn-keeper, his Wife, and all their Guest, making them a thousand Legs, and using all manner of Civility to pacify their Resentment. This done drawing his As after him by the Halter with one Hand, and carrying the Lance and Buckler in the other, he went away with all speed to his Master in the Meadow. Good God Sir, said he coming up to him, was it wisely done of you to hazard your Carcass for a Wench ten times uglier than Pontius Pilate's Maid? On my word you have scap'd a scowring. Had the Inn-Keeper found his Gun, you had gone away with a brace of Bullers in your Guts, and all your fine Armour would not have sav'd you, tho' it had been lin'd in Velvet to boot. Tell me Sancho, said Don Quixote, how strong is the Enemy. Do they March in Pelotons like advanc'd Bodies, or in Battalions? Have they a great Train of Artillery, many Curiaffiers and Pikemen? Are there many Archers among them? Are they Veteran Troops, or new Levies? Are they well pay'd? Is there either Plague or Famine in their Camp? Who is it Commands in Chief? What General Officers have they? Inform me what Numbers there are of *English, Germans, Swiss, Spaniards, Flemings, French, and Italians*? Tell me quickly that we may provide for our defence. Let us draw Lines in this Meadow, let us dig Ditches and throw up Trenches. Let us raise Bastions and Redouts. Let us cover our selves with Curtins, and Palisados, let us secure our selves my Lad. Mercy on me, cry'd Sancho, where are we now? Consider for God's sake, good Master Don Quixote, that here is nothing of all that you talk of. All about is as smooth as my Hand. And since Heaven has rescu'd us out of

of the Inn-Keepers Clutches, let us fly from his Inn, as one would from the *Whale* to *Jonas*. Ay but Friend, quoth *Don Quixote* shall we leave the Princess in the Hands of her Enemies? We ought to return to the Castle to deliver her from them, and to chastize that Clown of a *Castellan* who has been so base as to make himself an Inn-Keeper contrary to all the Laws of Chivalry. Ads my Life Sir, quoth *Sancho*, han't you punish'd him sufficiently since it costs him an Ear? But you don't consider, reply'd *Don Quixote*, that I cannot fly without disgracing my self. Very Good, answer'd the Squire, that's a pretty Story. Have not I often heard you say that a Knight must be Couragious, but not Rash? It is true, quoth *Don Quixote*, and you now put me in mind of it seasonably; for I am sensible my Valour carries me a little too far at this time. It is reasonable to give way to Numbers, and not run into dangers unadvisedly. A good Retreat is equal to a Victory. What is delay'd is not lost. When we return from *Zaragoza* we shall find means to relieve the Princess of *Galicia*. Therefore I consent that we retire, provided we do it in good order, and in such manner as may not in the least look like flying, for Fear has no Power over my Heart, and that none may be ignorant of it, I here solemnly declare that I retire, but that I do not fly. Having spoke these words he Rode out of the Meadow with a Fierce and Martial Countenance, and took the Road towards *Ariza*, follow'd by his Courageous Squire, who every Moment look'd behind him believing the Furious *Castellan* was at his Heels.

C H A P. VII.

Of the strange and dangerous Combat Don Quixote had with Orlando Furioso.

WHEN *Sancho* was out of sight of the Inn, he fell again into his usual good Humour, which the Fear of tossing in a Blanket had with good reason put him out of for a while. So Sir, said he to his Master, are you resolv'd in earnest never more to think of *Madam Dulcinea*, nor to perform any Acts of Chivalry for her? There is no doubt to be made of it, answer'd *Don Quixote*, for she has worn
out

out my Constancy. I own her no longer for my Mistress, and it being my Will from this time forward to be call'd *The Loveless Knight*, it is convenient that I Merit that Name by some remarkable Action. To this effect, as soon as he came into *Arixa* he writ a Challenge which *Sancho* affix'd to one of the Pillars or Collumns of the great Square, or Market-Place, the Contents whereof were as follows, *That any Knight whatsoever, whether Errant, or Sedentary, who would maintain that the Ladies deserv'd to be belov'd, Ly'd falsly, and that he would make him own the contrary by Force of Arms either Man to Man, or Ten to Ten. That it was true that according to the Laws of Chivalry there was no refusing to defend them, and to Revenge the Outrages committed against them; and that it was also lawful to make use of them for Procreation, provided it was under the indissoluble Knot of Matrimony. That the unheard of Ingratitude of the Matchless Infanta, the Renowned Dulcinea del Toboso, was a sufficient proof of this undeniable Truth.* The Challenge was subscrib'd, *The Loveless Knight*. All the People of *Arixa* laugh'd heartily at this Challenge, but no Man so far concerning himself as to engage in the Fair Sexes Quarrel, *The Loveless Knight* left the place, after causing the Ingenious Device he had contriv'd to be painted on his Shield.

When he came near *Ateca*, a large open Town in the Neighbourhood of *Calatayud*, he spyed, and at the same time show'd it to his Squire a little Hovel cover'd with Thatch in the midst of a Field of Melons, and at the Door of it stood a Country Fellow who look'd to the Melons with a long Bill in his Hand. He gaz'd steadily on him, and then said to *Sancho*. Let us halt, my Son, if I am not much mistaken, here is one of the greatest Adventures we can meet with. You see that redoubted Warriour, who stands at the Gate of that mighty Castle with a Lance, or a Javelin in his Hand; that is one of the Famousst Knights you ever heard of. Good again, quoth *Sancho*, one Day one mistake and the next Day another. In short Sir either you are mope-ey'd or I am not the flour of Errant Squires. The Man you show me there is a Country Fellow guarding his Field of Melons, and he is in the right; for there are People continually Travelling this great Road to *Zaragoza*, who might make bold to step into his Field to refresh themselves with his Melons. Ay *Sancho*, reply'd the Knight altogether rapp'd in his Imagination, it is the Famous Earl

of

of *Angiers*, the most Renowned of all the *Palladins* of *France*, it is *Orlando Furioso*, I tell you once again Sir, said the Squire, that is an Honest Country-Man who is guarding his Melons, and looks no more like an Earl than I do, much less like a *Parlasin*. Sure I know better than you what he looks like, answer'd *Don Quixote*, that Prince, as the most Authentick Book call'd, *The Mirror of Chivalry*, informs us, was Enchanted by a *Moor*, who by his wonderful Art brought him into that Fortrefs you see, to defend the Entrance of it against any Mortal whatsoever. It is this same *Orlando*, who transported with jealous Rage, because *Medorus*, a young *Moor* of *Agramante's* Army, had stole away his Mistress the beautiful *Angelica*, tore up the tallest Trees by the Roots. So that, my dear Child, I can this Day say, as once the great Conqueror of *Asia* did, that I have at length met with a danger worthy of me. I will not therefore go any farther, till I have try'd this Adventure, since my good Fortune has thrown it in my way. *Sancho* thought to have diverted his Master from that dangerous Enterprize by his usual discretion. Sir, quoth he, it is my Opinion that we go to rights into the Village, and that we do not meddle with that *Orlando*, who has done us no harm; for if the (b) Holy Brother-hood once lays hold of us, we shall most certainly be sent to the Gallies, and be kept there till the grey Hairs grow out at the Calves of our Legs. Ah *Sancho*, reply'd the Knight, how ill you relish Adventures. What would become of us if I should follow your timorous Advice? I should shun all opportunities of acquiring Honour, and should become the scandal of Knight Errantry. Islands and Empires are not to be gain'd after that manner. My Friend, if you would have me make your Fortune for you, rouze up your Courage and show your self worthy of the Post you may expect from my Valour. Well Sir, quoth the Squire, since it is absolutely necessary, for the gaining of Kingdoms, to Murther that poor Melon Keeper, I'll oppose it no longer. You may e'en put your Hand to the Plow. Since I am among Wolves I must howl as well as they. It is true that *Orlando* has done us no wrong; but why should he stand in our

(b) The Holy Brotherhood in Spain is an Ancient Institution being Men Enroll'd in all parts, who Ride about to apprehend Robbers and other Felons, and shoot them with Cross Bows, or send them to the Gallies.

way.

way. When it Rains, unhappy they who stand under the Spouts. Now that *Paladius* Body being rendred invulnerable by Enchantment, said *Don Quixote*, and there being no possibility of Wounding him any where but on the sole of the Foot, you may plainly see I am going to Encounter the greatest danger that ever Knight Errant was in. I must therefore recommend one thing to you. Do you perform the Duty of a faithful Squire. Apply your self to the God of War, and beg of him in the most fervent manner your Zeal shall suggest, that I may come off Conquerour in this Combat; but if he shall dispose otherwise, if I fall under the irresistible Force of the Earl of *Angiers*, if I perish, do not fail to carry me back to my House at *Argamasilla*, thus as I am in the beautiful Armour of my great Friend *Alquise*, provided, that *Orlando* pleas'd with its goodness, and finding his own batter'd by the weight of my strokes, does not take them away, as formerly the haughty *Ferragus* took away those of the beauteous *Angelica's* Brother. This is not all neither, you shall cause me in all my Armour, and in a fierce posture, to be seated on a great Chair of black Cloth; and pray remember that I will have my excellent Sword in my Hand, as the (i) *Cid Ruy Diaz* had, to the end that if any impudent Moor comes to pull me by the Beard, as a Jew did by that brave defender of the Faith, I may like him take my Revenge immediately.

Sancho could not forbear shedding Tears, when he heard him talk after this Rate. Ah, my good Master *Don Quixote*, cry'd he, I conjure you by *Noah's Ark*, and by all the Beasts in it not to meddle with this *Orlando*. Should you cut off one of his Ears, yet you would not have an Ear the more your self. *Sancho*, who lov'd his Master entirely, and who was sensible that if he lost him all his hopes would vanish, fell into such a dismal fit of sighing and sobbing that it was dismal to behold him. Alas! said he, in that sorrowful tone, what need was there that I, unhappy Wretch as I am should come to serve you as your Squire for so short a time? If you perish in this Cursed Battle, tell me, what

Ruy Diaz was a great Spanish General against the Moors, of whom many Fables are told, and among the rest that he sat in a Chair after his Death several Years, with his Sword in his Hand, and a Jew coming to pull him by the Beard he struck him. The Moors gave him the Title of *Cid*, which in Arabick signifies Lord,

will

will become of your poor Squire in these *Indies* so remote from his own Country? What will become of the poor forsaken Damsels? They'll have no Protector left them. Who will defend them against the Giants? Who will do and undo all wrongs? There's an end of all, Knight Errantry is gone to the Dogs. Why did not I Dye last Year at the Hands of the *Yanguessians*? Do not weep, my Friend, said *Don Quixote*, I am not Dead yet. Have not all Knights been in the same danger I am in? And yet how many of them ended their Days in Peace in their Ancient Seats with their Wives and Children about them. Yet I may cease to live this Day, and since I am ignorant what Fate is reserv'd for me; what is said, is said. If I Dye you shall punctually perform what I have order'd. Having spoke these words, he very gravely gave *Sancho* his hand to kiss, and spurr'd on towards the Field of Melons.

Rocinante was so spent with Hunger and Weariness, that he could scarce stand, which made him not regard the Spur, but stop at every turn to take a bite of the Leaves from the Hedges that stood in the way. His Master upbraided him that he did not perform to his satisfaction the Duties of Knight Errantry, and yet the poor Beast mov'd ne're the faster. At last *Don Quixote* being got into the Field made directly to the Cottage. The imaginary *Orlando*, cry'd out to him with all his might and main, that if he did not get him out of the Field, he might have cause to Repent him. But still the Knight advanc'd. When he was come within forty, or fifty paces of the Peasant, he stopp'd, and brandishing his Lance with a Martial Air, spoke to him in this manner. Most Valiant Earl of *Angiers*, whose Exploits have been sung to such Melodious Layes by the Prince of Poets, the Divine *Ariosto*; this Day I am to try the wonderful Force of my Arm with you. A Day memorable in Knight Errantry! At this time, fierce *Paladin*, it shall not avail you to have your whole Body Enchanted and Invulnerable, for I will give you your Death Wound by thrusting a long pin up the sole of your Foot. Reflect, great Warrior, on the various Fortunes of Heroes. Thy proud Head, which was the Terrour of the *Sarazen* Camp, and whose Angry looks no Mortal till this Day could bear, shall be cut off by my sharp and dreadful Sword, after a long and tedious Combat; and then born away on the point of my Lance to the Tilting at *Zaragoza*, and the Emperor *Charles* his Army shall not be able to deliver you out of my hands.

hands. Nothing shall save you, the Valour of your Cousin *Raynold* of *Montalvan*, the practices of *Montesinos*, of the *Marquess Olivier*, and of the Genteel *Astolphus* of *England* shall not guard you from my strokes. Your two Cousins *Grifon* the White, and *Aquilan* the Black, and the Enchantments of the subtle *Maugis* of *Aigren* shall stand you in no stead. Come then, Renowned Frenchman, I make use of no Fraud against you, and I come not to destroy you attended by a Numerous Army, like *Bernard del Carpio* and the *Moorish* King *Marsilius* of *Aragon*. I am but a single *Spaniard* with my Horse and Arms. What is it detains you? Advance. Let not Cowardize have any power over such a Heart as yours; and if you cannot avoid the sad Fate that waits you, yet at least preserve your Ancient Glory above the reach of Slander. Here our Knight made a stand, thinking he had said enough to persuade *Orlando* that he ought to prefer a Glorious Death, tho' certain, before an infamous Life. But the Peasant continuing silent, as not knowing what to answer, *Don Quixote* went on in this manner. Tell me, O Warlike *Orlando*, whence comes this heaviness which renders you so unlike your self? Is it a time to stand Idle, when you hear your self Challeng'd to Fight? Draw near, great *Paladin*, mount your trusty and swift (k) *Bridedor*. But I remember, continu'd our Knight, that the *Moorish* Enchanter, who posted you here to guard his Castle, left you no Horse. I will therefore alight from mine, for it shall not be said that I Fought you at an advantage. This said, he alighted. Courage, Courage, cry'd *Saacho* at a great distance, Courage Master *Don Quixote*, fall on Courageously. I help you at this distance, praying for you like a Madman. I have already twice said the *de profundis* for your Intention. The Melon keeper seeing *Don Quixote* come towards him, covering himself with his Shield, and brandishing his Lance in such a manner as made him believe he could have no other design but to kill him, which was all he could make of his strange Harang, he cry'd out to him to advance no farther. But *D. Quixote* not regarding him, the Peasant laid down his Staff, or Bill, and pick'd up a good round stone and clapping it into his Sling threw it at *Don Quixote* with all his Force. By good Fortune, his Enchanted Target being made of Brass was

(k) *Bridedor*, the pretended Name of the Horse signifies Golden Bridle.

proof against the stone, which fell down at his Feet, without doing any Execution. But the Earl of *Angiers* soon gather'd up another stone bigger than the former, and letting it fly with all his might, hit *Don Quixote* on the Breast. His Armour rang like a Bell, and he fell down Senseless upon a Bed of Melons. Which done the expert Slinger thinking he had kill'd his Man, fled as fast as he could into the Town.

C H A P. VIII.

Of the wonderful things Don Quixote said to his Squire, and how that curious Discourse was interrupted.

ALAs, poor *Loveless Knight*, cry'd *Sancho*, when he saw his Masters fall. I told you this Cursed Melon-keeper, who is a greater Heretick than the Giant *Goliath*, would spoil your Dancing. Having so said, he entred the Field, leading his As by the Halter and drawing near *D. Quixote* to see whether he was in a condition to receive any help, he found him stretch'd out at his full length, and not at all unlike a dead Body. However, at length, the Knight came to himself, and *Sancho* asking him whether he was Wounded, he answer'd he was not; but that *Orlando* in his Fury had thrown a whole Mountain upon him, the weight whereof had almost crush'd him in pieces. Help me to get up *Sancho*, quoth he, and be not afflicted, since I can boast I have obtain'd the Victory. Ay, Ay, said the Squire, you are the stoutest, for you have bore the blows. Is it not enough for me, answer'd *Don Quixote*, that my Enemy is fled? Is not that a plain Demonstration that he durst not stand me? But let him go for the present. I shall meet with him another time, and make him finish the Combat we have begun. The worst on't is that I feel my self bruiz'd all over with a dreadful blow of a Club he gave me, and can hardly breath. By my Faith it was no Club he had in his Hand, reply'd the Squire, but a Damn'd Sling with which he threw the two stones that have put you in this sweet pickle. Support me my Son, said *Don Quixote* when he was got up, and let us go into that Castle to rest
us,

us, and to set free all the Knights and Ladies that have been kept Enchanted there for so many Ages. Whilst he spoke he mov'd towards the Cottage, leaning on his Squire, who had enough to do to support him and his Armour. But when he came to the Door he stopt short, and seeming to be mightily astonish'd, said, What is it I see, I find nothing here but a poor Cottage, The magnificent Palace which but now appear'd to me, is vanish'd. As for my part, quoth *Sancho* I am not deceiv'd in the least; for from first to last this Cottage seem'd to me no more than a Cottage; and I am glad that once in your Life you will grant you took a Pig for a Dog. I grant nothing, reply'd *D. Quixote*, every Man sees after his own manner. It is no Wonder that you, who are but a Peasant, can see things but like a Peasant. But I, who am Knighted, and consequently sees things as they really are, have cause to be surpriz'd to find nothing here but a little Hut. Sir, quoth *Sancho*, I am of Opinion it is better for us to go into the Cottage to rest us, than to stand here Arguing whether I ought to see like a Peasant, or like a Knight, and when we are there, we may Eat of the Melons, if we please, since they are in our Power. I consent, my Friend, answer'd *Don Quixote*, for I am all bruiz'd, and it is my Courage that supports me more than my Strength.

Well, they went into the Cottage, and *Sancho* having set his Master in the best posture he could to rest him on a Wicker Chair there happen'd to be in the place, went and unbridled *Rocinante*, and took off *Dapples* Pannel, and leaving the two Beasts to range at discretion in the Melon Ground, he return'd to his Master, bringing on his Back the Portmanteau, and the Pannel, and *Rocinante's* Bridle in his Hand. Ah, *Sancho*, said *Don Quixote* to him, I don't wonder now that I see no Knight, nor Ladies here. I see into the Mystery. I have discover'd the slight. That malignant *Moorish* Enchanter I told you of, Ten Thousand times more crafty than *Atlas* the Magician, knowing that all his Conjuratation could not defend the Earl of *Angiers* against my matchless Force, nor exclude me his stately Castle; what has he done to disappoint me? He has carry'd away the *Paladin*, and transported him and his Castle by the Hands of his Familiar Devils to the top of the highest Mountain of *Armenia*, near *Noah's* Ark; and has left us nothing here but a wretched Hut to deceive our Eyes; but he must not think to put upon me. For as soon as e'er I

E

have

have won the Prize at the Tilting, we will go into *Armenia*, we'll to the top of that high Mountain, we'll Besiege the Enchanters Castle, and when we have made our selves Masters of it, Killing *Orlando*, we will set Free the Great *Cham* of *Tartary*, the two Princesses his Daughters, his Bastard, his Uncle and his Sister, whom the false Negromancer keeps there Enchanted. Ay, but Sir, quoth the Squire, if that *Orlando Furioso* guards the Castle Gate with his Staff that has a Spear at the end of it, and his Devilish Sling, I declare to you I will not come within an Hundred Leagues of him. Let not that trouble you reply'd *Don Quixote*, I'll take care he shall not hurt you; and to do you Honour, it is my Will that you Kill him, by running a long pin into the sole of his Foot, when I have him under me. Then you must be sure, quoth *Sancho*, to hold him so fast that he can stir neither Hand nor Foot. I'll grasp him so hard, said the Knight that he shall not be able to breath. If so, answer'd the Squire, we shall be very unlucky if we do not compass our design. By Jove, I'll clap my four Fingers and my Thumb to it, and I'll thrust the pin up to his Guts. But Sir, went he on, I have a nicety come into my Head. I would fain know why that *Moorish* Enchanter Enchanted the Bastard of *Tartary*. Why, reply'd *Don Quixote*? I'll tell you, for I know all the sequel of the Story. The Enchanter fell in Love with the Great *Cham* of *Tartary*'s younger Daughter. That Princess who was as beautiful as the Sun was call'd *Guenipecta*. She was thought to be Daughter to *Charlemaign*, and there was reason to believe it. Because that Prince in his younger Days going Abroad to seek Adventures, like a Knight Errant as he was, the Great *Cham*'s Wife seeing him, fell in Love, and the History tells us that the Matchless *Guenipecta* was the Fruit of their tender Affections. However it was, the *Moorish* Enchanter, us'd all the Methods, generally practic'd by Lovers to please their Mistresses, to gain that Princesses Affection; but *Guenipecta*, who hated him mortally because he was Red Hair'd, made such harsh returns to his Courtship, that the *Moor* despairing ever to gain her Love by his Addresses, had recourse to the Secrets of his Art: But Enchantments, as you well know, having no Power over the Affections, and the Princess requiting all his Love with Hatred, he resolv'd to steal her and all her Family. To that end he caus'd his Demons in one Night to build the Palace you saw but a Moment ago in this Melon Field, and

and in it he shut up the Great *Cham* and his Family. But you will ask, and it will be an ingenious Question, what reason the Enchanter had to build a Castle upon such a great Road ; for I agree with you that Magicians generally Seat them in Deserts, on the top of a steep Rock in the midst of the Sea, or in the most secret part of close a Forrest ; but now I'll tell you what private Motive inclin'd the Moor so to do. His intention being to Humour the Princess *Gueni-pea*, and to make her Confinement as easie as possible, he caus'd the Castle to be built in this Field, well knowing that the Princess was such a lover of Melons that she could not live without them. In short, *Sancho*, *Gueni-pea* is passionately fond of them ; and I think I have Read that her Stars seem to foretel she shall Dye of a Surfeit of Melons. Lord how I pity *Gueni-pea* cry'd *Sancho*, for being now coop'd up on that high Mountain of *Vermin*, where I fancy there are no more Melons than in the Pond of *Toboso*. But Sir, now you talk of the Melons, let us taste a little those that grow in this Ground. Since you have gain'd the Field of Battle, we had as good reap the Fruit of our Victory. Having so said, he went and gather'd two Melons, which he chose by making an Incision in them, and return'd with a joyful Heart and smiling Countenance bringing this Provision. He gave his Master some slices of them who eat very little ; for his part he laid about him as fast as he could swallow. But in the height of his Jollitry, the Earl of *Angiers*, and three other lusty Fellows of the Town, seeing *Rocinante*, and *Dapple* living at discretion in the Melon Ground, breaking the Hedges, eating some of the Melons, and trampling on the rest, rush'd into the Cottage Cursing and Swearing and rang a dismal Peal of Bastinadoes upon the Bones of our Adventurers. *Don Quixote*, who had unfortunately taken off his Head-piece, to be the more at ease, among the rest receiv'd such a blow on his Head that he fell down Senseless. The Squire had more fell to his share than his Master, because having no Armour to break the Fury of the blows, he lost nothing of the good Will with which they were laid on. This sharp piece of Service being over the *Paladin* and his Companions, nor at all concern'd for the Wounded Men, whom they left Senseless on the Ground, return'd to *Ateca*, taking *Rocinante* and *Dapple* along with them in satisfaction for the Damage that had been done in the Melon Field.

C H A P. IX.

Of the great Sorrow and Affliction Don Quixote, and Sancho were in for the loss of Rocinante and Dapple ; and how they were entertain'd by Master Valentin a Canon of Ateca.

ALL this while *Don Quixote* and his Squire lay Entranc'd stretch'd out on the Ground. At last *Sancho* coming to himself, and finding all his Bones bruiz'd cry'd out in an Angry and at the same time sorrowful Tone. Well Sir Loveless, or rather Brainless Knight, will you believe me another time ? I have advis'd you over and over again to go about your business and wrong no Body, and I could never prevail upon your dogged Disposition. Chew now upon these Apples of Affliction ; and God grant, that half a score more of those Jews do not come to make an end of us, if we stay here any longer. Hey, lift up your Head a little if you can brave Knight, and you'll find it full of Bunches, so that you'll have more reason now than ever you had to call your self *The Knight of the Sorrowful Aspect*. *Don Quixote* at those words rais'd his Head a little, but all the answer he made was this, (l) King *Sancho*, King *Sancho*, however you cannot say I did not forewarn you that a Traytor would come out of *Zamora* during the Siege, to surprize you. A Curse on the Soul of Anti-Christ, cry'd *Sancho* in a Rage, our Souls are just ready to skip out at our Mouths, and you are humming the Ballad of King *Sancho*. You had better sing the (m) *Swans Hymn*. For St. *Apollonia's* sake let us go Home and look out for a Surgeon to plaister our Bodies all over. You must understand *Sancho*, reply'd *Don Quixote*, that the Traytor who has put me into this Condition is the perfidious (n) *Bellido d'Olfos*, the lawful Son of *Olfos de Bellido*. The Plague confound him and all his Race to the Seventh Generation,

(l) *Sancho King of Castile was Murder'd at the Siege of Zamora, by a Villain who pretended to Desert to him from the place.* (m) *The Swan is said never to sing but just before it Dyes.* (n) *Bellido d'Olfos is the Traitor abovemention'd that kill'd King Sancho at Zamora.*

said

said the Squire. Haste away to *Zamora*, continu'd the Knight, and when you are near the City, you'll discover at a distance the Good Old Man *Arias Gonzalez* standing betwixt two Battlements, in whose presence you shall change your Name, and take that of *Don Diego de Lara*, and making use of the same words that *Don Bermudo's* Son us'd, you shall charge with Treason, and shall Challenge all the Knights, Squires, Women and Children, and in a word all the Town. Then you shall kill all the Sons of *Arias Gonzalez*, and of *Peter Arias*. Blessed Virgin Mother of God, cry'd *Sancho*, we are in a fine Condition. Four great swinging Hang-dogs of Melon keepers have been beating me to Mummy, and you would have me go to *Zamora*, to renounce my Baptism, and to Challenge all the Town, that an Hundred Thousand Millions of Men may come out of the City and devour me with a grain of Salt. It is better for us to rise, if we can, and to go get our selves dress'd in this next Town. This said, he call'd to his assistance all his little strength and got up. *Don Quixote* gave him his Hand, and Rose up with the greatest trouble imaginable. But when they went out of the Hur and could not see *Rocinante*, and *Dapple* in the Melon Field; then it was they perceiv'd how implacable an Enemy the Moorish Enchanter had been to them that Day. *Don Quixote* was griev'd to his Soul, and *Sancho* more impatient than his Master was stark Mad for the loss of his Ass. Alas, my dear *Dapple*, quoth he weeping most bitterly, we have been too too soon parted! Oh, my Ass, the delight of my Soul, the light of my Eyes, and the Charming Object of my Thoughts! Who are the Robbers that unmercifully drive you away, you, who for your long Ears might be Dean of the Asses. We two understood one another, like two Foster Brothers. When I carry'd your Barley into the Stable you made as Harmonious Musick as the Barber does when he goes at Night to play on his *Guitarre* and sing under *Joan's* Window. Friend *Sancho*, quoth *D. Quixote*, what does it avail you thus to Torment your self? Have not I lost the best Horse in the World. By the Lord Sir, reply'd *Sancho* very roughly, I do not forbid you to lament your Horse, let me bewail my Ass. I tell you once more,

(o) *An Old Romantick Story in Ballads, that this Lara Challeng'd all the City of Zamora for the Murther of the above-mention'd King Sancho.*

my Son, answer'd *Don Quixote*, you ought to take comfort after this loss, tho' he were lineally descended from *Balaam's* Ass. It is a weakness to be inconsolable for Losses. If they are irreparable, reason must assist to make us bear them with Resolution. If they may be Repair'd why should we let Sorrow overwhelm us. I will make a strict search after *Rocinante* and *Dapple*, and if it does not succeed we have still our Portmanteau to relieve us. We'll Buy another Horse and another Ass, and thus we'll disappoint the Magician, who thought he should prevent my appearing at the Tilting at *Zaragoza* by causing my Horse to be stolen. In the mean while you must carry the Portmanteau, and the Pannel on your Back, as far as that Town, where we will rest our selves. The hope *Sancho* conceiv'd that he should see his dear Ass again mitigated his Grief; and tho' all his Body was Bruiz'd, yet he took up the Pannel and Portmanteau contriving it so that the Crupper of the Pannel hung over his Mouth.

As soon as they enter'd *Ateca*, a crowd of Boys and idle People got about them and attended them shouting to the great Square or Marker place. The Magistrates and some of the Canons, or Prebends of the Church were walking there at that time. They were astonish'd to see *Don Quixote* in that uneasy Equipage, and his Squire loaded with the Pannel and the Crupper of it bridling up his Nose. The Scene seeming at once both Comical and Serious, they knew not whether they ought to Laugh, or commiserate them. But *Don Quixote* finding himself in the midst of such a numerous Assembly, which seem'd not to have Eyes enough to gaze on him, and being mov'd with a just Resentment against the Ravishers of *Rocinante* he address'd his words to the Audience, particularly fixing his Eyes on the Magistrates and Churchmen. Are not you asham'd Gentlemen, said he, to allow of Robbers among you, who to please my Enemy the *Moorish* Enchanter, have by surprize depriv'd me of my indefatigable Courser, and my Squire of his excellent Steed. Order what has been stolen from us to be restor'd immediately, and that those Audacious Persons who have wounded us, because they catch'd us a Foot, and defenceless, be deliver'd up to us on discretion. Otherwise I must look upon you all as Traytors, or as Accessary to Treason, and as such I Defy and Challenge you all either Man to Man, or all of you at once against me. The Canons and the Magistrates could not forbear Laughing at so extravagant

vagant a Speech; but one of the Churchmen, taking some of the others aside, said to them. Gentlemen, I fancy this Mad-man is *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, whose History we lately Read for our Diversion. You shall see I am not mistaken. Then he went up to *Don Quixote* and said, Sir Knight Errant, for by your Noble Mien and by your Armour we guess you are one, are not you I pray that incomparable Knight of *la Mancha*, whose unheard of Exploits resound in all parts? In a word are not you the Heroick *Don Quixote*, Yes, I am he, reply'd the Knight very gravely, and I will make those Villains who have stolen *Rocinante*, sensible, that they must not put their Tricks upon me. Good Sir *Don Quixote*, answer'd the Canon, we here have too great a Veneration for Knights Errant, and particularly for you, to suffer you to be wrong'd in the least. We will do you justice for the injury you have receiv'd; and will not only take care that what you have lost shall be restor'd; but if you know the Men that have abus'd you, assure your self we will cause them to be most severely punish'd. As for him that I Fought with, said *Don Quixote*, I know well enough where he is, and he shall soon hear from me. But the Villain that Wounded me Treacherously was *Bellido d' Olfos*. No, no, cry'd *Sancho* interrupting him, and putting aside the Crupper which stopp'd his Mouth, hear me Gentlemen, he that knock'd down my Master with a stone cast out of a Sling is an arch Knave that guards a Field of Melons hard by here. A brawny Back'd Fellow, who squints, and has turn up Whiskers. It is that Dog, whom Heaven confound, who came with other Madmen and beat all our Bones to a Jelly, and when they had maul'd us to Death, carry'd away *Rocinante* and my As, God knows whether. Master *Valentin*, for that was the Name of the Canon that spoke to them being Naturally very Charitable, and believing *D. Quixote* stood in need of some relief, said to him, Sir Knight, all that has been stolen from you shall be restor'd; in the mean while I beseech you do me the Honour to come to my House with your Squire. *Sancho* press'd his Master to accept of the offer, and then Master *Valentin* carry'd them Home.

The first thing that good Churchman did, was to send for the Surgeon of the Town to search the Wound the Knt. had on his Head, which as good Fortune would have it prov'd not dangerous, Whilst the Surgeon was making

some Lint and taking out all his Implements for the first Dressing, *Don Quixote* looking earnestly upon him, said to him. In truth Master *Elisabat* my Dear Friend, I am overjoy'd that I am this Day fallen into your skillful hands; for I remember I have Read that you know how to apply such Sovereign Medicines to Knight Errants Wounds that *Averroes*, *Avicen*, and *Galen* were scarce worthy to be your Prentices. But I pray you tell me, whether my Wounds are Mortal, for if they are the Laws of Chivalry will not allow me to consent to have them Dress'd, till I have had full Revenge of *Bellido's* Treachery. The Surgeon not knowing what answer to make to this Non-sense, look'd upon Master *Valentin*, who on his side was no less astonish'd. There being cause to Fear least too much talking, and earnestness might put *Don Quixote* into a Fever, which might have rendred his Wound dangerous, the Surgeon Dress'd him without speaking one word, for fear of putting him again into the humour of talking. Only he assur'd him that in a few Days there would be no sign that he had been hurt. After the Dressing the Canon made all people quit the Room, leaving *Don Quixote* to Repose himself on a very good Bed. *Sancho* who held the Candle during the Operation, and had not spoke a word in a long time, was ready to burst to let his Tongue run and make amends for such a long silence. No sooner was he out of the Room but he said to Master *Valentin*. By my Faith, Master Licentiate, my Ribs smart cruelly. That *Bellido* since it must be *Bellido*, was no kinder to me than to my Master, he has left no part sound about me but my Stomach. And by the Lord had he spoil'd that, as he has done all other parts of me, I should wish all the *Bellido's* in the World at the Devil. And therefore I beg of you Master Licentiate, that you'll order the Cloth to be laid immediately that I may exercise my Jaws a little, for I have more need of it at present than of picking my Teeth. But Friend, quoth the Canon, we must see whether you are not Wounded, before Master *Elisabat* is gone, you need only speak, he'll make two Incisions for one. Oh! by my Conscience I have done with him, answer'd the Squire, all these Surgeons wish for nothing but Wounds and Sores. Let them alone, they will thrust their Lancet into your Head without any Ceremony, as if it were to pull out Worms. God be prais'd I am not Wounded, and I can better be without Lint this Bout, than without Bread and Wine. The Canon order'd him his Supper; and

and having sent out to enquire after the pretended *Bellido* and his Companions, who were easily found, *Rocinante* and *Dapple* were soon brought. *Sancho* seeing them come, ran hastily out of a Porch, where he was at Supper and coming up to his Ass, embrac'd him with all the Tenderness a Lover meets his Mistress after a tedious Absence. Welcome, my dear *Dapple*, said he. I wish you joy. Tell me, how have you been us'd during my absence? Has that great slouch of *Orlando* given thee Straw and Barley enough to mumble? Oh the Drunken Dog! Oh the flat Footed Rogue! May it please St. *Nicolina* my God-mothers Patroness, that I may see him Hang'd an Hundred Years hence. *Valentin* seeing *Sancho* so joyful for finding his Ass again, said to him smiling. Master Squire, tho' you had lost your Ass, yet you ought not to Despair, for I would have presented you with a delicate She Ass worth at least as much, if not more than he. O that cannot be Master Licentiate, reply'd the Squire, my *Dapple* is worth his Weight in Gold, and we were made for one another. I understand him by half a word, as if I had got him, I know whether he asks for Barley, or whether he would be carry'd to Water. In short I can say no more, but that I know him better than you do your Father. Then you understand the Language of the Asses, said *Valentin*. As well as any Licentiate, answer'd *Sancho*, there is not one Syllable escapes me.

C H A P. X.

Of the pleasant Discourse Don Quixote had with Master Valentin, and two other Canons, and what he said, when they show'd him the first part of his History.

WHEN *Sancho* was gone from the Clergy-man to carry *Rocinante* and *Dapple* to the Stable, two Canons of the great Church came to visit their Brother *Valentin*. They ask'd him how he lik'd his two Guests? As well as can be, said *Valentin*, and I can assure you I have now in my House a Princely pastime. *Don Quixote* really seems to me as Mad as the Historian has represented him; and for *Sancho*, tho'

tho' he has his Senses, his simplicity is such that I do not wonder he consents to all his Masters Chimeras. If you have a mind to be diverted, come and Dine with me to Morrow. The Knight rests at present, and it would be Barbarous to disturb him. The Canons accepted of the Invitation, and as they were taking leave of their Brother, *Sancho* return'd from the Stable. *Valentin* stopt him, and having put him upon talking of his Master, the *Honest Squire* who desir'd no better than to have an Audience, acquainted the Canons, that *Don Quixote* no longer able to bear *Dulcinea's* Scorn had chang'd his Name of *The Knight of the Sorrowsful Aspect*, for that of *The Loveless Knight*, and that under this Denomination he was going to exert his Dexterity and Valour at the Tilting at *Zaragoza*. In short he told them all he could remember he had seen his Master do. The Canons were ready to Dye with laughing at every turn, for *Sancho's* stile was no less diverting than the Follies he related. When they had heard him they went Home, not questioning but they should have good sport the next Day. After they were gone *Valentin* enter'd *Don Quixote's* Room very softly, intending if he was awake to make him eat a few new laid Eggs, and drink a Glass of Wine; but whether it was that after the beating, and fatigue the Knight had undergone, Nature being exhausted requir'd some Rest, or whether a Canons Bed had the Virtue of laying a Man soundly asleep, *Don Quixote* was so fast, that *Valentin* thought he could do no better than to leave him so till the next Day, and *Don Quixote* was so refresh'd that he then got up very lightsome and sound.

The Canons did not fail coming to Dine with *Valentin*, and when they were all sat down at Table, they began to discourse of Knight Errantry. It were happy, said one of the Canons, that there were more Knights Errant at this time than there are; for the World is much Lewder than it was in *Amadis de Gauls* time, and tho' there were as many Knights in *Spain* as there are Gnats, God forgive me, I believe they would all find employment enough. Injustice Reigns every where, Falshood prevails, and there are infinite Wrongs to Redress. In one place Detraction sullies Honour, and destroys Reputation; in another Orphans are crying for Assistance, and I'll forfeit my Prebendary if there be any thing more frequent than forsaken Damosels. It is true, quoth *Don Quixote*, that to the shame of this Age Knight Errantry is neglected, but it shall not be my fault

fault if that Sacred Order is not set a-foot again ; and if all Men whose Courage and Virtue renders them worthy of being Knights Errant, would follow my example, we would soon see Justice done to those Orphans, and Damocels you speak of. Ay, if they would follow your example, answer'd the Canon, but there's the point. Pray where will you find Men fit to Encounter Giants as tall as Windmills ! Men bold enough to charge a whole Army as if it were but a Flock of Sheep. Believe me, worthy *Don Quixote*, your Actions will be admir'd, but I much question whether any Body will imitate them. *Sancho*, who waited at Table, and now and then drawing near the side Board took a good Draught by stealth, and another while carrying off the Dishes that were serv'd up suffer'd nothing to return to the Kitchen without tasting it, hearing now his Masters Exploits discours'd of soon put in for a share of the talk. Master *Licentiate*, quoth he interrupting the Canon, you have forgot the best of the Story. Is the Adventure of the sullying Mifs but a Trifle d'ye think ? Hang me, if I do not fancy I still hear that confounded Noise, which made my Guts wamble in my Belly. Faith and Troth, I found that Bout that my Mothers Son was in Quake-breech fear. And you made your Master smell it, reply'd *Valentin* smiling. I don't deny it, answer'd the Squire, but you know very well Master *Valentin*, that when that will come there is no bidding of it stay. The Shot must fly, or the Gun split. The Canons burst out a Laughing, and he who had been silent before, said, For my part I admire the Penance *Don Quixote* did in (p) *Sierra Morena* in imitation of *Beltenebros*, or the *Dark Beau*. And pray was not the rescuing of the Gally Slaves, cry'd *Sancho*, a notable Exploit ? And the Combat with the *Biscainer*, and the Adventure of the *Yanguessians* ? But hold Gentlemen, continu'd he checking himself, no more of that, I beseech you ; let that never be mention'd, there's a reason for it. Well Friend *Sancho*, said *Valentin*, that Adventure for your sake must be bury'd in Oblivion, as well as that of your tossing in a Blanker. And for my parr, whenever I Read your Masters History over again, and I keep it very close in my Closet, I promise you, that

(p) *Sierra Morena* is a great Mountain in Spain, and the Name signifies the Brown Mountain.

when

when I come to those scurvy Passages, I'll turn over the Leaf without Reading them.

Don Quixote was amaz'd to hear that *Valentin* had his History. Master *Licentiate*, said he, is it possible that the Wise *Alquise* who is to Record all my Actions, has already publish'd those I have perform'd. The Wise *Alquise*, quoth *Valentin*, is not the Author of the History I have. It is an *Arabian* Writer; whose Name if I mistake not is *Cid Hamet Benengeli*. I am not acquainted with that Negromancer, answer'd *Don Quixote*, but it is no matter, do me the Favour to show me his Work. With all my Heart, if you desire it, said *Valentin*; and rising from Table he went into his Closet, whence he brought a Book, which he deliver'd to the Knight. Let us see pray, quoth *Sancho*, let us see whether that Book mentions me. You need not question, Friend, said one of the Canons, for it mentions your Ass. My Ass, quoth the Squire, then it is the Ass *Ginesillo de Passamonte* stole from me; for this Ass I have now was not with us last Year. Alas, poor Infant, he is this Year in his Noviceship of Knight Errantry; but on my Conscience if he holds on as he begins, he must have a whole History writ of him alone. In the mean while *Don Quixote* open'd the Book, and whilst he Read the Canons Ey'd him attentively. He stopp'd at the first page, where the Author describing him says. "None Ravish'd him
"like the Works of *Felician de Silva*, whose intricate Sentences seem'd to him most exquisite, especially he admir'd his Amorous and Gallant *Billets Deux*, in which
"he found these Chiming words. *The Reason of the Unreasonableness which you offer to my Reason, does so weaken
"my Reason that with all Reason I complain of your Beauty, &c.* Benengeli, quoth *Don Quixote* shutting the Book in a Passion, is an Impostor, or rather a Slanderer. I perceive he has compil'd this Work only to Rob me of my Honour, that I might be taken for a Mad-man by those that do not know me. He made haste to be before-hand with the Wise *Alquise*, my faithful Historian, well knowing that the first Impressions are scarce to be defac'd. He charges me with being fond of Fustian Bombastick Stuff, do you do me right Gentlemen. Tell me whether my words make good that Charge? By this you may discover that Ancient Historians are to be Read with Circumspection, and that their Censures are no more to be regarded than their praises; since an Author dares slander me whilst I am yet Living.

I declare I disapprove of *Felician de Silva's* stile. I am not pleas'd with his impertinent gingle of words ; and Heaven be prais'd, I am so far from falling short in my Judgment in that point, that I flatter my self I have Sense enough to find fault with better Works than that of *Felician de Silva*, and I cannot tell but I might make good Criticisms even upon (q) *Galatea*. I will recite to you a few Verses of my own composing, not that I value my self upon being a good Poet, but only to convince you that I do not love Bombast ; for if I affect it, it must appear in my Poems, rather than in my Conversation, for you know that Poets giving a loose to their Fancies, may easily swerve from their Natural strain, and fly into extravagancies, if Judgment does not guide them. The Canons declaring it would be the greatest satisfaction imaginable to hear his Verses. Well then, said he, hear a Sonnet I writ last Year upon the Princess *Dulcinea's* recovering of a fit of Sickness.

*The Conquist's gain'd Dulcinea was your due,
And Vanquish'd Death does cease the cruel strife,
Our Vows o're Fate prevail to spare your Life,
And Nature's fairest Work is sav'd in you.*

*You Languish'd, but Beauty still budded anew.
And Death, in your Face, did seem to delight,
Your Eyes near Eclips'd, and set in dark Night,
At once Homage claim'd and Tears from us drew.*

*Those Stars will their former brightness impart,
Redoubled your Charms with Health you'l regain,
What then shall I do, great Queen with my Heart ?
Your Cure will not ease my Torturing pain.
If you Dye, for Grief my Soul will depart,
And if you are well, I fall by disdain.*

This, I think may suffice, continu'd *Don Quixote*, to satisfy you that *Benengeli* gives a very false Account of me. Sir Knight, said one of the Canons, your Works and your Discourse much discredit that *Arabian* Author ; yet, after all, he deserves Pardon, for tho' in the first page of his Book he does you that wrong, I can assure you that throughout all the rest of his History he does you Justice,

(q) *A Spanish Poem in Vogue.*

making

making you talk like a Man of Sense. So much the worse reply'd *Don Quixote*, for an Author ought to make good his Characters. Read all *Homers Iliad* and see whether *Achilles* his Character fails in any part. Do not you see the same *Achilles* who brav'd *Agamemnon*, and who chose rather to suffer the *Grecian* Ships to be burnt than his Rage to be disarm'd, do not you see, I say, the same passionate Prince in the Answers he returns to good Old *Priam*, who desires he will restore to him *Hectors* Dead Body. Thus *Homer* makes good all his Characters; you'll not find that ever he departs from any of them. *Ulysses* is always Crafty, *Nestor* still continues the Oracle of the Army. In a word all his Characters are kept up to the last. And therefore *Benengeli* designing to make me pass for a Madman, ought not to make me Discourse like a discreet Person.

C H A P. XI.

How Don Quixote parted with Master Valentin; and how Sancho found Archbishop Turpin's Club.

THE Canons could not but admire that extravagant medley of Folly and Judgment that appear'd in *Don Quixotes* Discourse; and being Conscientious Men, who pity'd their Neighbours Frailties, they curs'd in their Hearts those pernicious Books, which had destroy'd such an excellent Natural Wit. *Sancho* who had stood listning to his Master with a great deal of Attention, perceiving he had done, said in his turn to the Canons. Well Gentlemen, what say you now to my Master *Don Quixote*. I faith you must own he has both Rime and Reason at his Fingers ends. Had he been an Arch-Bishop, he had made Lectures in every Corner. Words multiply under his Hands. I could hear him talk for ever. And when he talks I fancy I hear a Book Read. By my Faith I would give six pence I have in my Pouch this Moment, with all my Heart, to have words always at command as he has. Ah, what brave stories I would tell the Wenches at the Bake-house in our Village. I love Men of Sense, I declare it. And if Fortune should so Order it that my Wife and I should have a Son by our holy endeavours, I here make

a vow I'll send him to learn Divinity at *Salamanca*. But the Dog must not think he shall go to spend his Fathers Means Gaming with other Sons of Wh-----res like himself, for I'll give him more Lashes with this Girdle I have on, than there are Hairs in my venerable Beard. So saying he took off his Girdle, and began to Lash the Canons Legs, crying out in a Passion. Study you hang Dog, learn your Book, if you design to be a Governour after me. Enough, enough, Mr. *Sancho*, said one of the Canons holding his Arm, remember the Boy you are Whipping is not begot yet. Well I'll have done then for this time, reply'd the Squire, since your Worships are so pleas'd; and he may thank you for it, for if I am so satisfy'd for the first fault, he may assure himself he shall pay for all, the next he commits. What Madness is that, said *Don Quixote* to him very Gravely, you have no Son yet, and you pretend to Whip him already, because he will not go to School. Ah Sir, quoth *Sancho*, don't you know that Children must be Corrected in time; and that if they are Humour'd when they are little, they grow Lazy and Wilful. They must understand from their Mothers Belly that Learning is to be Whip'd into them; for so my Father bred me, and if I have any Guts in my Brains, by my Troth I may thank good banging for it. He laid me on so unmercifully, that the Old Curate who then liv'd (God have Glory of his good Soul) every time he met me in the Street, laying his Hand on my Head would say. If this Boy is not beaten to Death, he will grow by Inches. Nay then Friend *Sancho*, quoth *Valentin*, I perceive your Old Curate was a great Prophet. Yes Sir, reply'd the Squire, I'll assure you he was a Man of Parts. In his younger Days he had been at the University of *Alcala*, and he was so Learned that he could say part of his Even-song by Heart. The Canons were mightily pleas'd with *Sancho's* Flights, and perceiv'd he was no Wiser, but yet pleasanter than his Master, and therefore they came every Day to their Brother Canons where our Adventures still furnish'd them fresh Scenes of Diversion.

Don Quixote finding his Wound perfectly Cur'd at the end of eight Days, thought he could not make any longer stay there without infringing the Laws of Chivalry; and therefore the ninth Day after Dinner, he said to his Host. I think it is time you give me leave to depart for *Zaragoza*. You are very sensible how much that concerns Knight Errantry.

rantry. If Fortune proves favourable to my Undertakings, I design to send you the first Prize of the Tilting, which I now conjure you to accept of. It is the least I can do for one that has taken care to see my Wounds perfectly Cur'd. The Charitable *Valentin*, who long'd to discourse the Knt. and to try whether it were not possible to incline that distracted Soul to some profitable Employment, call'd up all his Eloquence to his Assistance, and answer'd *D. Quixote* in this manner. Mr. *Quixada*, you are free to go when you please; but I beseech you, consider you are strangely misled. Others would please themselves with humouring your extravagant Notions; but for my part I know nothing more deplorable, and I think it a Duty of my Profession to endeavour to remove your blindness. Consider that *Amadis de Gaule*, *Esplandian*, and all those other Ancient Knights mention'd in your Ridiculous Books of Chivalry, and whose examples you fondly endeavour to follow, are but imaginary Heroes. What Historian, what Wise Author of any Nation whatsoever, writes of them as of Men that have truly had a Being. All that is said of them in those Fabulous Books, which have disturb'd your Reason, is nothing but Lyes invented to amuse and divert Idle People. Pernicious Works, which Magistrates ought to prohibit under the severest Penalties, since such vain Reading does but keep People in Ignorance, and make them neglect those things that are profitable and instructing. Bethink your self Master *Quixada*, it is a Mortal Sin for you thus to forsake your House and neglect your Affairs, to range about the World like a Madman with that poor Peasant you draw in to bear a part in your wild Notions. Don't you discern in the midst of your Madness, that you make your self the sport of great and small, and that you expose the Honour of a Gentleman to the scorn of the Rabble. Under the Mad pretence of righting Wrongs which are not done, you molest Travellers upon the Road, and perhaps e're long the Holy Brother-hood may lay hold of you for Murdering some Innocent Creature, and then without any regard to your Distemper'd Brain will inflict some Punishment on you which will be a dishonour to all your Family. Let me intreat you once again Mr. *Quixada* seriously to consider with your self; put away all those Fantastical Notions of Chivalry, and get Home as fast as you can, and give your Friends and Kindred, who deplore your Folly, the satisfaction of seeing you once more make the right use of your Reason;

Reason. Read good Books, and follow such Exercises as may gain you the Esteem of all Good Men. If you please to take my Advice, I do promise to bear you Company to your House tho' it be above Forty Leagues from hence to *Argamassilla*. I'll defray all the Charge of the Journey, that you may be perswaded I have no other design in what I have said but to promote your Honour, and take care of your Soul.

As soon as Mr. *Valentin* had ended his Speech, *Sancho*, who had given great Attention to him took upon him to speak, and without rising off his Asses Pannel, on which he was then sitting, said, indeed Mr. *Licentiate*, you are no Fool. All you have said to my Master *Don Quixote* is most true, and it is no more than has been told him an Hundred Thousand Millions of times by the Curate *Peter Peres*, Master *Nicholas* the Barber and my self; but as they say, my Mother Corrects me, and I laugh at her. 'Tis a vile Child that will not mend. You'll never rid his Mad Head of the Whim he has taken of going about to look for Wrongs, or rather for Melon-keepers or Mule-tiers to beat us like Dogs. Besides he every Moment takes Inns for Castles, abuses all we meet calling them *Renards* and *Orlando's*, and giving them such Names the Devil himself would not endure. Look ye now, Mr. *Valentin*, this is matter of Fact. But the other Day he gave the Title of *Infanta* of *Galicia* to a Nasty Wench that came to me in the Stable, and offer'd to commit the seven Mortal Sins for a Groat. Before George, he talk'd to her with more Breeding than he would do to the Daughter of the Arch-Deacon of *Toledo*.

Whilst they both talk'd, *Don Quixote* was leaning upon a Window in a deep Study, which made Mr. *Valentin* fancy that this Harangue had wrought Wonders. But the Knight looking upon the Canon with Indignation, like one that Wakes out of a Dream, said to him in a furious manner. I am astonish'd, my Lord Arch-Bishop *Turpin* that you being one of the Emperor *Charles* his Chief Barons, and Ally'd to the Twelve Peers of *France*, should have quitted the Noble exercise of Chivalry, to come and live an Idle and unprofitable Life. The Love of Knt. Errantry is too prevalent in me to follow your Cowardly Advice. Talk to me no more on this frivolous Account, and be satisfy'd with saying your Breviary, since to the detriment of your former Glory, you basely hang up, as an uselefs

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Weapon,

Weapon, that heavy, and Sanctify'd Club, with which you us'd to beat out the Brains of Giants, and which has been so fatal to the fiercest Warriours in King *Marsilius* and King *Agramante's* Arms. Ho, ho, Mr. *Valentin*, quoth *Sancho*, interrupting his Master and turning to the Clergy-Man, you have had a touch at Knight Errantry too it seems, tho' you don't boast of it. I'll warrant you then you are no Stranger to Cudgelling, and Bangs from a Sling. By my Soul I am glad of it. He who finds most fault with the Mare is the Man that buys her. My Son *Sancho*, said *Don Quixote*, give me my Armour presently and lead out my Horse in a Moment. Let us get out of this Pallace, which is more dangerous than *Armida's*. You see Master *Licentiate*, quoth *Sancho*, that your Lecture has signify'd nothing. In short, my Master *Don Quixote*, has too much Wit to want Sense. *Sancho*, said *Don Quixote*, time is precious do what I bid you presently. The Squire went immediately for his Armour, and when the Knight had put it on, he mounted *Rocinante*, and went away abruptly, after bowing to the Arch-Bishop Gravelly, but without speaking one word, so incens'd was he at his Cowardize. As for *Sancho*, when he was got upon his Ass, he said to Master *Valentin*, Mr. *Licentiate*, I thank you for your good Cheer, and I pray God to keep you *perseculorum*. You are very Learned, answer'd the Clergy-Man, you talk Latin. Like a Canon, quoth *Sancho*, tho' we have not taken our Degrees as you have done, yet we know a little of every thing as well as you. I could once have Read my Criss-cross-row current, and if I had minded my God-father, who was Church-Warden of our Parish and would have given me Learning, to help him make up his Accounts, I should have been by this time the top of our Parish. In short, Mr. *Valentin*, my Towns Name is *Argamasilla*, and I shall be always there ready to obey your Cominands, provided it be not against God or the Holy See Apostolick. Farewel, I kiss your Hands, and I beseech Holy St. *Agnes* that you may live as long as our Grand-father *Abraham*, from whom we are all descended.

Having spoke these words he clapt his Heels to his Asses sides, and follow'd his Master; but as he pass'd through the Market-place, he was stop'd by some Officers of the Town, who had a mind to have a little sport with him. Hey, whether are you bound Sir Knight, said one of them? Gentlemen, said *Sancho*, I am no Knight as yet; that is not

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to be done so hastily as you imagine. A Man must be Prentice before he can be Master ; but when that Holy-Day comes we'll be sure to keep it. In the mean time, we are going to the Tilting at *Zaragoza*, and from thence we shall go take *Griffons* Nests on the Mountain of *Vermin*. Good Mr. Squire, said another, pray let us partake of the Jewels you shall win at the Tilting. As for the Jewels, answer'd *Sancho*, you should have spoke sooner, they are already promis'd to Master *Valentin*, who expects them as punctually as he does his four Meals a Day. But if you will accept of any Giants you shall have them in all sorts of Dresses. This answer set all the Officers a laughing, which the Boys of the Town observing, they all set up a shout after him, and began to make Faces, to Hiss, and to shoot Pease out of Trunks at him. *Sancho* did not like this sport, and therefore approving himself a worthy Squire of the Renowned *Don Quixote* upon this occasion, he put on his As boldly into the midst of the Boys, and laying about him to the right and to the left with his Staff, he drove away those that came nearest to offend him ; and having thus soon made himself way by his Valour, he clapt both his Heels to *Dapple*, and overtook his Master, who seeing him come upon a full Trot, and in a Heat, said to him. What is the matter my Son ? You seem disturb'd. The Business is over answer'd the Squire, and God be prais'd I had no need of your assistance. The *Moorish* Enchanter had set at least an Hundred *Fairies* at my Heels, but by the help of this Staff, which I accidentally found in Master *Valentin's* Stable, I drove them all away like Flies. *Sancho*, *Sancho*, said *Don Quixote* with a great deal of astonishment in his Looks, let us go on fair and softly. You say you have put to flight the Enchanters Devils with that Staff you have now in your Hand. Yes Sir, reply'd the Squire, for by being us'd to Chivalry I gather Courage. By the Lord, quoth *Don Quixote*, it is Arch-Bishop *Turpin's* Club that you have found ; for in short, my Friend a Cudgel of any length or thickness whatsoever it be, cannot put Spirits to flight. That requires a Weapon which has been bless'd by some Minister of the Holy Church. By my Faith, said *Sancho*, I will not answer for it, that it is Arch-Bishop *Turpin's* Club ; but I know it did me Service at this time and may stand me in stead another. Ay Child, quoth *Don Quixote*, it is better than *Hercules* his Club. Let us keep that good Weapon very Chearily, it will be of great use

to us; for, altho' my Valour be supported by a wonderful strength of Body, yet it is of no force against the Powers of Hell; whereas by Vertue of that Sanctify'd Club, which those Rebellious Spirits cannot withstand, we shall easily drive away the Devils and the Enchanters. So that if we had had this good Weapon last Year, said the Squire, we should not have been so unmercifully beaten. There is no doubt to be made of it, reply'd *Don Quixote*. Since it is so, answer'd *Sancho*, I'll keep it safer than my first Shirt. Oh Holy Club, said he, kissing it, in an happy Hour were you found! When I took you up in Master *Valentin's* Stable I would willingly have chang'd you for a bit of Cheese. But by my Faith, I'll not take a dozen of Hogs Puddings for you now. Tell me pray Sir, continu'd he, was it not by means of this Club that Master *Valentin* came to be an Arch-Bishop. That may very well be, said *Don Quixote*. Ads Bobs, reply'd the Squire, since it has made an Arch-Bishop, it may as well make a Governour. Why not? Cannot he that threads a Needle as easily string a Pearl? It is certainly the Wise *Alquife*, said *Don Quixote* that has convey'd to us such a precious Treasure, to make amends for the fault of forsaking us the other Day in the Melon Field. It is true, quoth *Sancho*, that of late he has not minded where we beg'd our Bread. He leaves us to stretch the Leather with our Teeth. If you tumble in the Mire there you may stick for him. By my Faith I believe he only gave you that Armour to get you well beaten. Say no more, my Child, said *Don Quixote*, let us not complain of him. We may well forgive his past neglect, considering the present he has made us this Day.

The End of the First B O O K.

THE

THE HISTORY

Of the most Ingenious Knight

DON QUIXOTE

De la Mancha.

BOOK. II.

CHAP. I.

Of the disagreeable Adventure Don Quixote met with as he entred the City of Zaragoza.

UNfortunate Knight of *La Mancha*, cries the Wise *Alifolan*, at the beginning of this Chapter, how little Fortune favours your great undertakings? You left *Argamassilla*, to gain all the Honour of the Tilting at *Zaragoza*, and that is over before you come. In short, when *D. Quixote* was within a Mile of *Zaragoza*, he was inform'd the Tilting was over. This News troubled him very much, and tho' he need thank none but himself for losing so fair an opportunity of gaining Renown, yet he could not forbear laying all the blame on the *Moorish* Enchanter, and Arch-Bishop *Turpin*. Those false Men, said he, have put a speedy end to the Tilting, to Rob me of the Prizes I had certainly won, had I enter'd the Lists. *Sancho* on his side partaking of his Masters concern, found great fault that

they had not stay'd for them. Oh the Rakes, said he, they were in mighty haste with their lousy Tilting, why did not they put it off till your coming. There had been much more sport, for the more Fools the more Laughing there is. What unmannerly People they are to make so little account of us. What do they think you have a Scald Head, because your Skull is bald? *Don Quixote*, was so vex'd he had not been at the Tilting, that when he came to the *Aljaferia*, which is an Ancient Palace of the *Moorish* Kings of *Zaragoza*, he halted, and abundance of People flocking about him to have the better view of him, and to ask him, why he came thus all in Armour, after the Tilting was over, he rais'd his Voice and spoke these words. Knights of the City, and Knights of this strong Castle, give ear to me. That I may retrieve the Honour the Enchanters have made me lose by hastning on the Tilting, I publickly Challenge all those among you, whom Love has made subject to some Lady, or Princess; and you shall see to Morrow how unfortunate they'll prove who shall come within the reach of my Lance, and feel the sharp edge of my dreadful Sword. But at the same Time I Challenge, the Governour, Lord-Mayor, Aldermen, and all other Magistrates of the City, to punish their incivility in not putting off the Tilting for my sake. This said, he put on *Rocinante* towards *Zaragoza*, leaving about Fifty, or Sixty Persons that had stood about him strangely surpriz'd. It is some Mad Fellow that Rides about the Country, said some of them. If he is not a Fool said another, he is some Scoundrel fit to be pick'd up by the Holy Brother-hood. *Sancho* could not endure to hear his Master so ill spoken of. Gentlemen, said he, have a care what you say, you must not talk as you do of my Master. He is the best Knight Errant in our Village. I have seen him with my own Eyes, do such Feats of Arms, that should I go about to tell you all the Story, I should stand in need of the great Giant *Gollub's* Pen. 'Tis true that after fair Weather comes Rain. The Wicked Enchanters have sometimes curry'd our Hides; but let them look to that. They shall pay for it, as I am an Errant Squire. All that heard him fell a Laughing, and admir'd his Discourse as much as they did *Don Quixote*. One of them asking him what Country Man he was. My Masters, reply'd *Sancho*, I am of my own Village, which is call'd *Argamasilla* of *la Mancha*. And what is that *Argamasilla*, quoth another. What is it, reply'd *Sancho*? Nay Faith,

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'tis another guise place than your *Zaragoza*. We have with us little Houses with great Courts, where there are above an Hundred Head of Cattle. And God be prais'd, in our Village we have a Smith, who out-does *Aristotle* at sharpening a Plow-share, We want nothing but a Clock; but our Curate Mr. *Peter Perez* vows we shall have a delicate pair of Organs, against the next Jubilee Year. When he had thus spoke, he would fain have gone after his Master, but one of the standers by stopping him said. Pray Friend before you leave us, tell us, the Knight your Masters Name. It is, answer'd *Sancho*, the great *Don Quixote de la Mancha*; but do not mistake him. He is not now call'd as he was last Year, *The Knight of the Sorrowful Aspect*; his Name now is, *The Loveless Knight*, by reason of the unjust disdain of *Madam Dulcinea*, alias, *Aldonsa, Lorenzo*, or *Nogales*; and my Name is *Sancho Panca*, an Honest Man, as is said in my Village, and Husband to *Mary Gutierrez*, who is so good Natur'd and fair Condition'd that she would willingly serve every Body. Having so said, he put on his Ass to overtake *Don Quixote*, which he easily did, because *Dapple's* Trot for the most part was not inferiour to *Rocinante's* full speed, whose *Neplusultra* was a Hand Gallop.

Our Adventurers arriv'd at length at *Zaragoza*, and entered the City at the little Gate, *Don Quixote* very attentively view'd the Windows and the Streets, and *Sancho's* whole care was what good Inn his Master would alight in, for *Rocinante* by Natural instinct stop'd at every Sign he saw before an Inn, and the Knight was fain to spur him twenty times before he could make him wag. As they both Rode on in this manner, they saw a Man coming towards them mounted on an Ass, naked from the Waste upwards, with a Rope about his Neck. Another Man, who made but an uneasie Lackey, follow'd him a foot nearer than he could have wish'd, holding in his Hand a large bundle of Rods, with which he jerk'd his Back very frequently. They were attended by eight (q) *Alguaziles*, and above Two Hundred Boys shouting. It is easie to guess, without being told it, that this was a Thief catch'd in the Fact. Our Hero seeing this pitiful Spectacle, soon resolv'd what was most fit to be done by a Redresser of Wrongs, and therefore to put a stop to such injustice, he fiercely took his Post in the

(q) Officers of Justice in Spain.

midst of the Street, cover'd himself with his Buckler, and set his Lance in the rest against those Ministers of Felony and Treason, a People Out-law'd in all Ages by Knight Errantry, and in a threatening tone cry'd out to them. You infamous and outrageous Knights, unbind, and let loose that over-hardy Knight, whom you have surpriz'd by your usual Wiles, as he rested himself full of Affliction for his Ladies Absence, or Disdain without his Armour on the Bank of a purling Stream; under the shadow of the green Willows. You have not only Treacherously taken from him his Horse, Sword and Lance, but you have stripp'd him of his Cloaths adorn'd with Diamonds and Rubies, and now you basely carry him on a sharp edg'd Rock, to shut him up in a strong Tower among all the rest of the Knights, Emperors and Sultans, you unjustly detain in your dark and dismal Prisons. Unbind him then instantly, or I shall know how to force you to it, Traitors and Robbers as you are. The *Alguaziles* surpriz'd to hear a Man, Arm'd Cap-a-pe talk so extravagantly knew not what answer to make him. They halted, as soon as ever they saw him brandish his terrible threatening Lance, and look'd upon one another without speaking one word. The very Executioner, tho' he had his Orders from the Supreme Court of Justice, gave over tormenting the Patient, who benefiting somewhat by the Voice of this new (r) *Orpheus*, found his Punishment cease for some few Minutes. At last a Man that was a Horse-back and serv'd as a Clerk, or Notary among the Officers of Justice, perceiving that so strange a Fellow alone stopp'd all the Company, drew near the Knight, and said to him. What a Pox is all this you prate to us. Stand aside. Are you Mad? No sooner had he utter'd these words, but *Don Quixote* put back *Rocinante* to gain more Ground, and then advancing furiously upon the bold Man that durst talk so disrespectfully to Knights Errant, he had infallibly run him through with his Lance, had not the Notary thought it the safest way to let himself fall plum from off his Horse. However the fierce Knight and his Horse ran so violently against the Wall, that they both tumbled over and over. To add to this misfortune the Lance was broken; and yet *Don Quixote* preserving a wonderful pre-

(r) Alluding to the Fable of Orpheus his descending to Hell and causing the Torments of the Damned to cease.

sence

lence of Mind amidst this Danger, clear'd himself of all that hindred his getting up, and tho bruiz'd with the fall, presently drew his dreadful Sword, and fell upon the *Alguaziles*, who not knowing what to think of this Adventure, cry'd out, Gentlemen, we command you in the Kings Name to aid and assist us. Several Persons that were passing by came in upon their cries, and drawing their Swords hemm'd in *Don Quixote*, who nothing daunted at the sight of so many Enemies, cry'd out with a loud voice, St. James. St. Dennis, my Friends and Companions, the Day is our own. And at the same time laid about him so dexterously that many came off with slashes on their Ears and Jaws; till at last some Body laying hold of him behind threw him down undermost. Then his Valour became useless. There was no Remedy but submiting to the greater number, and do what he could they bound his hands, which done five or six of the *Alguaziles* put him on his own Horse, with his Face to his Tail, and convey'd him to Prison.

Sancho, who had been an Eye witness to all this Affair was wonderfully afflicted, when he saw his Master carry'd away in this manner; and following him at a distance, but without taking Notice that he belong'd to him, the poor Squire wept bitterly. A Curse on him, that does not love me, said he to himself; what Devil advis'd me to return again to Knight Errantry. A Murrein on all Islands and Governments, would they were all in the bottom of a Well. By St. John's Eagle, my Master is finely brought to Bed. Alas! What will become of me? What shall I do here alone without any Wife, or Children? Poor Fatherless Wretch as I am! I shall now be forc'd to live like an Abbot, and have nothing to Eat but the Fowls of the Air, and the Beasts of the Earth. Amidst these sorrowful private Lamentations, he came to the Gate of the Prison, where having seen *Don Quixote* secur'd, he stood a long while without knowing which way to bestow himself. He heard the People about him say, that the Man in Armour deserv'd the severest Punishment for offering to hinder the Execution of Justice. Some thought him worthy of Death; but others more merciful, and compassionate only adjudg'd him to receive Two Hundred Lashes.

In the mean while, *Don Quixote* being brought into Prison, was stripp'd of his Armour, and Hand-cuff'd, for the more Security. The Jailors Son would have put a Rope about his Neck, but the Knight misliking that usage, lifted

up

up both his Hands as they were made fast together, and gave the young Man such a blow with his Handcuffs, that, altho' the Hat in some measure broke the force, yet his Head did not escape without a Contusion. He was about to second his stroke, when the Jaylor prevented him by half a dozen good bangs, which made the Blood gush out fresh from *Don Quixote's* Nose and Mouth. The Jaylor's Servants took his part, tho' there was no great need of it, and trampled the Prisoner under their Feet. Not so satisfy'd, the Jaylor and his Son went to the Judge in Criminal Causes, and represented the matter so hainously, that he without any farther proof, order'd the Criminal to be immediately Whip'd in all the Markets, and then to be sent back to Prison, intending afterwards in course of Law to examine what motives induc'd him to what he had done and what Accomplices he had. At the same time they came back from the Judge, the Thief who had been Whipp'd return'd with the *Alguaziles*. The Jaylor said to the Executioner, Friend, take down this Man, but do not send away your Ass. You must first ring a peal on the back of that Drunken Sor in Armour, who has wounded my Son, and was like to kill the Notary. *Sancho* hearing these words was griev'd to the Heart, and he had like to have made it known to all the World, when he saw they were preparing in earnest to lash his Master.

C H A P. II.

What more happened after Don Quixote's Imprisonment.

WHILST *Sancho* was bewailing himself, some Gentlemen pass'd by who seeing abundance of People about the Prison Gate, had the Curiosity to ask what was the matter. A young Fellow told them the whole Story, and as they were listning to him, it happened that *Sancho* drawing near to hear what they talk'd of, which he thought in all likelihood must concern his Master, knew *Don Alvaro Tarce* among them. That Granadine Gentleman had not yet left *Zaragoza*, having stay'd after the Tilting to contrive among his Friends a course at the Ring, which Diversion they were

were to entertain the People with the next Sunday. *Sancho* besides himself with joy to see him, immediately leap'd off his Ass, took off his Cap and cast himself at *Don Alvaro's* Feet saying. Oh dear *Don Alvaro Tarfe*, I conjure by St. *Luke's* Ox to take pity on me and my Master *Don Quixote*, who is in the House of *Judas*. These wicked People design to bring him out this Moment, and to whip him like a Pick-pocker, if your Worship and good St. *Anthony* do not prevent it. *Tarfe* soon knew *Sancho*, and seeing him easily guess'd at the whole Adventure. Oh, my Friend *Sancho*, quoth he, is it possible your Master should be in such danger. By all the Fairies in the Air it is true, answer'd the Squire, and here the (s) Ass waits for him. Good Sir *Don Alvaro*, go see my Master *Don Quixote* from me, and tell him I kiss his Hands; and that if he must needs go where the *Alguaziles* please to carry him, that at least he will not Ride the Old Jade of an Ass they have provided for him; for she is as lean as a Rake, and goes all of one side; but desire him to make use of my Ass, who has young Legs, and on whom he will look like St. *George* a Horseback.

Sancho's simplicity made *Don Alvaro* laugh, who bid him wait in that same place, and perceiving there was no losing any time, he went into the Prison, with two of his Friends. There they found *The Loveless Knight*, unmanacled and ready to come out to begin his Walk. The blows he had receiv'd, and the Blood that ran down his Face, had so figur'd him, that there was no knowing of him, unless they had been told before that it was he. What do I see, said *Don Alvaro*? What a condition are you in? Alas good Sir *Don Quixote*, shall I here tender you all the Service my Friends and I can do you? I believe at this time my Service will not be unwelcome to you. *Don Quixote* knew the *Granadine* at first sight, and imagining he had been brought thither by the Enchanters that favour'd Knight Errantry to deliver him from the imminent danger he was in. Oh my good Friend *Don Alvaro Tarfe*, said he very gravely and smiling at the same time, you are welcome; yet notwithstanding your great Valour, I own I am surpriz'd to see you have compass'd such a difficult Adventure; since I who

(s) In Spain Malefactors that are Whipp'd are carry'd on an Ass, instead of the Carts-Tail us'd with us.

am the Great Spaniard *Don Quixote*, the invincible *Lovely Knight*, have fallen under the Enchantments of the Traytor *Arcalaus*, Brother to the Valiant *Ardan Canilla*, whom I slew in single Combat. Tell me, I beseech you, how got you into this inaccessible Castle into which I have been brought by Art Magick, together with all these Princes you see here stretch'd out on the straw, like so many poor Wretches. By what Art did you Chain up the two fierce Giants, who guarded the stately Gate, and continually wav'd their dreadful Clubs in the Air? By what lucky contrivance did you lay to sleep that wakeful Griffon that watches Day and Night in the first Court, and that in his mighty Talons carries up a Knight arm'd at all points to the very Clouds. Verily *Don Tarfe of Granada*, you are the very *Ne plus ultra* of Chivalry, since you alone have compass'd an Adventure, which has been before in vain attempted by the Emperor of Constantinople *Esplandian* and by the Divine *Alastraxerce* the God *Mars* his own Daughter. I envy your Glory, since by your brave Hands, which *Arcalaus* could not withstand, we shall be all this Day deliver'd from Bondage, and his Sister *Arcabonna*, who is no less to be dreaded than he, shall be shamefully Whipp'd about this Castle as a Sorceress, notwithstanding the tender Love she bears me. *Don Alvaro*, reply'd Noble *Don Quixote*, I laid to sleep the Griffon as dexterously as the God *Mercury* himself could have done. Besides I have chain'd up the Giants, and kill'd your Enemy the Enchanter, but all this will not suffice to set you free. I must still make the Prophetick brass Statute on the wonderful Pedestal speak on your behalf. Herein consists the greatest difficulty of the Adventure. As soon as that speaks your Irons will drop off of themselves, and till then no Valour, no Force can set you free. I flatter my self I shall succeed with the assistance of an Enchanter, who is my Friend, and at my request will exert the utmost of his Art for you. When that is done we'll cause your Amorous Sorceress to be whipp'd as you desire. Go then Valiant *Don Torfeyon*, cry'd *Don Quixote*, go perform these great Actions Fate has reserv'd for you to the Glory of Knight Errantry. And in acknowledgment for the important Service you design to do me, I give you leave to bear me Company in my Adventures, which I would not grant to any other Knight; but you seem to me worthy of this Honour. You shall fight by my side till I have Conquer'd the mighty Empire

of

of *Trabifond*, and am Marry'd to a Beautiful Queen of *England*, by whom I shall have two Sons Twins, who shall be born after many Tears shed, and Prayers and Vows offer'd up. All that heard *Don Quixote* talk after this rate, needed no other Testimony to convince them of his Madness. They all burst out a laughing except *Don Alvaro* who still kept his Countenance, for fear, doubtless, lest our matchless Knight should recall the advantageous grant he had newly made him. But the adventure of the wonderful Pedestal or Porch would admit of no delay, because the *Alguaziles* were earnest to set out with their new procession. *Don Alvaro* desir'd them to put it off, till he had spoken to the Judge in behalf of the Prisoner, which they durst not refuse to a Man of his Quality, tho' they were eager and impatient to see *Don Quixote* flogg'd, in Revenge for the hurt he had done some of them, and the fright he had put others into. *Don Alvaro*, who was well acquainted with the Nature of that sort of People, would not trust to them, and therefore left one of his Friends with *Don Quixote*, to see no harm should be done him, whilst he with the other, who was a Kinsman to the Judge, went to procure his Enlargement. *Sancho* seeing *Don Alvaro* come out of the Prison ran to him in great haste and said to him very earnestly: Well Sir *Don Alvaro*, what do all the *Jews* within? Shall not you get my Master out of their Clutches. Friend *Sancho*, said he, all will be well. Then he order'd one of his Pages to take that Honest Country-Man Home with him and make much of him. When *Sancho* heard him give such Orders, he cry'd out, God Reward you *Don Alvaro*, but pray take care if you please, that those wicked *Farisees* restore to us poor *Rocinante*, whom they have hurry'd away without showing him a Reason for it. Bid them give you the Enchanted Target, for my Master *D. Quixote* would wish me Hang'd, if I should not get it him again, and by my Faith it cost us Thirteen Royals painting of it by an Old Painter at *Ariza*, who is as crooked at least as the Prior of *Toboso*, and liv'd in a Street I have forgot the Name of. Enough Friend *Sancho*, said *Don Alvaro*, leave all that to me, you need only follow that Page who will Entertain you well. *Sancho* follow'd the Page, and *Don Alvaro* went to the Judge, who as soon as he was acquainted with *Don Quixotes* strange Madness, readily gave Order, that he should be deliver'd safe and sound with all that had been taken from him, to the *Granadine*. *Tarfe* lost no time, but

but return'd immediately to the Prison, took out the Prisoner and carry'd him to his Lodging in a Hackney Coach, which in the Knights Conceit pass'd for the Flying Chariot of some Magician who was a Friend to Knight Errantry.

When *Don Quixote* came to *Don Alvaro's* he was laid to Bed that he might take some Rest, and when it was Supper time, the Table was set Close to his Bed, and the Meat serv'd up. Some of *Tarfe's* Friends that were at this Entertainment admir'd *Don Quixote's* Countenance, and all he said, but the *Granadine* being willing their Diversion should be compleat order'd *Sancho* to be call'd in before Supper was ended. The Honest Squire having eaten and drank at discretion, that is as much as would have serv'd Four Men, was then in a good Humour. He told all his Masters Adventures with his usual simplicity; but when talking of the Princess of *Galicia* he fairly own'd he had given her but a Groat instead of Two Hundred Ducats, then *Don Quixote* in a Passion interrupted him. How now base Clown, said he, do you dare so to impose upon me? Infamous and contemptible Mortal! How plain it is you are but a Peasant and not a Knight of Noble Race, since you treat a Princess of such rare worth so unworthily; but I vow, by the glorious Order of Knight-hood I have Receiv'd, that in punishment of your Sordid Avarice, I will give that Beautiful *Infanta* the first Kingdom I shall Conquer, in spite of all the Enchanters, Curates, Barbers, and Peasants like you. Nay Faith Sir, quoth *Sancho* interrupting him, if you had added *Susanna's* two Elders, I should not know how to help my self. But *Sancho*, said *Don Alvaro*, in good truth you did not consider what you did? What a Groat, Friend! Was ever the like present made to a Princess? Out upon't a Princess, answer'd *Sancho*, she is as much a Princess as my *Dapple* is a Pope. Nay, God be prais'd we have better skill in Princesses than that comes to. As for the Princess (t) *Micomicona*, let her pass, a Man might be deceiv'd in her; but for this, is it possible Master *Don Quixote*, that you who are so skilful in Phisomy could not perceive by her Rags that she was neither a Princess, nor an Admiral. *Sancho* *Sancho*, quoth *Tarfe*, I doubt me there is some Enchantment in that Affair. Enchanters are very subtle. They certainly represented the Princess of *Galicia* to you in a Nasty Habit, to the intent that *Don Quixote* taking her for a

(t) Mention'd in the first Part of *Cervantes*.

Servant to an Inn might refuse her his Protection. But Heaven which made this Matchless Knight for the comfort of afflicted Princesses, gave himself also an infallible instinct to discover them however disguiz'd. You are in the right, *Don Tarfeyan*, quoth *Don Quixote*, the Enchanters cannot deceive me in that particular; and in spight of all their Sorcery the Princess of *Galicia* is what she is. I own she appear'd to me very ill dress'd and ungenteel; but as soon as she acquainted me with her misfortunes I plainly perceiv'd how Nobly she was descended. But my Squire goes no farther than outward appearances, and tho' he has been Forty times convinc'd of the malignity of Enchanters, yet he is never the more upon his Guard against them. The Poor Fool believes nothing but what he sees, without considering that the sight is the Sense most easie to be impos'd upon. Good God, cry'd *Sancho*, had the Enchanters any hand in that matter too. There is no doubt to be made of it, quoth *Don Alvaro*, poor *Sancho*, you was put upon by Enchanters that Bout, and you'll be so continually as long as you believe your own Eyes, instead of giving Credit to *Don Quixote*, who looking upon things as a Knight Errant, sees them without any change, or disguise. By my Faith, quoth *Sancho*, if so there is no Swearing to any thing; for, between us, the *Infanta* of *Galicia* is as like a Maid of an Inn as ever I saw any thing. She is Ugly, Lamé, and Crooked, and the Smock she wears is as dirty as a Dish-Clout. But since she is a Princess, let us talk no more of it. Let her mend and God will bless her. I freely forgive her the Cuff she gave me for eating a bit of Cheese she had hid in her Cupboard. The Gentlemen Rose from Table Laughing, and went out of the Room, that *Don Quixote* might take his Rest, who stood in need of it after his beating and other Fatigues of the Day. As for *Sancho* he was deliver'd to the Servants, who made sport with him, and plaid him as many Pranks as Idle Stories he told them.

C H A P. III.

Which contains several things worth Reading.

THE next Morning *Don Alvaro* came into our Knights Chamber, and sitting down by his Bed, said to him, How does *Don Quixote* the flour of the Knights of *la Mancha* find himself to Day. I could wish some Adventure worthy his invincible Arm would offer in *Aragon*. There are frequently very dangerous ones in this Kingdom, and I suppose you have been inform'd how some haughty Giants appear'd of late at the Tilting at *Zaragoza*, to the misfortune of a great number of Knights. Alas! Why was not you here to rid the World of such Monsters. Dear Friend *Don Alvaro*, answer'd *Don Quixote* very disconsolately, I am sorry I was not at your Tilting; had I been there, the Giants had not gone Home to their own Countries with so much Honour, but I shall meet with them one time or other, and they shall pay for all. You are in the right, reply'd the *Granadine*. but in the mean while till that happy Day comes, I must tell you that I have concert'd a course at Ring to be run next Sunday with the principal Knights of the City, in which several Prizes of Value will be given to those that shall show most dexterity. And the same Persons will sit as Judges that did at the Tilting. An infinite number of Princesses and Infantas will appear glittering like so many Stars on all sides at the Windows and in the Balconies. We Knights will appear there in our most costly Equipage, with Devices painted on our Bucklers, and on little fluttering streamers of all sorts of Colours. And if you Sir please to be one of the Knights of my Troop, I'll undertake to furnish you with Liveries that shall not disgrace you. Consider *Don Quixote*, whether you will be pleas'd to admit me by your side to partake of the Honour you cannot fail of gaining. With all my Heart, my dear *Tarfe*, reply'd our Knight sitting up in his Bed, tho' it were but to make you an Eye Witness of the great Feats I can perform. I ought not to praise my self; but the wonderful Adventures I have finish'd are so Notorious, that Modesty is no longer useful. You are in the right, said the *Granadine*, but lye down if you please, I'll cause the Table to be set by your Beds side, as it was last Night, and we'll Dine together

together with the other Knights of our Troop. We will talk about the preparatives for our course at Ring, and we will therein be rul'd by your Judicious Advice, seeing you are better skill'd in those Sports than we are. When he had so said, *Don Alvaro* went out of the Room, and *Don Quixote* not able to take any Rest after this Discourse, began to let his Thoughts run upon the Course at Ring. He was so full of this imagination, that without considering what he did, he got up and began to dress himself ; in this Rapture he stopp'd with his Breeches hanging about his Heels, and his Eyes fix'd on the Ground, then starting up and taking a Carrier, he run his finger against the Wall. Having perform'd so dexterously with his Lance, he cry'd out as loud as he could. My Lords Judges you see I have born away the Ring. Your Excellencies will be pleas'd to order me the Prize. *Sancho* hearing his Master cry out, run up, and seeing him in the posture before describ'd, and his Shirt as it happen'd very short, it offended his Modesty. For the love of God, Sir, quoth he, pull up your Breeches, are not you asham'd thus to show your Nakedness: These words brought *Don Quixote* out of his Rapture, and he thought fit to follow his Squires Advice ; but as he stoop'd to do it he show'd a pair of dirty wither'd Buttocks. Well done, quoth *Sancho*, you have mended the matter finely. You are resolv'd this Day to salute me with all the filthiness the Lord has given you. Dress your self quickly, and go down into the Kitchen, there you'll see Capons and Partridges turning before a good Fire, with swinging Ribs and Surloins of Beef, which make the Spits bend under them by Jove, as I would bend a Rush. There you'll see pots, Skillers and Stew-pans. Pasties, and Forc'd Meats, in such abundance that it over-joys one to see so much good Meat together. To stay my Stomach for Dinner I cram'd my Guts with a good lunch of white Bread, and half a Turkey the Cook gave me, who is a little pleasant bandy Leg'd Fellow. 'Tis true our good Friend *Don Alvaro Tarfe's* Pages make me swallow some spoonfuls of Broth so hot that one half of it comes out at my Nose again ; but that's no matter, they are wild Fellows, who don't grudge what they give. I have Drank three pots of a sort of Drink they call Malmsey in this Country, which is much better than our Wine of *la Mancha*. Here they talk of nothing but good Cheer and Merry making ; and don't you fear they'll starve *Rocinante*, who is next to you the flower of Chivalry.

G

Dapple

Dapple and he are so well pleas'd, and fed, that a little tickling will make them laugh. To deal plainly with you Sir, these are the true Adventurers of Knight Errantry, and we ought to seek no others. Thou Notorious Scoundrel, said *Don Quixote*. It plainly appears thou art, and never wilt be any other but a meer Glutton, that think'st of nothing but Gorging thy Belly, like a Swine, instead of seeking, as I do, the true Glory of Knight Errantry.

At this time *Don Alvaro* and four Friends he had invited to Dinner came into the Room, and *Don Quixote* having scarce got up his Breeches yet, they could not forbear laughing. However *Tarfe* putting on a grave Countenance said. Why would you get up Sir Knight? You are not yet well recover'd after your last Adventure. Pray go to Bed again, if you please, and we will Dine, as we Supp'd last Night. *Don Quixote* would have excus'd himself, and put on his Cloaths; but the *Granadine* and his Friends by their Intreaties prevail'd with him to go to Bed again. As soon as he was there, the Table was brought in, and all being Seated, they began to discourse of the excellency, and benefit of Knight Errantry. It is needless to ask whether *Don Quixote* did not exert his Talent upon this Subject, it heated him so far that he acquainted them with his Projects, and told them all the mighty Feats he intended to perform at *Trabison* against *Cocklindor* of the *Red Islands*, and against *Arficarabon* the Giant with the three Faces. These extravagant Names, which could not come from any other than such a distracted wild Fancy, set the Guests into such a violent fit of laughter, that our Knight looking sternly on them, said he was ashamed to see Men of their worth behave themselves so indiscreetly. *Don Alvaro* perceiving he was almost angry, very wisely said to his Friends. Upon my word, Gentlemen, it is very plain you are meer Novices in Knight Errantry, since you are so little acquainted with the incomparable *Don Quixote*, the very Carbuncle of Knts. Errant. If you would be inform'd what sort of Man he is, go ask it of the Knights and Giants he has Conquer'd, and then send to his former Mistress the Infanta *Dulcinea del Toboso*. It is not above a Fortnight, as *Sancho* has inform'd me, since he fought *Orlando Furioso*, whose Head he would have brought to our Tilting, had not a Malicious Enchanter after a tedious and bloody Combat carry'd away that *Paladin* by his Magical Spells. The Guests pretending to be much astonish'd at what *Don Alvaro* told them, intreated the

the Knight in the gravest manner they were able to pardon their indiscretion, and then rising from Table they call'd a fresh cause, and talk'd of their Course at Ring. Then one of the Gentlemen directing his Discourse to *D. Quixote* said. What Liveries will it please the Heroick Knight of *la Mancha* to appear with? For we will not deal away all the Cards from the best Gamester among us. I am of opinion he should give a Green Livery, because it is the Colour that represents hope, and none has more cause than he to promise himself the prize of the Course. I fancy, said another Gentleman, his Livery ought to be of a violet Colour, because it represents indifferency, and he is call'd *The Loveless Knight*. And I would have him paint some sharp Device against the Ladies on his Shield. The third differ'd in opinion, and advis'd *Don Quixote* to give a White Livery to betoken his extraordinary Chastity, and to express by his Device, that no Lady in this World had ever yet Allurements enough to lead him astray. For my part, said the fourth, I think the redoubted Knight of *la Mancha*, who daily kills Giants upon Giants, ought to appear at the Course with black Liveries, to denote to all that shall be there to oppose him that they must expect to reap no other fruit of their rashness, but a black and dismal event. *Don Alvaro Tarfe* taking his turn to speak, said, you will be pleas'd Gentlemen, to give me leave to own I differ in Sentiment from you all. *Don Quixote* being a Person most singular, it will not be proper for him to appear like the rest upon this occasion, and in my Judgment it will better become him to enter the Lists like a Knight Errant, arm'd at all points, and that he may not make use of borrow'd Armour, I do now present him with a Suit; for you must understand, Gentlemen, that the Suit he now makes use of is a curious Armour of *Milan* which I left in his Custody at *Argamasilla*. And since he has done it the Honour to wear it, no Knight in the World deserves to put it on. Let him therefore keep it to the Glory of Knight Errantry, and may it from this time become more Famous than *Sampson's*, which was formerly worn by the Renowned King *Gradassus*. But because it is somewhat tarnish'd with the heat of the Sun, the Rain, and much more by the Blood of so many Monsters he has slain, I will order it to be new polish'd. As for his Device he needs no other, than that he caus'd to be painted at *Ariza* upon the wonderful Buckler he brought hither, which is a present from his great Friend the Wise

Alquife. It has not been yet seen in *Zaragoza*, because he caus'd it to be cover'd with a piece of fine *Taffata*, as was *Atlas's* shining Buckler. The ingenious Device will be altogether new here, and will inform all Mankind what thoughts they are to entertain of *The Loveless Knight*. When *Don Alvaro* had spoke, they all agreed his contrivance was the best, and *Don Quixote* was so pleas'd with it that he said expressing much satisfaction. You are in the right, *Don Tarfeyan*, it is convenient I appear in Armour, because it often happens that at such Diversions there come some outrageous Giants, Kings of some strange Islands, who, according to their Custom reflect on the Kings Honour, and Arrogantly Challenge the Court Knights. As for my Armour, my dear *Don Alvaro* you are in the wrong if you think it ever was yours. The Wise *Alquife* never intended them for any Body but me; but since in his profound Wisdom he thought fit to send me that noble present by you, I will receive it at your Hands as if he had no share in it. *Don Alvaro* and his Friends were never weary of hearing the Knights Serious and Sublime Discourses which with *Sancho's* simplicities made such a Medley as rendred their Diversion compleat.

C H A P. IV.

Which shows how Don Quixote won the Prize at the Course of the Ring.

THE Day for running at the Ring being come, the Gentlemen that were to run made themselves ready, and gave all necessary Orders for rendring the Sport pleasant and magnificent. On the two sides of the Square two Triumphal Arches were erected, through which they were to pass to enter the Lists, and on the Triumphal Arches were several Inscriptions in praise of Love. The Windows and Balconies were set out with the Beautifullest Ladies of the City and Country about, who had spar'd for nothing Art that could invent to add to their Beauty, and whose sparkling Eyes discover'd the hopes they had conceiv'd that they should receive the Prize of the Course at the Hands of their Lovers. The Viceroy held the first place with all his Family.

Family, and next him the prime Nobility of the Kingdom according to their Rank and Employments. The procession began by the Judges of the Field, who after having rounded the place three times, richly clad, and follow'd by a numerous Retinue, took their Seats at the end of the Course, on an Amphitheater curiously adorn'd, the Trumpets sounding all the while. When they were Seated Twenty handsome Gentlemen divided into two Troops entred the place, by two and two with Rich Liveries, and all the glorious Equipage of a delighting Solemnity. I know not why our *Arabian* Historian omitted in this place to give us a Majestick description of this great Entertainment, unless it was because he would not lose sight of his Hero. He thinks it enough to tell us that *Don Alvaro* mounted on a fierce *Andaluzian* Dappled Grey Courser, with most costly Furniture, and whose Majestick Morion added much to his Beauty, was clad in Cloth of Gold curiously Embroider'd with Flower-de-Luces, and Roses link'd together. In his Shield he had caus'd *Don Quixote* to be painted to the Life with the whole Adventure of his Basting, which set every Body a laughing. Our Knight was by *Don Alvaro's* side, as his Second, and entred the Lifts with a Martial Countenance. He had his Helmer on his Head, and was arm'd at all points, ready to fight all the Giants in the World. The Multitude, who does not always interpret things in the best Sense gave great shouts seeing the figure of the Knight and his peaceable Horse. The two Troops pass'd before the Ladies performing the usual Salutes and other Gallantries; that is, making their Horses prance and curvet; in which particular *Rocinante*, tho' untaught plaid his part to admiration. When *Don Quixote* and *Don Alvaro* came before the Judges, and had Saluted them, the Chief of them directing his Discourse to the Knight with much Gravity said, Most Famous Prince of *la Mancha*, Flower and Mirror of Knight Errantry, we look upon it as a great Favour of Fortune that you have vouchsafed to Honour with your Presence the Diversion we this Day give to the Ladies. The Knight with no less Gravity reply'd. Great Judge of Martial Exercises, tho' this be but meer sport compar'd with the mighty Enterprizes I daily attempt, yet I will not deny you the satisfaction of seeing my dexterity. Having so said he went on with *Don Alvaro*, who when he came up to his Troop, gave *Don Quixote* to understand, that he must run last, lest he should put the other Knights out of hopes of winning

winning any of the Prizes ; and since his Course must needs be the finest and most pleasing of all, it was fit to reserve it for the last, that the sport might conclude with something that was extraordinary. *Don Quixote* could not offer any thing against such plausible reasons, but drew to one side and by that means became a Spectator of the Sport.

Then did all the Gentlemen run their Carriers Kettle-Drums and Trumpers sounding, every one in his turn as had been appointed them by Lot, showing their dexterity and Art. *Don Alvaro* was admir'd above all the rest, for he bore away the first prize, and gave good proof that he was descended from the Ancient (u) *Abencerrages* who first brought into Spain the Custom of Tilting, running at the Ring and other Noble sports intended for the Diversion of the Ladies. When they had all run, *Don Alvaro* went up to *Don Quixote*, who began to be out of Patience, and leading him to the starting place the Trumpets gave the Signal. *Don Quixote* clapt his Heels to *Rocinante's* sides, who being ready to contribute as much as in him lay to his Masters Honour appear'd full of Mettle, and after he had receiv'd about Twenty Memorandums from the Spur set out with a more than ordinary swiftness. But let us here bewail the Mutability of Fortune, which delights in destroying in a moment the best grounded hopes. *Rocinante* had now run over half the Course, he was now near the place where the Ring was set up, when his mighty Metal failing him, he made a false step and fell down under his Master. This accident set all the Spectators a laughing, but *Don Quixote* having help'd his Horse up return'd fuming with Anger to the place from whence he set out, where *D. Alvaro* who was ready to receive him, said to him. Be not cast down Sir Knight, it was your Horses fault that you did not bear away the Ring, your Carrier was beautiful to admiration, and if you will take my advice you must begin it again. before *Rocinante* cools. *Don Quixote* without answering one word, set forward the second time, and being beside himself with passion and concern miss'd the Ring, but the *Granadine*, who had foreseen it, mended the fault, for having follow'd him upon a Hand Gallop, he rais'd himself on his Stirrups, and taking off the Ring with his Hand, clapt it so cleverly upon the point of *Don Quixotes* Lance that he ne're perceiv'd it ; and at the same time he cry'd

(u) A Noble Race of Moors.

out with a loud Voice. Victory, Victory, the illustrious *Don Quixote*, the Ornament of Knight Errantry has bore away the Ring. The Knight cast his Eye upon his Lance, and seeing the Ring upon it, believ'd he had come off with Honour, then turning to *Don Alvaro* he said. You see of how dangerous consequence it is to be Idle, *Rocinante* for want of being kept in his Wind, has notoriously affronted me. 'Tis true, said *Don Alvaro* smiling, but you have made good amends for it, and you must now go up to the Judges to demand the Prize that is become due to you. *Don Quixote* took his advice, and coming before the Judges held out his Lance to them saying. Your Lordships may be pleas'd to look upon this Lance, methinks it says enough in my behalf. The same Judge who had spoke to him before undertook for the rest, and having made fast to the end of his Lance half a score great Leather points he had caus'd to be brought for the purpose, and which were worth about a Groat or Three-pence, he said to him. Invincible Knight Errant, as a Prize for the skill and dexterity you have shown in your incomparable Carrier, I present you with that precious Jewel. The Wise *Lirgandus*, your Friend, brought it from the *Indies* for you. In short these wonderful Garters are made of the real skin of the *Phenix*, that famous Bird, the only one of his kinn. And since you stile your self *The Loveless Knight*, I would advise to present them to the Lady in this Assembly you shall judge the most insensible to that Passion. But I do order you upon pain of my displeasure, to come Sup with me to Night with *Don Alvaro*, and to bring your faithful Squire, who alone deserves to be Servant to a Knight of your worth. I return you most humble Thanks, answer'd *Don Quixote*, for the Noble present the Wise *Lirgandus* sends me by your Righteous Hands, and you shall soon perceive how much I value your Advice. This said he turn'd off to take an exact view of all the Windows and Balconies about the Square. At last he halted at a low Window where he saw an Old Woman between two Young Lewd Wenches scurvily painted. This was the Honourable Lady he pitch'd upon. He drew near and resting the Spear of his Lance with the points hanging at it on the edge of the Window said to her in a grave and audible Voice, Most Wise *Urganda* the unknown, you see here before you this Knight so entirely yours, whom you have so often defended against the Wiles of your malignant Brother Enchanters. In return for these Favours I beseech

You to accept at my Hands of these precious Garters, which I have gain'd with your favourable assistance, and which are made of the very skin of that Famous Bird, so much celebrated by our Poets. The Wise *Urganda*, and her virtuous Companions admiring this Discourse, and the present of the Leather points, and hearing the Rabble shout continually, shut to the Window in a rude manner calling the Knight a Thousand hard Names. *Don Quixote*, surpriz'd at this incivility, knew not what to think, and stood silent as doubting how he should behave himself. *Sancho*, who was come up to his Master in the Square after the Course was over, seeing what small Account the Old Woman made of the points, raising his Voice cry'd out. O the Old branded excommunicate Witch! What can she mean by refusing such curious delicate points? Poor Jade, what a Fool she is. By my Fathers Soul if I catch up a Stone, I'll soon make her open the Window; but pray Sir let us leave the Old Hen and her Chickens. Give me those points, for these I have to my Breeches are almost worn out, and the rest of them will serve in our Errantry to mend *Dapples* Pannel, and *Rocinantes* Saddle. Take, my Son, said *Don Quixote* in a Melancholy Mood, holding down the point of his Lance, take those rare Garters, and lay them up carefully. I plainly perceive the Wise *Urganda* is more my Enemies Friend than mine. She has sufficiently convinc'd me by the ill Language she gave me. Ads my Life Sir, quoth *Sancho*, don't you trouble your self about that ill Language, for it is all but words and the Wind carries them away. The Crow cannot be blacker than his Wings. And an Old Whores Curses are as good as Prayers.

CHAP. V.

Don Quixote and Tarfe go to Sup with Don Carlos.
 Sancho's good Humour. The dreadful Adventure Don Quixote met with in Don Carlos his House.

Night drawing on and all People beginning to repair to their Homes, *Don Alvaro* came up to the Knight of *la Mancha* to acquaint him it was time to go to *Don Carlos's* House. Let us go, answer'd *Don Quixote*, I am ready to follow you. The *Granadine* would have perswaded him to quit his Lance and his Buckler, but the Knight would not consent and went away arm'd as he was to *Don Carlos's* House. He entred the Hall where they expected him, in the same manner as *Amadis* entred *Apollidon's* forbidden Room, when he compass'd the Adventure of the faithful Lovers Bow. *Don Carlos* embrac'd him and said. Welcome the great Knight of *la Mancha* to this House in which all Persons wish him all manner of Prosperity. But good Sir *Don Quixote* be pleas'd to lay aside your Arms to rest you after your Glorious Carriers. You may do it here with all the safety imaginable; since you are among your Friends. To please you, reply'd the Knight I may lay aside my Lance and my Shield, but for the rest of my Arms I beseech you to give me leave to keep them on. Wherever I am, I never part with them for two reasons. The first, by continual wearing these Honourable Instruments of Knight Errantry I enure my Body to them, and they become easie, according to the Maxim in Philosophy, *Ab assuetis non fit Passio*. The other reason is, because a discreet Man must be always upon his Guard. For I remember I have Read in the wonderful Book of the Adventures of the Knight of the Sun, that the said Knight having lost himself one Day in a Wood, with his Friend *Oristides* the Trojan, they came at last into a curious Meadow, where they found ten or twelve Savages, Roasting a Srag upon the Coles. Being come near, the Savages by signs invited them to eat. The Knights, who stood in great need of that relief, accepted of the offer. They alighted, and having unbridled their Horses, that they might Graze freely in the Meadow, they sate down

down among the Savages, who show'd them so much Civility. However they would not take off their Helmets, and only lifted up their Beavers; but as soon as ever they began to eat; the Savages Treacherously fell all upon them at once, and gave them so many blows with their Clubs on the Heads, that had not the rare Temper of the Helmets defended them, the two Knights had been crush'd to Death. They fell down senseless, and the Savages believing they were Dead would have stripp'd them; but not being us'd to disarm Knights they knew not how to go about it. This gain'd *Oristides* and the Knight of the Sun so much time that they came to themselves, call'd up their wonted Valour and perceiving the danger they were in, they leap'd up, drew their Swords, and charg'd the Savages with such Resolution that they soon made a wonderful Havock! No stroke was lost, here tumbled a Head, there fell an Arm or a Leg. *Don Quixote* relating this sharp Expedition drew his Sword, and the better to represent the Knight of the Suns and his Companions Valour, fell a fencing so eagerly, that all the Company fearing lest he should mistake them for the Savages, got as far off as they could, making a large Ring about him, in the Centre whereof he stood. This scene diverted all the Assembly, but *Don Carlos* thinking fit to put an end to it, said to *Don Quixote* smiling. Enough, invincible Knight, those Savages have long since been destroy'd. Let us talk no more of them I beseech you. *Don Quixote* stood still on a sudden, and put his Sword up again with such deliberation as was scarce expected from him. Then *Don Carlos* drew near, and taking him by the Hand lead him into another great Hall, where the Table was ready cover'd, but before they sat down *Don Alvaro* missing *Sancho* sent one of his Pages to look for him.

Sancho, who had follow'd his Master to *Don Carlos's* House, took occasion to walk into the Kitchen, where he was wonderful attentive to the preparations for Supper. Master *Sancho*, said the Page, you are wanted in the Supping Room. They will not go to Supper without you. Come taste of the delicate Dishes, and Noble Wines. By my Faith Mr. Page, quoth the Squire, those Gentlemen take me at a time when I am very ready to oblige them; for I have not put one bit into my Belly these three Hours. So saying, he went into the Hall where the Company was. He took off his Cap with both his Hands, and making a low bow, Gentlemen,

Gentlemen, said he, God rest your Souls for thinking of me. How now *Sancho*, said *Don Carlos*, you compliment us as if we were Dead; we are still Alive and Well, God be praised, unless these Gentlemen be out of order with the ill Entertainment they have. Mother of God, quoth *Sancho*, looking at the Dishes on the Table, how can that be? Then these Gentlemen would be like a Countryman's Geese with us, that dy'd of the Pip in a Pond. This Table needs no Compliments; I see so many Dishes full of Ostriches, Ragours and Fricasses, that my Mouth waters for joy. Well, my Friend, said *Don Carlos*, giving him a Capon on a Plate, eat that to whet your Stomach: I am told you dispatch those Creatures with an extraordinary Air. You are not misinform'd, reply'd the Squire, and it shall cost you nothing to see the Experiment try'd. This said, he ask'd for Bread, and laid about him so vigorously, that the Capon vanish'd in a trice. The Pages that waited at Table, were as well pleased as their Masters to see him, and therefore they took care to put upon his Plate all that was left on those they took off the Table, and did not fail to fill him Wine at every turn. This put him into such a rare humour, that he could not forbear crying out; In truth, *Don Carlos*, your Pages and you are the very picture of Plenty, you make so much of your Friends. Friend *Sancho*, answer'd *Don Carlos* smiling, you deserve our love for being so frank and open-hearted and therefore in reward of your plain dealing, take this Plate of Force-Meat-balls. What do you call these Balls, reply'd the Squire, taking the Plate, I never saw any of them before. Taste them Friend *Sancho*, said *Don Alvaro*, and give us your opinion of them. *Sancho* needed not twice bidding, he began to swallow them down one after another as if they had been Grapes, and then said to *Don Alvaro*. By my troth *Don Alvaro*, these Balls are pretty Baubles; I fancy the Children in *Limbo* play with such Balls; when I go home to my Country again, I'll sow a Peck of them in our Garden, and if they come up well, I'll sell them at a good rate. All that I am afraid of is, that I shall eat them before they are Ripe; but to prevent that, whenever I go near them, my Wife shall Gag me. Your Wife, said *Don Carlos*, then you are Marry'd *Sancho*: Is your Wife Handsom? Handsome quoth-a, reply'd the Squire, I would not change her for the Lady *Dulcinea del Tobozo*, whose true name is *Al-donca Lorenzo*, alias *Nogales*. It is true my Wife will be

fifty

fifty five Years Old next Grass, and the Sun has somewhat Tann'd her Face; but for all that she is a Woman would puzzle a Doctor. She prates like a Mag-Pye. The only thing the Curate twits her with is, that as soon as ever she has scrap'd together a Groat or Five pence, you may sooner rake her by her Honour, than hinder her going to *John Perez* the Vintner in our Village, to change her Mony for the Juice of the Grape. Have you any Children, said one of the Guests? Ad take me, why what do you think we have done, said the Squire, that we should have none? Yes indeed we have. And among the rest we have a little *Sancho*, who is as cunning as her Mother already. Faith and Troth she is a dainty shap'd Girl, and as wise as a Gipsy. As for her Beauty they are best Judges of it, who say, nothing can be more like our Curate, and he is the Handsomest Man in all *la Mancha*. All the Company laugh'd at the Squires simplicity, and *Don Alvaro* observing he had no more to Eat, said to him, Friend *Sancho*, see whether you have ever an empty Corner in your Belly to lay up this plate of (w) White Mear. *Sancho* took it, saying, Master *Tarfe* I thank you, and I hope by the help of God this shall not be left out. Immediately he clapt his Hand into the Plate, and in one Moment all the White Meat vanish'd, except what stuck to his Beard.

When Supper was over, the Master of the Feast led his Guests to the other end of the Hall, and seated them there till the Servants took away, and it being his design that *Don Quixote* should have all the Honour of the Entertainment, he plac'd him between *Don Alvaro* and himself, and made a sign to *Sancho*, who that Night well deserv'd the Sir-name of (x) *Panca*, to sit down on the Ground at his Masters Feet. Then *Don Alvaro* began to tax *D. Quixote*, with having been Thoughty all Supper time without making Merry as the rest of the Company was, or so much as tasting the Meat that was set before him. It is a sign, answer'd *Don Carlos*, that *Don Quixote* did not like the dressing of our Meat, and we need not wonder at it. How can private Gentlemens Entertainments as ours are please so

(w) This White Meat is the Brawn of Fowls bruiz'd and made into a Mass with Sugar and other Ingredients very delicious.

(x) *Panca*, in Spanish signifies Paunch, or Belly, or Tripe.

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curious an Appetite as his. Can he find any thing to relish with him here, he who after gaining the Prize of Tournaments and finishing unheard of Adventures, is Treated every Day in the Courts of Emperors, Sultans and Caliphs, such as those of *Trabifond*, of *Niquea*, and of *Sycionia*, all of them so Renowned for the Delicacy and Sumptuousness of their Tables. Pox take me, quoth *Sancho* interrupting him boldly, I cannot endure all that Bombast? They that told you all this *Don Carlos* are Lyars. We are not for the most part Treated with any thing in our Chivalry, but with Thumps of Stones; and if we chance to Eat Melons, on my Conscience they make us pay for Sauce. It is true we sometimes meet with good People, such as Master *Valentin*, but *Shrovetide* comes but once a Year; and as for those Emperors and *Caiphases* you talk of, the Devil take him that ever saw any of them unless it were in my Masters Head, who is a Fool if he does not pitch his Tent here for ever. *Don Quixote* could not bear with *Sancho's* impertinence any longer, and giving him a good kick on the back. Thou base Scoundrel, said he to him in a Passion, will you hold your prating Tongue? What evil Genius moves thee to trouble this illustrious Company with your Follies? Good Sir *Don Carlos* continu'd he turning to the Master of the House, I beseech you forgive my Squires indiscretion, and rest satisfy'd that if I have not Eaten, it was not for want of relishing the Dainties your Table was furnish'd with; but because we Knights Errant have always a guard upon our selves against Sensuality. We make use of Food only to support Nature; and when the Emperors to whose Courts Fortune is pleas'd to guide us, will entertain us, we make less account of the Dainties serv'd up, than of the Honour they do us in admitting us to their Tables. In short we despise a Life of Ease and Pleasure; and whilst we go about to redress Wrongs, and to re-establish good order in Countries, we take it for a mighty Pleasure to cross Barren Deserts, to be expos'd to the rigour of Seasons, and to go whole Days without Eating, like *Amadis de Gaul*, who liv'd above three Months on the poor Rock, without sleeping, or taking the least Sustenance. There is another thing yet *Don Carlos*, which hindred me partaking of the publick satisfaction, which is that the Wise *Urganda*, on whose Favour I rely'd, has very uncourteously refus'd the Prize with which you rewarded my Dexterity; which any other but she would have valu'd above an Empire. This refusal

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is enough to damp the most undaunted Courage, and I confess I am fain to call up all mine to bear up above it. I know not whence her hatred to me can proceed. Some perfidious Enchanters must have given her a false Character of me, as finding no surer expedient to undermine the very Foundation of Knight Errantry, than by sowing discord among the most solid supporters of it, and their Wise Protectress. The grave *Don Quixote* would not have stopp'd here, he had taken this affair so much to Heart, but that a Company of Musicians and Dancers *Don Carlos* had sent for to divert the Company, then entred the Hall.

For two Hours there was a delightful Concert of Vocal and Instrumental Musick intermix'd with Dancing between whiles, and this Diversion concluded with a Comical Entry, by a Man clad like a Peasant, who Danc'd to admiration. Whilst he Danc'd *Don Carlos* ask'd *Sancho* aloud, whether he could perform the like? The Squire grown heavy and sleepy with the weight of so much Meat as he had cram'd down, yawning and making the sign of the Cross on his Mouth with his Thumb, answer'd. By my Hand, *Don Carlos*, I could cut Capers better upon a good straw Bed than in this Hall. As for that Fellow, who shakes himself as if he were possess'd, I fancy there is no making any Puddings of him, for I believe he has no Guts in his Belly. *Sancho's* Conceit set the Company a laughing, but it lasted not long. A dreadful Giant appearing suddenly in the Hall struck a Terror into all the Assembly. This Giant was three Ells high and proportionably big. He was forc'd to kneel down to get into the Hall, and when he stood up again, his Head touch'd the Ceiling. He was clad after the Persian manner in a long Robe of Scarlet Cloth, by his side hung a mighty Cimeter at an Iron Chain, and it had a great Basket Hilt. About his Neck he wore a vast Ruff, and on his Head a high Cap set round with a great number of Turkeys Tails which look'd like a Coronet about it. All the Company started up in a fright at this Sight, and stood close about *Don Quixote*, as a flock of Sheep gathers about a Shepherd, at the sight of a devouring Wolf. As for the Knight of *la Mancha* he made it appear he was born to encourage People in a fright. This undaunted Hero preserving his Temper on this dangerous occasion, cry'd out with a resolute Voice. Fear nothing Gentlemen, this affair belongs to me. I understand this sort of Adventures, they often occur in the Pallaces of Emperors, lay aside your Fear,

Fear, and let us hear what this Monstrous Giant would have. The Gentlemen being again seated, as *Don Quixote* order'd, the Giant with a Hoarse Voice, such as is Natural to all Giants, spoke these words. Tell me who among you Princes, Pages or Lackeys, is *The Loveless Knight*, formerly *The Knight of the Sorrowful Aspect*. I am he Giant reply'd *Don Quixote* sternly. What would you have with me? O ye immortal Gods, reply'd the Monster, how shall I require you, since it is your pleasure that I find in this City what I have been seeking with so much cost and trouble these fourteen Hundred Years. Be it known to you Princes and Knights that hear me, that you have here before you the dreadful *Bramarbas Iron-sides*, puissant Emperor of the Kingdom of *Cyprus*, which I Conquer'd from its lawful Sovereign by the force of my invincible Arm, The Fame of the Knight *Don Quixote's* Adventures and wonderful Actions has reach'd my Imperial Pallace; and I must own, there is no place in the World, no Town, Streer, Tavern, or Stable where that great Bully of Knight Errantry is not talk'd of. I have left my Kingdom to come seek him, not being able to endure that so extraordinary a Person should live in the World. I design to fight him and to cut off his Head to carry it to *Cyprus*, and to Nail it up at my Palace Gate, that it may be known I am stronger than he and all that shall come after him. And therefore Illustrious *Don Quixote*, if you will not Combat with me, you need only let me cut off your Head this Moment, for I am in hast to go Home. There is also another thing brings me hither. I have been inform'd that *Don Carlos* the Lord of this strong Castle has a Young Sister, whose Beauty is cry'd up in all parts, and it being one of my failings to be fond of all pretty young Girls, I design also, to carry away that Princess with me and put her into my *Serraglio*, and if *Don Carlos* shall oppose it, I Challenge him and all here present. The King of *Cyprus* stopping here, all the Audience expected with Amazement what *Don Quixote* would answer, when the Knight kneeling down before *Don Carlos*, said, Great *Trebatius*, Sovereign Emperor of *Greece*, who in the absence of your Sons have taken the Name of *Don Carlos*, to confound the false Enchanter who is contriving the Ruin of your Empire; grant that I may here supply the place of the Invincible Knight of the Sun, and of the Valiant *Rosclair* his Brother, to whom it would belong of right to Chastize the Insolence of this Monster. *Don Carlos*, who

who was fain to bite his Lips to avoid Laughing, graciously held out his Hand to the Knight, and raising him up said. Illustrious Prince of *la Mancha*, this Affair in reallity concerns us both; to deal plainly I am so terrify'd with *Bramarbas* his Threats, that I cannot avoid giving him the Princess *Trebasina* my Sister, unless you shall order otherwise. Do therefore as you shall think fit, for whatever you shall decree will be most for our Honour. Hereupon *Don Quixote* advanc'd towards the Giant, and accosted him in these words. Proud *Bramarbas*, had not the respect I owe to the Emperor, and the other Princes here present restrain'd me, thou hadst already receiv'd the punishment thou deservest; but I accept of thy Challenge, and I make all the vows usually made upon such occasions by the most Renowned Knights, and particularly that I will not lye with the Queen, till I have laid your Monstrous Head at my Feet, which I design shall feed the Crows and Owls. O ye Immortal Gods, reply'd the Giant with a dreadful Voice, must I endure a single Man thus to threaten me? I vow by the Whiskers of *Briareus* and *Enceledus*, my Ancestors, that I will not eat my Bread on the Ground, and that I will not lye down upon the point of my Sword till I have made fast your Arms to your Shoulders, and fix'd your Thighs to your Haunches. All these Threats, answer'd the Knight, are to no purpose. It shall be decided by Combat, which of us two is the prime Knight in the World. Go then, prepare to make good your Boasts, and rid the Emperor of your odious Presence. *Sancho*, frighted at the King of *Cyprus*'s vast bulk, could not forbear quaking when he heard these Threats, and getting between him and his Master, he cry'd. Good Master *Barrabas*, don't do my Master so much harm. I conjure you by *Malchus* his Holy Ear, to leave him all his Limbs as God gave them him. It was happy for *Sancho* that *Don Quixote* had then turn'd to the Emperor *Trebatius* to beg of him he would be pleas'd to Honour the appointed Combat with his Presence; for had he heard his Squire talk so, he would not have fail'd to chastize his Cowardize. *Bramarbas* drew near *Don Quixote* and throwing one of his Gloves in his Face said. Knight, take up that little Glove of mine, which I give you as a Gage that I will expect you to Morrow after Dinner in the great Square; for I never fight till I have Eaten and Drank heartily. When he had spoke these words, he went out of the Hall in the same manner

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he came in. *Don Quixote* was so overjoy'd to receive a Challenge in the usual forms of Knight Errantry, that he took no notice of the Affront *Bramarbas* had done him in throwing the Glove in his Face, but gave it to *Sancho*, who seeing it was above two Foot long, cry'd out, Mother of God, what dreadful Hands! Son of a Whore, what a Cuff he'll give! This Adventure being over, *Don Carlos*, because it was late, order'd Flambeaux to be brought to light home the Guests, who after taking leave of one another, return'd to their Homes; and the History says, they all rested well except *Don Quixote*, who had the worst Night in the World; as will appear in the following Chapter.

C H A P. VI.

Who the Giant Bramarbas was. Don Quixote's Dream, and the Consequences of it.

OUR Arabian Author believing the Reader would have the curiosity to desire to know, who the Giant *Bramarbas* was, would not omit informing us. He says, that *Don Carlos* and *Don Alvaro*, had borrow'd one of those Pastboard Giants clad in long Robes, which in Spain they carry about the Streets upon great Festivals, to please the Multitude. *Don Carlos's* Secretary, a Youth of a pleasant disposition, play'd the part of *Bramarbas*. He held up the Pastboard Head on a Pole, and spoke through a long Tin Trunk, one end of which came to the Giants Mouth; and the better to deceive the Knight of *La Mancha* and his Squire, the Lights were set at such a distance, that the Giant's own Shadow hindred discovering his Pastboard Face.

Don Quixote's fancy was so full of this Adventure, that he could not rest all Night; for as soon as he fell Asleep, the earnest desire he had to try his strength with the King of Cyprus, wak'd him: However towards day Sleep overcame him, which yet only serv'd to disorder him the more. For he dreamt, that *Bramarbas* had treacherously stole into the Castle to Kill him basely; and in this Consternation, started up, crying, Stay Traitor, you shall soon find that all your Artifices will not save you from my Sword. This said, he clapp'd on his Back and Breast-plate upon his Shirt,

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and laying hold of his Lance and Shield, with his Helmet on his Head, he search'd all the corners of the Room, and even under the Bed, to find the King of Cyprus, never considering that such a Giant as *Bramarbas* could not be easily conceal'd. That done, he went down into the Hall, and thence into a little Room, where *Sancho*, as ill luck would have it, lay in a little Bed without Curtains. The honest Squire had cover'd himself over Head and Ears, that the light of the day might not disturb him, and on the Pillow lay the King of Cyprus's great Glove, which his Master gave him to keep. As soon as *Don Quixote* spy'd the Glove, he thought it was that the Giant had kept, and therefore he concluded, the Man that lay there Asleep, was his haughty Enemy: who tird with scaling the Castle, took his Rest till he could find an opportunity to put his design in execution. With this conceit, he rais'd up the but-end of his Lance, and discharg'd a furious blow on poor *Sancho's* Ribs, crying. It is thus, cowardly *Ironsides*, that they deserve to be treated, who having such Enemies as I am, do endeavour treacherously to Surprize them. Such an uncourteous Shock was enough to wake a Man out of his Sleep. *Sancho* started almost stunn'd with the blow, and roar'd most pitifully under the Blankets; nay, *Alisolan* assures us, that *Sancho* cry'd out before he was hurt. At length he look'd out to see, who it was that handled him so roughly. The Knight soon made himself known, for laying aside his Lance, which he could not wield in that narrow compass, he gave *Sancho* two or three good bangs with his Fist on the Nose, still crying with a terrible voice, Perfidious Giant, here thou shalt end thy days in my hands, for having scal'd this Castle. This fresh Attack made the Squire redouble his Cries, and tho' he was half Crippled already, he threw himself out of the Bed, and ran into the Hall, crying out to his Master who follow'd him close at the Heels. For God's sake, good Master *Don Quixote*, consider, I have not scal'd this Castle; I am *Sancho Panca* your trusty Squire. That Artifice is too gross, answer'd *Don Quixote*, it will not avail you to conceal your Name. I know very well Traitor, thou art no other but *Bramarbas*. The Glove that lies on the Bed is a sufficient proof. The Hall was dark of it self, and the Window-shuts being put too, *Don Quixote* could not well know his Squire: And therefore still taking him for *Ironsides*, notwithstanding all *Sancho's* Protestations to the contrary,

trary, he still pursu'd and struck him, the poor Wretch calling more Saints to his assistance than are to be found in the Legend. The unfortunate Squire would fain have got to the Hall door, but the troublesome Knight still cut him off whensoever he made that way. At last *Sancho's* Cries wak'd *Don Alvaro's* Servants. They ran out in their Shirts to see what the matter was; but their Presence, instead of Disarming *Don Quixote*, only serv'd to heighten his Fury; for he no sooner saw them, but he fancy'd they were all Giants, brought thither by Enchantment, to succour *Brambarbas*, and therefore prepar'd to Engage them altogether; but having left his Lance in the little Room, he made his Buckler serve for an offensive Weapon, throwing some down, and hurting others with it, and rearing Shirts on all hands, he perform'd such Exploits as will be talk'd of in *Zaragoza* in all Ages. Nothing was to be heard but Cries and Cursing our Knight, who hitherto had the better of it; because being in Armour as he was, and his Enemies Naked and Unarm'd, they could not strike him without doing themselves more hurt than they did him. But it hapned that his Back and Breast, which was ill buckl'd on, broke loose and fell off in the Scuffle. Then his Adversaries drew near, and a lusty Groom clasp'd him in his Arms, lifting him up from the Ground. Whilst he thus held him in the Air, Some of the Pages turn'd up his Shirt over his Head, and day coming on brighter than it was at first, the Knight's Buttocks visibly appear'd, and receiv'd at least a thousand Lashes. Nay, it is reported, that *Sancho* himself, unwilling to loose so good an Opportunity of being Reveng'd on his Master, had the presumption to lay his Hands on him: But since the discreet Squire never boasted of it, the Historian does not deliver this as a certainty, for he will not without without good Authority, avouch any thing that might be so injurious to *Sancho's* Memory. However, it was a terrible Peal was rung on *Don Quixote's* Buttocks; and being in the hands of People that were pleas'd with the Sport, there is no doubt, but it would have lasted much longer, had not *Don Alvaro* come into the Hall. He was in his Night-gown and Slippers, and had his Sword under his Arm. The first thing he saw, was *Don Quixote* in the Posture he has been represented. The sight was pleasant enough, but he was too good Natur'd to suffer his Servants to carry on the Jest any farther, and therefore he made a Sign to the Groom to let him go, and to the rest

to make their Escape. Then drawing his Sword and standing by *Sancho*, he said; Oh brave *Don Quixote*, you see *Sancho* and I are ready to Second you: Down with all the Villains that have wrong'd you. But first tell us who they are, and what they have done. Don't you see, quoth *Don Quixote*, who as good luck would have it, knew the *Granadine*, that they are all Giants. *Bramarbas* scall'd this Castle last Night, with a design to Murder me; but his Treason was prevented, for I was privately inform'd of it by the Wise *Lirgandus*. Let us run then my dear *Don Tarfeyon*, let us run after those Traytors, and pursue them into the closest Woods in *Cyprus*. He was for making good his words and going after the pretended Giants, who fled with all the speed they could into their Chambers, but *Don Alvaro* stopp'd him, saying; No, no, believe me, over Valorous *Don Quixote*, such a vile Generation does not deserve that you should take so long a Journey in your Shirt: Retire to your Apartment, and do not appear in publick till we hear what *Bramarbas* designs: In the mean while *Sancho* and I will observe all his Motions, and faithfully report them to you. Go then and take your Rest; for you may be satisfy'd at present that you have put him to Flight, and that he has left you his Glove, which will remain as a monument of your Valour and his Cowardise to your Posterity. *Don Quixote* approv'd of the Advice, and retir'd to his Chamber. But *Don Alvaro* to make sure of him, double-lock'd the Door on the outside, and took away the Key. Then he went back to look for *Sancho*, who was gone again into his little Room, and was dressing himself, Swearing and Cursing at his Master. Well *Sancho*, said *Tarfe*, How do you find your self after the Battle? Very well, quoth *Sancho*, I have but one Rib broken, and all my Bones bruise'd. By Heavens, I am quite weary of all these Frolicks; and in short, were it not for fear of losing the good Island my Master has promis'd me, Knight Errantry might go to the Devil for me. Then the King of *Cyprus* has hurt you, answer'd *Don Alvaro*. The King of *Chprus* quoth-a, reply'd the Squire, it was the Madman my Master, who fancy'd I was *Barrabas*, and has beaten me like Stock-fish; but he had as good, if he pleases, leave off seeing things like a Knight Errant, for I don't at all like his way of seeing. All my comfort is, that his good Deeds have been rewarded: His Buttocks have been curiously handled by your Pages, whom God reward for the good they

they did in coming to my assistance. Friend *Sancho*, said *Don Alvaro*, you must not say they were my Pages that Whipp'd *Don Quixote*, but Enchanters in the shape of my Pages. Very fine, quoth *Sancho*, that is always the burden of the Song. We can read but in one Book, and dance the same Dance over again. There is nothing but Enchanters here and there and every where, God forgive me, I believe in a little time they'll Enchant the very Bread in our Mouths. The *Granadine* was so pleas'd, with *Sancho's* Simplicity, that he took him up to his Chamber with him, to hear him talk whilst he dress'd himself.

C H A P. VII.

Why and in what manner the Knight of la Mancha left Zaragoza to go to Court.

AS soon as *Don Alvaro* was got into his Chamber, *Don Carlos* his Secretary came to him, to acquaint him that his Master had receiv'd Letters from Court, which oblig'd him to repair thither with all speed to conclude a Marriage between his Sister and one of the King's prime Ministers. I am glad of that, by my Faith, quoth *Sancho*, for then that great Flat-foot *Barrabbas*, will not have her. *Don Alvaro* taking the Secretary aside, told him in his Ear, he should be glad with all his Heart to bear him Company as far as *Madrid*. But, said he, how shall we get rid of our Knight Errant? If we take him along with us, he'll be sure to stop us by the way with new Adventures his Mad-ness will suggest every day. Then he told the Secretary what had happen'd that Morning, and when they had both laugh'd till they were weary. I must own, said he, both the Master and the Man are so Diverting, that I would gladly give the Court the pleasure of seeing them; but how shall we draw them to *Madrid* so that they may not go along with us. Let me alone for that, quoth the Secretary, I'll go about it this Moment. He presently took leave of *Don Alvaro*, as it were to give his Master an Answer; but instead of going out of the House, he search'd all about to find such things as would make up a very extravagant Masquerade. He wrapp'd himself up in a great black

Cloak, girt about him in several places with leather Straps; he made himself a strange shap'd Cap, beset with Cock's Feathers of several colours, and garnish'd with abundance of Clasps, Plates, Shells, bits of Glass and Jear. About his Neck he had nine or ten gold, silver, brass, and iron Chains, and as many strings of great and small Beads, with an infinite number of Medals and over all a prodigious Ruff, full of red and green Spots and withered Leaves; at his side he wore a Musker, as if it had been a Sword, and his Fingers glitter'd with a vast number of Rings: He daub'd his Face with Soot, and made himself a pair of mighty Whiskers with Ink. In this fine Equipage, not unlike the figure of King *Melchior*, as he is represented on Twelf-day in Country Villages, the young Secretary sent to desire leave to speak to *Don Alvaro*, who in the presence of *Sancho*, said to him; Tell me beautiful Stranger who you are, and what you seek. I seek, reply'd he, the Invincible Prince of *La Mancha*, the Great *Don Quixote*, to deliver an Embassy of the greatest Consequence to him, and I have been inform'd he dwells in this stately Palace. You have been truly inform'd, answer'd the *Granadine*, and I will conduct you to his Apartment. This said, he conducted the Ambassador to *Don Quixote's* Chamber-door, and opening it, said, as he went in, to *Don Quixote*, Redoubted Knight of *La Mancha*, here is an Ambassador from I know not what Prince, who will not deliver his Embassy to any but to you. Let him come forward, reply'd *Don Quixote* very Gravely, and as yet in his Shirt; whatsoever he has to say, let him speak freely: The Law of Nations and the dignity of his Character, are his Protection. Are you pray, the Loveless Knight, said the Ambassador, counterfeiting a course and broken Voice. Yes, I am, quoth *Don Quixote*. Know then, Great Prince, reply'd the Ambassador, that the Invulnerable *Bramarbas*, my Master, sole Emperor of all the Giants in the World, and most puissant King of *Cyprus*, and of the adjacent Provinces, Isles, and Meadows, sends you word by me his most Eloquent Squire and Secretary, *Cordovan* the Smoaky, that a certain Adventure, which happen'd this Night, has oblig'd him to repair to *Madrid* immediately; and whereas, to answer the Gage he flung in your Face last Night, you were to have fought him in this City, where he is jealous he should not have fair play, he now defies and challenges you anew to Fight him in the King of *Spain's* Court, where you have not

so many Friends, Seconds, Bastards, and Mistresses. He therefore requires you, by me the aforesaid *Cordovan* the Secretary, that you appear at *Madrid* within forty days at farthest, upon pain of forfeiting the dignity of Knighthood, and of losing your Reputation among all the Princesses of *Galicia*, and the Infanta's in all the Inns upon the face of the Earth. In this famous Combat my Master will try, whether all those mighty things Fame reports of you, are true. If after this solemn Challenge, you fail to appear at *Madrid*, *Bramarbas* will go even to the Empire of the Moon, to make known your Cowardise: But if on the contrary, you happen to Conquer him, you shall be Master and lawful King of our delicious Kingdom of *Cyprus*, where you'll have a thousand rich Governments to bestow; among the rest, that of the Island of the *Force-meat-Balls*, which is one of the best of them all. I design that for my self, (quoth *Sancho*, interrupting him, tho' till then he had given great attention to the Ambassador's words) but pray tell me Mr. *Cordovan* of the *Smoaky Face*, is that Island of the Balls very far off or no? Whether it is towards *Sevil*, or *Barcelona*, or beyond *Rome* and *Constantinople*. If I mistake not, said the Black Ambassador, directing his Discourse to *Sancho*, you are the most Cudgelable Squire to the Matchless *Loveless Knight*, that *Sancho Panca*, whose Moderation and Politeness is every where applauded. Yes, I am he, quoth *Sancho*, in spite of all envious Knaves. I am very glad of it, answer'd the Ambassador; but worthy Sir *Loveless Knight*, added he turning to *Don Quixote*, give me my Answer quickly, for I have a great way to go before I can overtake my Master, who by this time is very far off. Discreet Squire, reply'd *Don Quixote*, looking very Stern, Tell the haughty *Bramarbas* from me, that I accept of the new Challenge he sends me, and that he shall see me on the day appointed in the great Square of *Madrid*, as he saw me this Morning on the famous Bridge of this strong Castle. Withdraw, and be thankful to Heav'n, that the Character you bear as Ambassador, protects you from the just Indignation I have conceiv'd against your Master, and all that belong to him; but before you go, pray inform me, what unexpected Adventure it is that obliges him to disengage his Word. To tell you the truth, Sir Knight, said the Ambassador, it is no Adventure, but only a piece of News: He has been Inform'd that *Don Carlos*, otherwise call'd the Emperor *Trebatius*, is to morrow to conduct

duct his Sister the Princess *Trebafina* to *Madrid*, to Marry her to one of the King's prime Ministers. Nay, by my Conscience, cry'd *Sancho*, Master *Cordovan* does not lie this bout; for *Don Carlos* his Secretary came, in my Presence, to bring *Don Alvaro Tarfe* that good News: And God be prais'd for having deliver'd the Princess out of that Scoundrel *Barrabas's* Clutches: A pretty Dog to have such a dainty Bit; but he may now go Whistle after her. This News, reply'd the Giant's Squire, put my Master into a mighty Rage, for he is of a very Amorous Disposition: When he has once set his mind upon a young Maid, it is a hard matter to get her from him; and he has vow'd by the Thirteen *Swiss Cantons*, that if the Princess *Trebafina* is Marry'd to the Minister she is design'd for, he will Castrate her Husband and all the Barons in the Court of *Spain*. I'll take care to hinder him, answer'd *Don Quixote* in a Heat; bid him have a care of harping upon that String, or I shall be with him: I here take under my Protection, not only the Princess *Trebafina*, and her Lawful Husband, but also all the Court Barons. The King of *Cyprus's* Squire durst make no return to those words, but departed, after making *Don Quixote* such a low Bow that the top of his Cap touch'd the Ground. He was scarce got out of the Chamber before *Sancho* ran after him, saying, Master *Cordovan*, a word with you, if you please: Pray tell me whether the Governor of that Island is Subterraneous Lord of all the *Force-meat-Balls*. Yes, Friend, reply'd the Embassador, he is Sovereign Lord of them; but he is to eat an hundred of them every Morning for his Breakfast; that is the greatest Duty that lyes on him. God for ever bless you, quoth *Sancho*, I submit to that Duty with all my Heart, and I will certainly perform it, tho' I burst for it. This said, he return'd into his Master's Chamber, and the Secretary went away to Wash and Dress himself.

After receiving this Embassy, *Don Quixote* thought of nothing but setting out for *Madrid*. He told *Don Alvaro* he could not in Honour stay one Moment longer in *Zaragoza*, that he was going in pursuit of this haughty Enemy, who had such outrageous designs against all the Barons and Baronesses in *Spain*. Ease me of the trouble, added he, of returning you tedious Thanks for all the Obligations I have receiv'd from your Friendship; but be assur'd of the assistance of my invincible Arm against all that shall go about to offend you. Then directing his Discourse to his Squire,

Away

Away *Sancho*, said he, get my Arms and *Rocinante* ready immediately, let us hast to kill the King of *Cyprus*, and by his Death to take possession of that delicious Island the Government whereof you claim. That's well said Sir, quoth *Sancho*, but I am of opinion it were better to go away directly for *Cyprus*, whilst *Iron-sides* is abroad. It will be easier for us to Conquer his Kingdom in his absence, than when he is at our Heels. You don't know what you say, reply'd *Don Quixote*. Why how can I fail of meeting him at the place appointed? I should lose my Honour which is better than all the Kingdoms in the World. There is no doubt of that, said *Don Alvaro*, and the Noble *D. Quixote* must take heed how he fails in that particular. Why so much Ceremony, quoth *Sancho* very earnestly. He is not so very streight lac'd. He promis'd he would cut off your Head this Day in the great Square of this City, and what is come of it? You may go wait for him till your Heels grow to the Ground. He is now trudging away for *Madrid*, as if he had a Squib ty'd to his Tail. Giants, quoth *Don Quixote*, are faithless lawless Persons, their example is no Rule for me to do any thing against my Honour. The word of a Knight Errant is Sacred; the very Foundations of the Earth should be shaken, and Nature turn'd topsy turvey before a Knight should be perjurd. Besides *Sancho*, said *Don Alvaro*, how justly might your illustrious Master be blam'd should he by his absence give the Lewd *Bramarbas* the opportunity of Ravishing the Princess *Trebafina* and disabling all the Officers of the Crown. Would not that be an Eternal Shame to Knight Errantry. The Squire could have wish'd that the Government of the Island of the Force-Meat Balls had not depended on a Combat; but he must submit to his Masters and *Tarfe's* solid Reasons, and so away he went to Saddle *Rocinante*, and put the Pannel upon *Dapple*. Whilst he was preparing for the Journey, the Knight made an end of dressing himself. *Don Alvaro* took care to give them their Breakfast, and then *Don Quixote* took leave of the *Granadine*, vaulted into his Saddle, and set out loaded with his Buckler, and a new Lance he had caus'd to be made the Day before the running at the Ring. *Sancho* staid some time after his Master, filling his Waller with all that had been left at Breakfast, then taking leave of *Don Alvaro* and his Pages, he got up heavily on his Ass, who having been well pamper'd in so good a Stable, trotted away merrily. When
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our Adventurers were gone, Don Alvaro went to Don Carlos his House, and they both agreed they would set out for Madrid the next Day, taking another way than that Don Quixote went.

The End of the Second BOOK.

THE

THE HISTORY

Of the most Ingenious Knight

DON QUIXOTE

De la Mancha.

BOOK. III.

CHAP. I.

Of the Scuffle Sancho had with a Soldier, as he was going out of Zaragoza.

THO' Sancho made all the hast he could, yet he did not overtake his Master till he was just going out of Town. He found him jogging gently along with a ragged Soldier, and a good Hermit, who were both Travelling towards Castile, as well as he. When Sancho came up to them, he heard *Don Quixote* ask the Soldier, whence he came. To which the Soldier made answer, Sir, I come from *Flanders*, where I have serv'd the King a considerable time; but a certain misfortune has befallen me, which made me quit the Service so hastily that I had not time to get my Discharge; and to add to my Misery, I met with four Robbers on the way who stripp'd me. Tho' I was but one to four I would have defended my self, and perhaps have sav'd my Purse, had not they ask'd it with fiery Mouths.

Mouths. With fiery Mouths, quoth *Sancho* in Amaze, then they were Souls from the other World. The Soldier casting an Eye upon *Sancho*, and imagining by his looks that he was some sly Peasant of the Country about the City, that had a mind to play upon him, he took pet at his Reflexion, and answer'd in a Passion. How now Slouch, do you pretend to railly me? By the dreadful piece of Canon *Mahomet* brought to the Siege of *Constantinople*, if I take you in Hand I'll thrash you as long as ever I am able to stand over you. I'll warrant him the Scoundrel does not know I have beaten more Clowns like himself than I have drank gulps of Water, since I have been in the Kings Service. These words, tho' deliver'd in a threatening Tone, did not fright *Sancho*, who answer'd, Fair and Softly goes far. You are very unlucky, I find you beat your younger Brother. Why sure good Mr. *Tatterrag*, we have seen otherguels Men then you are. Don't you know that I could mumble a Crust before you were born. The Owles and the Sparrows shall feed on your Dogs Head. This said he would have put on his Ass upon the Soldier, as it were to trample him under foot; but the Soldier, who did not understand Jestings, immediately drew out his Tilter, and laid half a dozen good strokes on *Sancho's* Shoulders, with the flat of it so nimbly, that *Don Quixote* and the Hermit could not save one of them, and at the same time laying hold of his Foot, whirl'd him about like a Gig and threw him on the other side his Ass flat upon his Back. And not thinking this enough he was moving forwards to Ring a Peal upon his Ribs, but *Don Quixote* interpos'd and pushing him with *Rocinante's* Brest Plate, said to him very Magisterially: Stand rash Man, and pay a Respect to what belongs to me. Sir, reply'd the Soldier, I beg your Pardon for my Rashness, I did not know that Gentleman had the Honour to belong to you. This satisfaction appeas'd the Knights Wrath; but *Sancho* still more enrag'd took up a great Stone, and began to cry out to his Master very briskly. Stand aside Sir, stand aside, and I'll send that Rake with one blow to the old Baud that bore him. *Don Quixote* being slower than he thought convenient in getting out of the way, he cry'd out again. Stand aside I say, in the Devils Name; let me finish my own Adventures. I don't disturb you in yours. How shall I learn to cut Giants in two, and to disenchant Rocks and Pallaces, if you will not let me Chastize that Scoundrel? Don't you know that the

Barber

Barber learns his Trade by practising on sorry Fellows Beards? As soon as the words were out, he rais'd his Arm to throw the Stone at his Enemy; but the Hermit laid hold of him, saying, For the love of God, Brother hold your Hand, do not bring your self into more Trouble. I will yield to nothing, quoth *Sancho*, unless the Knave owns himself Conquer'd. The Hermit perceiving some hope of an Accomodation, quitted *Sancho*, and ran to the Soldier; saying, Good Gentleman Soldier, that poor Peasant is more than half a Fool, pray let him alone. I will not meddle with him any more, answer'd the Soldier, since your Reverence desires it, and he belongs to that Gentleman. Upon this promise, the Hermit took the Soldier by the Hand, and said to *Sancho*, Honest Man, the Gentleman Soldier yields himself Conquer'd, as you desire: Now you may be Friends and shake Hands. No, no, Father, quoth *Sancho*, that is not all, I perceive you don't understand Chivalry, Master Bumpkin shan't come off so easily. Then directing his Discourse to the Soldier; Thou haughty and monstrous Soldier, said he, in very grave manner, since I have Conquer'd thee, I do command thee, according to the custom of Knight Errantry, to go with a Chain about thy Neck, and appear before the Lady Admiral, *Mary Gutierrez*, my Wife; Thou shalt fall down at her Feet, before my Daughter little *Sancho* and the Curate, and shalt tell her how I have overcome thee in single Combat, or Ten to Ten. Having spoke these words, the Squire turn'd to his Master, and said, Well Sir, what do you think of this? Is it thus Adventures are to be finish'd? By my Faith, you may see a Man may learn to Bray, if he keeps company with Asses. *Sancho*, answer'd *Don Quixote*, you might have made choice of a more nobler Comparifon, and have said, a Man might learn to Roar among Lions. As you please, reply'd the Squire, it all comes to the same. In short, I can read in no Book but my own; every Man talks as he can, and not as he will, and when a word is once gone, there is no calling it back. But in short, a Man must not always be a Warrior: besides, the Curate often tells us in his Lectures, that we must be Charitable, that God may be Merciful to us. So there's an end of all Quarrels, Master Soldier: Let us think no more of what is past, nor of our Debts; here take my Hand and be thankful and proud of it, and let

let us be as loving as the four Fingers and the Thumb. As for the Journey to *Argamasilla*, I allow you to defer it till Master *Valentin* has cur'd you of the incurable Wounds I have given you. The Soldier took *Sancho* by the Hand very lovingly, and express'd a Kindness for him, which the honest Squire very affectionately embrac'd, and pulling a good piece of cold Meat out of his Waller, gave it him. The Soldier return'd him most hearty Thanks, and to shew he valu'd the Present, fell to it immediately, with the help of a crust of Bread he pull'd out of his Pocket.

Thus ended the Fray, which once look'd as if it could not have been parted without Bloodshed. *Sancho* mounted his Ass again, without remembring how he dismounted, and they all four went on their way together. *D. Quixote* after Musing a while, said to his Squire; My Son *Sancho*, I am considering you have shewn a great deal of Courage: If you continue it, you may be capable of raking your Degrees in Knight Errantry. Pray why should I not, reply'd *Sancho*? Am I not already inur'd to the Fatigues of the Profession? And can any body tell better than I know my self, what Basting and tossing in a Blanket is? No surely: Like Master, like Man: The Prentice often comes to be Master. The Hermit hearing this Talk, which sufficiently made known the Character of our Heroes, said in the Soldiers Ear; I am much mistaken if these two be not the two Madmen we were told of in *Zaragoza*. The Soldier answer'd, there was no doubt to be made of it; and therefore the Hermit and he agreed they would make themselves Sport with them as long as they Travell'd together. *Don Quixote* ask'd them, who they were? The Hermit answer'd his Name was Brother *Stephen*; that he was Born at *Toledo*, and came now from *Rome*, where he had been about Affairs of Moment. The Soldier said his name was *Don Antonio de Bracamonte*, and was Born in the City of *Avila*. They Travell'd all that day without Resting, and towards Night, *Sancho* seeing no Houses all about, said, Gentlemen, I have look'd all about, and the Devil of any thing I can see that looks like an Inn; and now Night draws on. *Bracamonte*, who knew the Country, assur'd them they must travel two Leagues at least before they came to an Inn. Whereupon *D. Quixote* said; I spy a Meadow, where, if you'll be rul'd by me, we will pass this Night: Methinks we being all four of us
whar

what we are, need not much trouble our selves about an Inn; Brother *Stephen* is us'd to live in Solitude and lie on the Ground; and the Soldier having serv'd long, must needs be inur'd to Fatigue, and Sleep any where. As for my self and my Squire, Knight Errantry, which we profess, has made us Enemies to all Daintiness: We are better pleas'd to lie upon the Grass, than in Emperors Palaces; and I declare to you, that the most delightful Nights I have, are those I lye expos'd to the Wind and Weather. *Sancho* was not of the same Mind, but however he was wise enough to hold his Tongue; not that he was afraid of offending Knight Errantry, for he never spar'd it when he was in a merry Mood, but because he saw this was a forc'd put. The Soldier and the Hermit, who were very low in Cash, and rely'd chiefly on *Sancho's* Wallet, answer'd the Knight, That they were ready to do whatsoever he pleas'd. They all struck out of the High-way, and took along a Path which led them to a Meadow, where a Chrystal Stream ran winding like a Snake. Here *Don Quixote* alighting, said to his Squire, Alight my Son, and take off *Rocinante's* Bridle, that your Ass and he may Graze more freely; the Grass to me seems good. I'll answer for it, quoth *Sancho*, there is no cause to complain, they'll live here like two Patriarchs. You are in the right, said *Don Quixote*, make haste, and do what I bid you. The Squire instantly obey'd his Master, and having laid hold of his Wallet, which was made fast to *Dapple's* Pannel, went and sate him down by the rest upon the Grass, saying, So, Gentlemen, what think you of it? Is it not time to see what is in this Wallet? What a blessed condition should we be in, had I not taken care to fill it this Morning? By my Faith, we had made but a sorry Supper. Brother *Sancho*, quoth *Bracamonte*, your Forecast can never be sufficiently commended; you don't look like a Man that would go to Sea without Bisket. No, by my truth, quoth *Sancho*, for I have often heard say, That he who does not look before him, falls into the Ditch. This said, he empty'd the Wallet on Brother *Stephen's* Cloak, which serv'd for a Table-cloth, and all four fell to it with very good Stomachs. I say all Four; for *Don Quixote*, contrary to his usual Custom, kept Time with them; and all had been Compleat, had they not wanted Wine; but for Water they had their fill.

Whilst they Fed, *Don Quixote* put several Questions to *Bracamonte*, and among the rest, wheher he had been
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at any Siege? I have, reply'd the Soldier, and could give you a very good account of the Siege of *Ostend*, for I was at it; and by the same Token, I there receiv'd two Musket Shot in my Thigh; and if you please, I'll show you one of my Shoulders half burnt by a Granade the Enemies threw among five or six of us, who were Attacking a Half-Moon. If Time and Place would permit, I could chalk you out exactly the principal Fortifications about *Ostend*; I would describe to you exactly the mouth of the Harbour, and the General-Officers several Quarters; where the Batteries are plac'd, and where the Attacks were carry'd on; but that must be some other time. All I can tell you at present is, that *Ostend* cost the Lives of very many Soldiers and Officers. *Sancho* who had listen'd attentively to *Bracamonte's* Discourse, without losing one Mouthful, interrupted him, saying, Is it possible Sir, there was never a Knight Errant among you at that time to cut off that Giant *Ostend's* Ears? I don't question but that if my Master *Don Quixote* had been there, he would have eaten him with a grain of Salt. Nunskull quoth *Don Quixote*, *Ostend* is a Town, and not a Giant. The Hermit smiling, said to the Squire, I perceive Friend *Sancho*, you don't trouble your Head with Geography, it is quite out of your way. On my Conscience, answer'd *Sancho*, I have liv'd so long without knowing what Geography is, and I believe I shall never go about to learn it, unless it be in the other World: And by my Truth, it does not belong to me, who am a plain Country Man, to understand all that Rhetorick. Every Man must cut his Coat according to his Cloth. Like to like, as the Devil said to the Collier. Give me Drink, and do not ask me how Old I am. Away with it *Sancho*, said *Don Quixote*, heap Proverbs upon Proverbs, according to your cursed Custom. Nay, by *Jove*, Sir, answer'd *Sancho*, I believe you have had little cause to complain this Year; I have taken care to mend that fault. As for last Year, I have little to say to it. I own I tumbled them out right or wrong; the truth is, a Million of them escap'd me, which they might well enough have spar'd putting into our History. You ought rather to spare uttering them, reply'd *Don Quixote*, and then they would not have been Printed. Ho, ho, cry'd *Sancho*, that's worth all the rest. Why must every foolish word that is spoken be Printed? But no matter, if they Print no more than I shall say for the time to come, the Printers will not have so much Employment. Let them alone, I'll take care of my self; all the Proverbs I shall make

make use of for the Future, will amount but to a small parcel; I'll chew them a good while before I spit them out. When *Sancho* had spoken, the Meat being eaten, he stretch'd himself out at full length, Yauning, and giving all other tokens of Drowsiness. The Hermit and the Soldier being both very weary, lay them down upon the Grass, and soon fell Asleep. *Don Quixote* laying aside, for some short time, the heavy burden of his weighty Designs, tasted the sweetness of a quiet Repose.

C H A P. II.

Of the Death of Brother James, and what happen'd at his Funeral.

AS soon as day appear'd, our Travellers continu'd their Journey, to take the cool of the Morning. They had scarce gone two Leagues, before they spy'd abundance of People gather'd together at the foot of a Mountain. Curiosity leading them to the Place to know what the matter was, when they came near, they saw a Clergy-man talking to about fifty or sixty Peasants that stood about him. *Don Quixote* and his Gang, standing close to listen to him, heard him say; 'You know, my Friends, what a strange Life Brother *James* has led for these ten Years in this Solitude. He so carefully avoided the Conversation of Men, that there is ne'er a one among us, can boast he ever saw his Face. He fed on nothing but Roots, refusing all the Provisions your Charity offer'd him. He was for the most part shut up in his Cave; and we should not have known he was Dead yet, had not some Shepherds who us'd to see him sometimes, mistrusted it. In short, the austerity of his Life has been such, that he is nothing Inferior to the Ancient Anchorites. Let us then pay him the last Duty with the greatest Devotion we can. When he had so said, the Clergy-man order'd them to dig a Grave near a Cave there appear'd on the side of the Hill, whence he caus'd the Body of Brother *James* to be brought out, that every body might see it. This Hermit had a white Beard, which reach'd down to his Middle; but what seem'd much stranger, was that his Hair appear'd blacker

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than Jeat. The Clergyman looking on him attentively, cry'd out; By Heavens, this is not Natural, At the same time he laid hold of the Beard very roughly, which fell off, to the great Amazement of the Spectators. Brother *Stephen* then nicely examining the Features of the deceas'd, Party's Face, was Discompos'd. We must look into the Cave, said the Clergy-man, whether there be nothing in it that may explain this Mystery to us. Having so said, he went into the Cave, and soon return'd with a little Casket in his Hands, but half shut, which he open'd. God be prais'd Gentlemen, quoth he, I see a Paper, which will doubtless discover what we are in care to know. In short, taking out the Paper, he read these words with an audible Voice. *You behold under the Habit of an Hermit, a Religious Woman, whom lewd Love drew out of her Monastery: Behold the miseries of a Soul given up to that fatal Passion. Happy I, if ten Years Penance can satisfie divine Justice.*

As soon as Brother *Stephen* heard these words, he was seiz'd with such an Agony, that it shook his whole Body; his Eyesight fail'd him, and he Swoon'd away in the Soldiers Arms. All the Spectators surpriz'd at this Accident, the cause whereof they were far from imagining, ran hastily to help Brother *Stephen*, whom *Don Quixote*, *Bracamonte*, and *Sancho*, remov'd a few Paces from thence, under some Trees, where they us'd all possible means to bring him to himself. In the mean while the false Brother *James* was put into the Grave, and the Countrymen desiring some Relick of him, tore his Cloak, and every one carry'd away a piece. When the Burial was over, the Clergyman went to see Brother *Stephen*, who after many endeavours us'd, was at length come to himself, but could not yet Speak. He lifted up his Eyes to Heaven, and every now and then sigh'd so bitterly, that it gave cause to suspect there was some extraordinary Commotion in him. The Clergyman imagining this Hermit might be some way concern'd in the Religious Woman's Story, was resolv'd to sift it out; and therefore said to him, Cheer up Brother, and come along with these Gentlemen to rest you at my House, which is in a Village on the other side of this Hill, where I am Curate. That is well say'd, cry'd *Sancho*, let us go Father *Stephen*, do you endeavour to fit my As, and let us follow Master Curate; the smell of his Kitchen will soon cure your Distemper. The Hermit having by this time recover'd his Speech, in a few words thank'd the Clergyman,

man, and accepted of his offer. *Bracamonte* and *Sancho*, help'd him to rise, and set him upon *Dapple*; but being yet too Weak to sit alone upon him, they plac'd themselves one on each side, and supporting him with their Hands, went away towards the Village. *Don Quixote* Re-mounted *Rocinante*, and follow'd the rest without speaking a word, but with all the Gravity that became his Character. The Clergyman who had always kept his Eyes on Brother *Stephen*, had not till then, much minded *D. Quixote's* strange Figure; but at last coming to view him from Head to Foot, the more he ey'd him the more he was Amaz'd. And therefore to discover something of him, he drew near *Bracamonte*, and in his Ear, ask'd *D. Quixote's* Name and Quality. *Bracamonte* made no scruple of telling him the whole Truth; and the Curate every now and then eying *Don Quixote* whilst the Soldier satisfy'd his Curiosity, the Knight who perceiv'd it, endeavour'd still to look the greater to confirm all the mighty things he imagin'd *Bracamonte* told the Clergyman.

They soon came to the Curates, who immediately order'd Breakfast to be provided for them, and advis'd Brother *Stephen* to go to Bed; but the Hermit finding his Strength return, would not yield to it. He Breakfasted with the rest, and then said to them; I must own Gentlemen, I am much oblig'd to you, and yet I know not whether I ought to thank or to blame you for having prolong'd my days, since the Idea of the Spectacle I saw but now, will remain imprinted in my Soul as long as I live. I will acquaint you, who the Religious Woman is that dy'd in this Solitude, and at the same time will let you know my own Misfortunes; for I cannot tell you her Story without giving you my own. The Hermit having stopp'd a while, as it were to consider of what he was to say, went on with his Discourse, as it is deliver'd in the ensuing Chapter.

C H A P. III.

The Story of the Two Hermits.

Donna Luisa, that is the Religious Woman's Name, was born at *Toledo*. I am the only Son of a Gentleman of that City, and my Name *D. Gregory*. *Donna Luisa* was in Birth and Fortune equal to me, and almost of the same Age, and our Parents were Neighbours and Friends. We being brought up and Conversing together every day, took a Kindness for one another; but being Children, we forgot it, when as we were parted. As soon as I could handle a Sword, my Father sent me into *Flanders*, and *Donna Luisa's* Friends put her into a Monastery, where she became a Nun, and fulfill'd all the Duties of her Profession very commendably for several Years. For my part, I thought of nothing but Honour, and only study'd how to advance my self in the Service. At length *Spain* concluded a Peace, and I return'd to *Toledo*. It happen'd, that going to a Monastery to visit a Kinswoman of mine, whilst I was Discoursing with her, *Donna Luisa* accidentally came into the same Parlour where we were: I knew, and Saluted her, and we had some Talk, but she soon withdrew, after Whispering something in my Kinswoman's Ear. All the time I stay'd after that in the Parlour, I felt a great Disorder in me without knowing why. I ask'd my Kinswoman a thousand Questions concerning *Donna Luisa*, yet I thought I did it out of meer Curiosity, and my Disorder seem'd to me only to proceed from the Surprize of seeing *Donna Luisa* so unexpectedly. As soon as I was alone, I discover'd my Mistake; my Religious Woman came too often into my Thoughts to need any other help to Undeceive my self. In short, I felt that Love I had kindled in my Infancy, to break out again, which before I thought Time had quite quench'd. This shows how difficult a matter it is to blot out the first Impressions of Love. I took no care to curb my Passion, tho' at the same time I gave way to it, I foresaw part of the Misfortunes that have since attended me. My only care was to please *Donna Luisa*, representing to my self the satisfaction of possessing her Heart, and thus became insensible to every thing else. Accordingly the

the very next day I went to visit her, and discours'd my Passion. She turn'd all my words into Railery, and we parted without discovering any thing of her Thoughts. Two days after, I Visited her again; when she would have begun to Railly; I represented my Sufferings to her in such a lively and Moving manner, that at length she grew Serious; and perceiving the Tears ran trickling down my Cheeks. How now, *D. Gregory*, quoth she, Do you think you are talking to that *Donna Luisa*, who could then hear you without any Offence? Those days are past. I am a Religious Woman; I have renounc'd the World; I must not cherish your Love; fly from me. Since Absence once banish'd me your Thoughts, you'll easily forget me again. When she had spoke these words, she left me so abruptly, that I had not time to Answer her. I plainly perceiv'd her design was to put me out of all Hope; and having no cause to complain of a Severity which was the duty of her Profession, I withdrew, resolving to be gone from *Toledo*. In short, my Father having given me leave to Travel, I set out soon after, designing for *Italy*. I went to *Barcelona*, and thence by Sea, into *Lombardy*. To be short, I visited the Courts of *Mantua*, *Parma*, *Modena* and *Florence*; but all to no purpose, *Donna Luisa* pursu'd me every where, and triumph'd over the most Beautiful Women I could see. In a word, all the benefit I reap'd by my Travels, was only the conviction that they heightned my Passion. Despairing of overcoming it, I return'd to *Spain*. When I came to *Toledo*, I hasted to the Monastery to ask for *Donna Luisa*, but she sent me word, she could not speak to me, and so she did several days after. All this did not daunt me; I put my self into several Disguises, and once among the rest, I put my self into the Habit of a *Franciscan Fryer*, and with a false Name endeavour'd to draw her to the Parlour; but she was as ingenious at discovering my Frauds, as I was at contriving them, and disappointed all the various Shapes Love made me put my self into to see her.

So many Difficulties, one might think, would have brought me to my self; but when a Passion is rais'd to a certain pitch, there is nothing in Nature can curb it. At length I fell Sick through Grief, and the Fever was so violent that for two days it was not known whether I should Live or Die, till Youth prevail'd; but still my Love, instead of declining, seem'd to gather more Strength. In this desperate condition, I refus'd all helps from Physick, and was

resolv'd to Die without taking any thing. This was my condition, when an old Woman came one day into my Chamber, and desiring to talk to me in Private, told me *Donna Luisa* had sent her, to let me know she was very much troubled at my Sicknefs; and here is a little Note, added the old Woman, which she charg'd me to deliver into your own Hand. I was so surpriz'd at this unexpected Accident, that I gaz'd on the old Woman a good while, without speaking a word; not daring to believe what she said. However, I took the Note, and in it found these words; *Live D. Gregory, Donna Luisa commands you. She would be ever Comfortless, should she have cause to accuse her self of your Death.* You may guess in what a transport of Joy I was. The inward motion was so great, that it heighten'd my Fever; howe'r I did not fail to call up all my Strength, and with a trembling hand writ this Answer. *I will Live, Madam, since you command me; but it shall only be to go Die at your Feet for joy that I mov'd you to Compassion.* When the old Woman was gone, I resolv'd to obey *Donna Luisa*, and in order to it, the Physicians coming into the Room, I ask'd for a Medicine I had before refus'd in hatred to my Life. But they found me too much disturb'd to give it me, and by unanimous consent, contrary to their former Practice, judg'd it expedient to defer it till the next day. However my Mind being better at ease, I began to mend, and in a few days found myself in a condition to go make my Acknowledgments to *Donna Luisa*. She did not refuse to see me this time: She receiv'd me with a smiling Countenance. Well *D. Gregory*, quoth she, Are you perfectly recover'd of your Indisposition? Yes, Madam, reply'd I, and I come to return you Thanks as my Deliverer. I could not find in my Heart, said she, to let a Man Die, for whom I have so great an Esteem as I have for you; but I hope you will not make an ill use of what I have done for you; and that you will endeavour to cast from you all that may be destructive to your inward Peace: I am willing for your comfort, in the Circumstances you are in, to overcome myself, and to own, that had I staid in the World, I would have preferr'd you before all Mankind: After this, be not so unjust as to complain of *Donna Luisa*; endeavour to forget her, as she will endeavour to shun you: This is what I require of you. Alas! said I, interposing her, That is the only thing you must not exact of my Obedience; the Will and Reason, are but feeble Weapons against so fierce a Love as mine is; I have already

already try'd the cure of Absence. Grant me, Madam, the liberty of Loving you, and of telling it you sometimes. You know with how much Respect I serv'd you, even when you might be mine. I will not deviate from myself hereafter, and I will so govern my Passion, that your Severity shall be satisfy'd. Alas ! What would the World say of me, said she, in a languishing tone, if I should continue seeing you, when I can no longer permit you to Love me ? What trouble would you expose me to ? I'll conceal my Love, reply'd I, so carefully that all the World shall be a Stranger to it. And shall not I know it, *D. Gregory*, said she ? Do you think I make no account of my own Esteem ? What conceit could I have of myself, were I sensible I was guilty of failing in my Duty ? But could I overcome that Nicety, yet I should be afraid of forfeiting your Esteem, should I condescend to what you propose. How Madam, quoth I, should I value you less, if you Lov'd me. Let me beg of you not to put me into Despair ; my Passion is so pure and disinterests'd, that you may allow of it without any Scruple. No, no, cry'd *Donna Luisa*, all in Disorder, I am not now the same I was, withdraw and never talk to me of a Love I neither will nor ought to hear of. Well then Madam, answer'd I in a heat, I must rid you of the Complaints of an Unhappy Man ; I go to Die, to avoid Evils a thousand times worse than Death. I am satisfy'd, you are indifferent whether I Live or Die, since you will no longer endure my Presence. As soon as I had spoke these words, I made some steps to be gone ; but *Donna Luisa* stopp'd me, saying *D. Gregory*, what are you going to do ? Alas, added she, dropping some Tears against her will, what would become of me, if I were to answer for your Death ? Live, to spare me a trouble, which would be the utmost trial of my Constancy. Madam, said I, either be more Cruel, or make me at once Happy by giving me leave to Love you. Come to some Resolution. I know not what I wish, nor what I am to do, answer'd she ; all I know at present is, that I cannot content you should Die, nor forbid you to Live for me. This said, she Blush'd and withdrew, not daring to stay any longer with a Man that had gain'd so much upon her. For my part, I went away well pleas'd with this Visit, and did not despair of overcoming all the niceties of Vertue and Honour, which stood between *Donna Luisa* and my Love. Nor was I deceiv'd in my Expectation ; for after some few Visits, she own'd

her Affection was not inferior to mine, and she gave me leave to love her, provided I always kept my Passion within the bounds of Respect and Innocence.

No day pass'd without seeing her; but such frequent Visits becoming of necessity suspicious to the Nuns, who are generally Curious and Jealous, we agreed we would see one another but twice a Week. By this precaution, we thought we had secur'd the secrecy of our Affairs: We writ to one another every day, and reciprocally sent a thousand little Presents. All this while I had violent Impulses, which I durst not discover to *Donna Luisa*, for fear of incurring her Displeasure: But an Accident happen'd, which gave me the opportunity of disclosing my Mind. Some of the Nuns had taken notice of our Visits, and acquainted the Prioress, who to break off our Correspondence, order'd *Donna Luisa* to forbid me coming to the Monastery. She told it me with Tears in her Eyes, and seem'd to me to be so concern'd and exasperated against the Prioress and the Nuns, that I thought I could never have a better opportunity to propose Stealing her away. In short, she was not so much offended at the Proposal, as she would have been, if that had not happen'd; yet she rejected it with so much harshness, that I had thoughts never to mention it to her again. However, a Separation threatening us and the time being short, I conjur'd her to come to a speedy Resolution. I Begg'd, I Wept, I made so many Vows, that I perceiv'd her Resistance was only a small remainder of Honour, easy enough to be overthrown. In conclusion, after some Difficulties, she consented to be Stole away: We contriv'd the manner of it, and thus we put it in execution eight days after. I open'd my Father's Closet with a false Key, and took out as much Gold as I could conveniently carry away. I also found means to seize my Mother's Jewels; and one Night, when I thought all the House was fast Asleep, I took the two best Horses out of the Stable, and went away to the Monastery, between the hours of Eleven and Twelve. The Nuns were all retir'd to their Cells. *Donna Luisa* was also in hers, in order to throw off her Religious Habit, and put on a Suit of Cloaths I had sent her in the day before. It is to be observ'd, that at this time she had charge of the Church and Vestry, the Keys whereof she carry'd to the Prioress; but that night instead of shutting the Doors, she left them all open. Thus she got out at the Church-door, and came to me where I expected

pected her. I was so overjoy'd to have *Donna Luísa* in my power, that I could not forbear holding her clasp'd in my Arms a long while, without considering we had not a Moment to lose. She put me in mind of it, and having help'd her on the Horse I thought the easiest Goer, I mounted the other, and we took the Road for *Lisbon*, both of us equally pleas'd, that we were now in a way to follow our Inclinations without restraint; but not without such apprehensions, as in a great measure moderated the excess of our Pleasure; for we did not question, but that the next day Men would be sent out every way to look for us. We Travel'd all that night and the following days without stopping any longer than was absolutely necessary to rest our Horses, and got as soon as possibly we could, to the Frontiers of *Portugal*. Then we began to be out of Fear, and made easy Journeys to *Lisbon*. There we took many Servants, hir'd a fine House, furnish'd it richly, and set up an Equipage. We began, like Strangers, to admit of Company, and in a short time our House became the Rendezvous of all the young People of the City. We counterfeited a Marriage Certificate, and under that Protection, gave our selves up to the fatal pleasures of a lewd Love, living as contentedly as if we had been conscious of no Guilt.

Here the Hermit was interrupted by *Sancho's* Cries, who returning from the Kitchen where he had been at Breakfast with the Curate's Man, came into the Room, crying and tearing his Beard and hair. What is the matter *Sancho*, said *Don Quixote*? O Lord, Sir, answer'd the Disconsolate Squire, we may now have done with Chivalry, and go Home again; a Clodpate of a Peasant that was below, has taken away our Enchanted Club, and is run away as swift as an Elephant. You mean as swift as a Fawn, said *Don Quixote*. But you are in the wrong *Sancho*, to be as much concern'd as if you had lost your Wife and Children. O my dear Club, cry'd *Sancho*, without minding his Master, my beloved Club, I shall never see you again then! Unhappy Mother that Begot you! a Curse on the Clown that Stole you! may you only serve to break his Bones! Now we may e'en give our selves up to the Enchanters; they'll steal the very Teeth out of our Mouths. Take Comfort Child, said *Don Quixote*, I own we have a considerable loss of Archbishop *Turpin's* Club; but the Enchanters cannot take my Valour and my Strength from me, and I need

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no other Weapons to overcome them. The Soldier and the Curate added as much to what the Knight had said, as comforted *Sancho*, and then the Hermit prosecuted his Story as follows.

C H A P. III.

The conclusion of the Story of the two Hermits. Don Quixote in a great Rage.

Donna Luisa and I were at *Lisbon*, continu'd the Hermit, in the condition I have already told you. Having above 20000 Ducats value in Jewels, we might with good Management have secur'd our selves a long time against Want; but we liv'd so Extravagantly, that at two Years end our Mony was gone. We were forc'd to part with our Equipage; to dismiss our Servants, and to sell our Goods by piecemeale to subsist. Being now reduc'd to the last Extremity, I made Mony of all my Cloaths, and went away to a Gaming-house to try my Fortune, resolving either to win a considerable Sum to set us up again, or to hasten our Ruin. The latter of these happen'd. I lost all to my very Sword and Cloak, and having no more to lose, I went home to *Donna Luisa*, who expected me, making sad Reflections on our deplorable Condition. I doubted her Trouble, when I told her I had lost all the rest of our Money. She fell a crying, and could not forbear shedding some Tears, Madam, said I, you have sufficient cause to hate me; I have forc'd you from your Sanctuary, to make you Miserable. Had it not been for me, your days had still glided on in Innocence and Peace: Alas! why did not you let me Die? Why have you preserv'd my Life, so fatal to your self? *Donna Luisa* made Answer, My Dear D. Gregory, cease to impute my Misfortunes to your self; I have drawn them on my self by my Crimes, and Heaven punishes me as I have deserv'd; you ought rather to Abhor me. I have been the cause of your Parents inconsolable Grief, and perhaps of their Death, by taking from them their only Son, and that after such a manner as admits of no Comfort. In a word, I have Ruin'd you. In short, *Donna Luisa* and I, instead of complaining of one another, and Railing, did but condole ourselves; and what is yet stranger,

stranger, our Calamity was so far from extinguishing our Passion, that it rather seem'd to give it new Life.

However, it being absolutely necessary to come to some Resolution, I told *Donna Luisa*, that having made such a Figure in the City, it was requisite we should immediately remove to another, where having never been known to any body, we might easily conceal our Quality, and might there live in Obscurity, I serving some Man of Quality, and she working at her Needle. She approv'd of my Project, and that very Night we set out from *Lisbon* a Foot, and very ill Clad. We stopp'd at every Village we came to and Begg'd from Door to Door. My greatest Trouble was to see *Donna Luisa's* Feet Blister'd with Walking, and made her Rest often, and sometimes took her upon my Back to ease her. In this manner we went to *Badajoz*, a frontier City of *Castile*. We were forc'd to take up in the Hospital, having no Mony to pay for a Lodging. But we lay there only one Night, for the nex day an Accident befell us, which might be look'd upon as Fortunate, considering our Condition. It is to be observ'd, that the Magistrates of *Badajoz*, to the end the City may not swarm with Vagabonds, do appoint Inspectors to visit the Hospital every day, and to take a particular account of the Wants and of the Circumstances of all Strangers that repair to it. As soon as the Inspector, whose turn it was that day, saw *Donna Luisa*, he ask'd her what Country Woman she was. I answer'd, that we were both of *Valladolid*, and that we were Man and Wife, and then drew out the Certificate I had Forg'd at *Lisbon*. The Inspector having seen it, seem'd Satisfy'd, and ask'd us what brought us to *Badajoz*, and what was our Profession. *Donna Luisa* answer'd, that she was by Trade a Sempstrefs, and that she had always serv'd Persons of Quality; and that we were now come to *Badajoz*, to Settle there, if we could. The Inspector told us, that if what we said was true, he would take care of us, and if we did not want the Will, we should not want for Employment. Then he order'd one of his Servants to carry us to his House. We thank'd him, as the thing seem'd to deserve. And when he was gone, we desir'd the Servant to tell us his Master's Name and Quality. His Name is *D. Francisco de Furna*, said the Servant: He is of one of the best Families in this City; He is an old Batchelor, very Rich, who spends all he has in relieving the Poor. We were very glad we had met with that Inspector, from whom

whom we hop'd to receive some Relief. He came home soon after us. He ask'd us several Questions concerning our Marriage, and the Reasons that oblig'd us to leave *Valadolid*. He examin'd us apart, to try whether he could catch us tripping: But we had fram'd such a plausible Story, and got it so perfectly, that he thought us worthy of his Compassion. And therefore he hir'd a Chamber for us, and bought us all Utensils to keep House; besides, he gave us a Months subsistence in Mony, and Cloath'd us from Head to Foot. In short, he plentifully supply'd all our Wants. We were so sensible of his Goodness, that we gave him a thousand Blessings; but we were too Wicked to deserve that Heaven should suffer us to live happy long.

Tho' *Donna Luisa* wore only a plain Stuff Suit, yet she look'd very lovely, and I soon suspected *D. Francis de Fur-na* was in Love with her. 'Tis true, he had never yet in all his Discourse with her, let any thing fall that might be a ground to my Jealousie; but he seem'd to me to look upon her with a tender and passionate Eye; and perhaps because I was so fond of her, I fancy'd every body that saw her was in Love with her. *Donna Luisa*, who had not taken notice of what I had, made a Jest of my Observation. But one day I left her at home alone, she was convinc'd I was not Deceiv'd. *D. Francis* went to see her, and after talking of Indifferent things, looking on her very lovingly, he said; Madam, I cannot but blame you, you conceal from me who you are; but your Behaviour betrays you: You are too Witty and Polite, to be meanly Born, and your Husband has too much of the Air of Quality to be of low Birth: I am wholly yours, Madam; I offer you my Estate, and my Service: Is not this enough to deserve you should put some Confidence in me? *Donna Luisa* look'd down Blushing, and said; Sir, since I have receiv'd so many Favours at your hand, I can no longer conceal myself from you, and must own that my Husband and I, are of the best Families of *Toledo*; and to give you our Story in a Word, We Lov'd one another; but there being a mortal Hatred between our Families, we thought they would never give their consent for us to Marry; and therefore my Husband, after having Marry'd me privately, stole me away: We have liv'd some time at *Lisbon*, where we spent all our Mony Extravagantly, still hoping our Parents might be Reconcil'd, and that our Marriage might give them occasion of becoming Friends: But we are In-

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form'd, that they are greater Enemies than ever, and would use us with the utmost Severity, if we were in their power. This made us come to *Badajoz*, here to live Conceal'd, resolving to endure any Hardships whatsoever, rather than return to *Toledo*. *D. Francis* believ'd all that *Donna Luisa* said to him, and made her fresh tenders of his Service, but in such an earnest manner, that she had not reason to doubt any longer of his being in Love with her. The next day he sent her a piece of fine Silk to Cloath her, and a Purse of Ducats; and very few days pass'd without making her some Present.

As soon as we began to appear in better Garb, ill Tongues did not spare *Donna Luisa*, and it was believ'd that *Don Francis* had an unlawful Familiarity with her. Upon this Notion several Persons would be acquainted with *Donna Luisa*, and some stuck very close to her hoping to be admitted to share with *Don Francis*. So many Lovers began to be offensive to me, and I was many times in the mind to fight them; but considering the ill consequences it might have, I left it to *Donna Luisa* to contrive to rid me of my Rivals. She treated them so harshly, that part of them desisted; but others were the more inflam'd and redoubled their Courtship. By Day they follow'd us, where-soever we went, and spent the Nights under our Windows singing and playing on all sorts of Musical Instruments. All this seem'd to confirm the ill Reports spread abroad against *Donna Luisa's* Reputation, and we thought of nothing but the means of ridding our selves of the Gallants. At length one Night they Fought in the Street and one of them was left Dead upon the spot, which prov'd to be the Son of one of the Chief Magistrates of the City. As soon as the Nature of the thing was known, *Donna Luisa* was seiz'd and thrown into Prison. I should also have been apprehended, had I been at Home, but I was then at *Don Francis* his House, and as soon as ever I heard the News, fearing to fall into the Hands of Justice, which I had so much cause to be apprehensive of, I left *Don Francis* abruptly, and it being then Night got safe out of *Badajoz*, designing for *Merida*. I had scarce gone half way, when reflecting that *Don Luisa* was left behind expos'd to the utmost Calamities, it was not in my Power to withstand this apprehension, and therefore despising the danger that had terrify'd me at first, I return'd to *Badajoz* and went directly to *Don Francis* his House. He told me he had prevail'd by his Interest to have

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Donna Luisa set at Liberty, but that the very Night after she came out of Prison she vanish'd, and tho' he had made the most diligent search and enquiry, he could never hear of her. I presently fancy'd *Don Francis* had hid her; hoping he should prevail upon her when I was out of the way; but he seem'd so sincerely troubled for losing her, that I could not suspect him Guilty of that Fraud any longer. I spent several Years in seeking *Donna Luisa* in most parts of *Spain* and *Portugal*, and not finding her, I believ'd Heaven had taken Compassion on her, and inspir'd her with the thoughts of shutting herself up in some Monastery to lament her Sins. At the same time I felt I know not what Divine impulse, which carry'd me away. In short I went to *Rome*, and having receiv'd the Popes Absolution, as I desir'd, I return'd to *Spain* in the Habit you see, resolving to Dedicate the rest of my Days to Pennance to make amends for my past Disorders. I was desirous to become a *Carthusian*, but Providence having brought me hither seems to require me to follow the Example of *Donna Luisa*, and that like her I should Dye in this Solitude.

Don Gregory having ended his Discourse, the Curate commended his Resolution, and said it would be opposing the Will of God to contradict him. *Don Quixote* took upon him to talk in his Turn, and inveighing against such as blindly devote themselves to the Pleasures of Love, prov'd by a Thousand Instances gather'd out of History that Man could never be too much upon his Guard against that dangerous Passion. In short he made such an ingenious Harangue, that the Curate began to think all he had been told of the Knight was false, and the Hermit himself was so much surpriz'd at it, that he could not forbear saying. In truth Sir, there is no hearing without admiring you. How is it possible that being a Man of so much Sense and Judgment, as you have now made appear, you can conceit there ever really were any Knights Errant? Mr. Curate, continu'd he, you see here a Person of extraordinary worth, he has but one fault, which is that he will not be undeceiv'd as to the falshood of Books of Knight Errantry, but believes them to be true and Authentick. Pray assist me in convincing him of his Error. The Curate, who was a very Pious, and understanding Man offer'd to second the Hermit. Accordingly they both began to Discourse *Don Quixote*, and labour'd to undeceive him. They us'd all Arguments to dissuade him from continuing the Practice

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of Knight Errantry, alledging all that could in reason be urg'd in that point. They us'd intreaties, examples, persuasions. The Curate proceeded so far as to quote the Canons of the Church, and Brother *Stephen* cited the Constitutions of Ancient Anchorites. But all their Eloquence was lost, for the Knight growing into as great a Passion, as if they had perswaded him to permit the Giant *Bramarbas* to cut off his Head, and looking on the Clergyman with a Scornful Disdain, said. Pray, Mr. Curate, do you mind your Lectures, and take Notice that there have not only formerly been Knights Errant, but that there are such still, and will be to the end of the World in spite of all the Country Curates upon the Face of the Earth. And as for you Brother *Stephen*, or *Don Gregory*, continu'd he turning to the Hermit, or what other Name soever may be given to a Ravisher of Nuns, remember that I know better than you, whether the Books of Knight Errantry contain Truths, or Falshoods. You talk to no purpose. All your words will not move me. I am not so easie to be deluded as a poor silly Nun. Take my advice, and instead of losing time about what does not belong to you, begin that rigorous Pennance you design to perform immediately, for you stand in great need of it. Having spoke these words, he order'd *Sancho* to Bridle *Rocinante* out of Hand, and what ever they could say to him, he set out that Moment. The Soldier, who hitherto had observ'd an exact Neutrality, was now oblig'd to declare, that is, either to quit *Don Quixote*, or Brother *Stephen*, and therefore taking that side which was most for his Interest, he follow'd the Knt. who he reckoned would bear his Charges as far as *Siguenza*.

C H A P. IV.

The curious Discourse Don Quixote had with Bracamonte and Sancho. And the fine Story of the Geese.

THE Hero of *La Mancha* was so inrag'd against the Curate and the Hermit, that *Bracamonte* and *Sancho* had enough to do to appease him. Is it possible, said he, that I must every where meet with People, who call in question, whether ever there were Knights Errant? For my part, answer'd the Soldier, I never made any doubt of it, but I believe it as firmly, as if I had really seen them in Flesh and Bones. We must not speak ill of our Neighbours, but to say the truth I would not trust too much to Brother *Stephen*; perhaps he has been Debauch'd by Enchanters to cry down Chivalry. What do we know; A Man that could be so wicked as to steal a Nun, may be likely enough to contrive to Debauch a Knight from Knight Errantry. That's likely enough, quoth *Sancho*, and the Spark would come off again with going back to *Rome* for his Pardon. It may very well be, reply'd *Don Quixote*, for you can never imagine Mr. *Bracamonte* what contrivances Enchanters have to suppress Knight Errantry; and it is not long since Arch-Bishop *Turpin*, whom they have Brib'd for that purpose, employ'd all his Eloquence to perswade me to forsake this Noble Profession. Arch-Bishop *Turpin*, cry'd *Bracamonte* laughing; Good God, sure you don't say so. Is that Prelate in this World still; I thought he had been Dead I know not how many Ages ago. It was generally so believ'd till now, reply'd the Knight, because he vanish'd about 700 Years since. But I who am acquainted with all that relates to him, do know, that an Enchanter going over to *Asia* to seek him among many other Christian Princes, who had cross'd themselves to deliver the Holy City out of the Hands of Infidels, Inchanted him for some Ages. If so Sir, said *Bracamonte*, Enchanters have Power to prolong the Lives of those they Enchant. Who doubts of it, answer'd *Don Quixote*. Orlando has been so preserv'd by the Moorish Enchanter, as may appear by the Combat I had but the other Day with that *Paladin*. According to that, quoth the Soldier, the Enchanters themselves never Die.

Dye. They are not Immortal, reply'd the Knight, for all Mankind is subject to Death ; but Enchanters outlive hundreds of Ages : Years to them are like Moments to us, and therefore it is that they generally have venerable Aspects, and long grey Beards. Why then, quoth *Sancho*, in his turn, has the Moorish Enchanter a red Beard ? I durst lay a Wager, it is because he is not above seven or eight hundred Years old. That may very well be, said *Don Quixote*, for all Enchanters have not grey Beards, and some of them grow grey towards their latter days. But pray, Sir Knight, said the Soldier, tell us, to what purpose did the Negromancer Enchant Arch-bishop *Turpin* ? To dissuade me from Knight Errantry, reply'd *Don Quixote* ; and the whole matter was thus. The Enchanter even then foreseeing that I should follow Knight Errantry at this time, and might be a means to restore that Order, made choice of Arch-bishop *Turpin*, a crafty and eloquent Person, to dissuade me from it. To this purpose he inspir'd into him a perfect aversion to Knight Errantry, which he had till then profess'd with Honour ; and having at-length prevail'd with him to quit his Arch-bishoprick of *Reimes*, he gave him a Prebendary at *Ateca*, placing him there by the name of Master *Valentin*, as well knowing I should pass through that Place in the course of my Adventures. Ods my Life, quoth the Soldier, laughing at such a mad Conceit, then the Enchanter serv'd him a base trick, to make him quit an Arch-bishoprick for a Prebendary at *Ateca* : By my troth had I been the Arch-bishop, I would never have consented to so ill a Bargain ; that is as the Proverb says, for the Bishop to turn Clerk. Don't think much of that, quoth *Sancho*, for I have heard our Curate, who understands the ways of Sorcerers very well, say, That Enchanters will often make us take Oaken Leaves for pure Gold, and bits of Glafs for Diamonds, and therefore the Enchanter might very well make Master *Valentin* take a Prebendary for an Arch-bishoprick ; for let me tell ye, the Devil is very Crafty. I am of your Opinion, Brother *Sancho*, answer'd the Soldier, I believe the Magician has made that Juggle pass upon him. The cowardly Arch-bishop, said *Don Quixote*, made a very formal Harangue to me in his House, to dissuade me to forsake Knight Errantry ; but I listen'd to him as *Ulysses* did to the *Syrenes* Singing and left him abruptly.

Our Adventurers travell'd four good Leagues conversing after this manner, but began to be much fatigu'd with the Heat, which that day prov'd excessive. But particularly,

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larly,

larly, he that was a Foot not being able to go a step further for Weariness, apply'd himself to the Knight of *la Mancha*, saying, Sir, since the Sun is so very hot, that it scorches us to the very Bones, and there being but two Leagues from hence to the Village, where we must lye to Night, I would advise to get out of the Road, that we may rest a little under the Willows you see there. We may spend a few hours there in the Shade, on the bank of a pleasant Rivulet that washes the feet of those Trees, and when the Sun is somewhat lower, we may proceed on our Journey with more ease. The Advice was approv'd of, and more especially by *Sancho*, who from that time forward, look'd upon *Bracamonte* as a very Judicious Man. Accordingly they went to the Willows, where they found two Canons of *Calatayud*, and an Alderman of *Siguenza*, who were withdrawn thither with the same design of Resting themselves. They Saluted one another, and *Bracamonte* said to the Canons, Gentlemen, will you be pleas'd that the great Knight *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, take the cool Air a while with you in the Shade? As soon as ever the Canons heard the Knight of *la Mancha* nam'd, they Complimented him in the highest manner. The Adventure of the Melon Field had made such a noise throughout all the Country, that there was scarce any body but knew who *Don Quixote* was: Besides, the Canons had heard all that pass'd at Mr. *Valentin's*; so that they had the true Characters both of Master and Man. When they were seated on the Grass, the Knight said to them, Gentlemen, I am of Opinion, that to avoid Idleness, the bane of the best Dispositions, it were fit for us, whilst the Heavenly Charioteer abates the heat of his Rays, to divert ourselves with the relation of some considerable Story worthy the consideration of wise Men. That was well thought of, quoth *Sancho*, very abruptly; and if that be all, I'll tell a pretty Tale, for I have choice of them. And to begin, Gentlemen, You must understand there was and there was, and as I tell you of my Story, Evil be to him that Evil thinks. Hold your Peace, you Dunce, said *Don Quixote*, interrupting him in a Passion. Why don't you listen to these Gentlemen, and not go about to trouble them with your Impertinencies? The Canons, who were eager to hear *Sancho* talk, intreated the Knight to let him go on. Come good Master Squire, quoth one of them, proceed; I am convinc'd these Gentlemen will be as well pleas'd as myself, to hear you tell a Story your own way. Hark you, Master Licentiate, reply'd *Sancho*, you have

have touch'd a String that will make you musick enough : But if you will have me tell you Wonders, my Master *Don Quixote* must not cut me off short. Well, said the Knight, consider then what you are going to say ; do not trouble us with such a dull Relation as that you made to me in the Wood, where we found the six Giants converted into Fulling-Mills ; nor such an impertinent Tale as that of the Wandring *Toralva*, who follow'd the Shepher'd *Lope Ruiz* with a piece of a Comb and a broken Looking-glass, when he fled from her Gilding tricks : Nor such a tiresome Story as that of the Goats that lay down in the Dirt, and which have infected my Scent and Fancy. Nay, by my Faith, quoth *Sancho*, it is a sign those Tales were not so bad, since you remember them so well : And I am glad of it, for by that you will like this I am going to tell you the better. There was a certain King and a Queen, said he, who liv'd in their own Kingdom : All that was of the Male kind in that Kingdom, belong'd to the King, and all that was of the Female, as of right it ought, to the Queen. Now this King and this Queen had a Chamber as big as the Stable my Master *Don Quixote* keeps *Rocinante* in, in our Village : This Chamber was so full of white and yellow Royals, that they reach'd up to the Roof : So time coming and going, the King said to the Queen, My dear Queen, you see how much Mony we have, we ought to improve it, that we might buy more Kingdoms. The Queen presently answer'd, Honey King, I think it would not be amiss for us to buy Sheep. No, Queen, said the King, we had better buy Kine. No, King, quoth the Queen, it will turn to better account to deal in Swine at *Toboso* Fair. The King did not agree to it, and took a fancy always to say No, when his Wife said Yes. At last they agreed to buy Geese, reckoning by their Fingers that they would go into *Old Castile*, where there is great plenty of Geese, and where they might buy them for two Royals a-piece, and then sell them again at *Toledo* for four. What was said, was done. The King and Queen went with all their Mony into *Old Castile*, and bought such a world of Geese, such a world of Geese, that they cover'd the Ground for twenty Leagues round. Heaven confound thee and thy Geese, quoth *Don Quixote*, interrupting him a second time ; did not I tell you this Blockhead would tell us some impertinent Story ? The Canons fearing to lose such a curious Tale, appeas'd the Knight, and earnestly entreated him to let *Sancho* go on to the end. The Squire finding himself so well Back'd, without staying for leave,

went on after this manner. There was such abundance of Geese then, Gentlemen, that *Spain* was all cover'd with Geese, as the World was with Water, in *Noah's Flood*. The King and the Queen went along the Road driving their Geese with a Wand, till they came to River which had no Bridge. Then the King said to the Queen, and the Queen to the King, how shall we get our Geese over? For if we turn them into the Water, the Stream will carry them away to *Rome*, or *Constantinople*. The Queen said, That's right, we must advise with the Lawyers about it. But the King, who was a piece of a Scholar, said; We are hard put to it, we need only make a Bridge so narrow, that only one Goose can pass it at once, and by that means they will not straggle. The Queen approv'd of the King's Project, and the Workmen were set to work. When the Bridge was finish'd, the Geese began to pass one by one. *Sancho* stopping short here, his Master said to him. Get you over then with your Geese, you Dunce, and put an end quickly to your scurvy Tale. That cannot be, Sir, reply'd the Squire; Lord, how would you have a Flock of Geese twenty Leagues square, to get over in a Moment: It will take up at least two Years: And so Gentlemen, two Years hence Ile tell you the rest; for I deal plainly with you, I will not end my Tale till the Geese are all over. This unaccountable conclusion of a Story, set all that heard it a Laughing, except only the serious *Don Quixote*, who wish'd the Tale and the Teller, at the Devil.

The Canons were not at all weary of our Adventurers Company; but perceiving the Sun was now low enough, and that they had no more time than was absolutely requisite to carry them to *Calatayud*, they mounted their Mules, and departed after the usual Compliments upon such occasions. *Don Quixote* and his company for the same Reason, left the Willows, and went their way. The Alderman of *Siguenza* being upon his return Home, and intending to lye at the same Village with our Adventurers, bore them Company, concluding the Knight of *la Mancha* was really a Madman, tho' not knowing as yet what sort of Madness his was. But he was soon sufficiently inform'd by a strange Adventure, which they will see in the ensuing Chapter, who will take the pains to read it.

CHAP. V.

Of the strange and dangerous Adventures. D. Quixote's brave Squire had the boldness to attempt.

DON Quixote and his Company were got half way to the Inn where they were to lye, when passing by the side of a little Wood of Fir-trees, they heard a doleful Voice from among them, as it were of a Woman in Distress: They halted, the better to listen to it, and being near enough, heard these words distinctly, *Alas! unhappy Woman as I am, shall I find no Body to relieve me in this Extremity? Must I end my days miserably torn to pieces by the cruel Beasts that Inhabit this Place?* As soon as the Knight heard these words, he said to his Companions, Behold here, Gentlemen the most glorious and most dangerous Adventure I ever met with since I receiv'd the Order of Knighthood. This Wood we see, is Enchanted, and very difficult to be penetrated: The wise *Friston*, my ancient Enemy, has a large Den in it, where he keeps a great number of Knights and Princesses Enchanted; among whom is of late, the Wise *Urganda the unknown*: She is cruelly bound with mighty Iron Chains to a vast Mill-stone; which two deform'd Demons continually whirl about, and every time her Body violently strikes the Rock on which the Millstone stands, the terrible Pain she endures, makes her cry out as we have heard. This sort of Language seem'd very strange to the Alderman, who being naturally Innocent, with all imaginable Simplicity, said to *Don Quixote*. Sir Knight, Enchanters are not at all us'd in this Country, and I don't believe there is any thing of what you say in this Wood; all we can judge of it is, that some Highway-men have drag'd some Woman into the Wood, where they have Robb'd and Abus'd her; it behoves us to go in and see whether she is still in a condition to be help'd. Mr. Alderman, answer'd *Don Quixote* very sternly, don't you know I do not love to Contend, and especially with little Aldermen, who ought to hold their Peace before Knights Errant. *Bracamonte* to prevent any Contest, drew near the Alderman, and in few words told him what *Don Quixote* was, who as one deeply concern'd in *Urganda's* Deliverance, had already drawn his Sword, and was entring the Wood, saying, it only belong'd to him to finish that Adventure. But *Sancho* laying hold of *Rocinante's* Bridle, stopp'd his Master, and Kneel

down before him with his Cap in his Hand. *Don Quixote* judging by this Posture, that the Squire desir'd leave to speak, ask'd him what he had to say. Sir, reply'd *Sancho*, you saw how the other day, as we came out of *Zaragoza*, I made my Party good with Mr. *Bracamonte*; I humbly beseech you to leave this Adventure to me, that I may one day, by my own Feats, deserve to become a Knight Errant, and to be inserted as well as you in the Legend. I will go up fairly upon my Ass, to see who this Princess is, that makes such a grievous Complaint; and if I can catch that Scoundrel of *Friskin* our Enemy, Asleep, I'll drag him before you by the Collar, and will give him a score of good Bangs before he awakes. However, since none can tell who is to Live, or who is to Die, and that very often a Man is himself thorn when he goes for Wool, therefore I desire, that if my Dapple and I should fall in the Combat, we may be both Bury'd together. Friend *Sancho*, said *Don Quixote*, that you may see I desire nothing more ardently than your Advancement in Adventures, I am willing to grant you this one; but I cannot agree to give you up all the Honour of it, unless it be upon condition, that if you finish it, you shall lay aside your Peasants Habit, and cause your self to be Knighted by the King himself, as soon as we come to Court; that you may then mount a stately *Andalusian* Courser, and Arm'd at all Points enter the Lists to kill Giants, and Disenchant Knights and Ladies. Sir, reply'd the Squire, you need only slip the Hounds after the Hare; I am not a Man to be sent of a Fool's Errand; whensoever I shall be put to stir my Stumps, assure yourself I will do more in a Day, than two others shall in an Hour; and whatever Enemy I shall Engage, I can but contrive to have a good distance between us, and Stones enough in my way, you shall see I can make use of both my Hands; Victory shall be on my side, or I'll know why it shant; and in short, all those plaguy Giants shall be slain upon the spot, tho' there were a whole Bushel of them. Farewell dear Sir, give me your Blessing, for that is all the Signal I wait for to fall on. Go, my dear Child answer'd the Knight, the God of Hosts give you the Success I wish you. The Squire encourag'd by these words, went away directly upon his Expedition; but before he had gone a dozen Paces, he return'd towards his Master, saying; Sir, I had like to have forgot the best of it. Pray take notice of what I am going to say to you. If I have the ill Fate to fall into any great Danger, and cry out for help, do not fail to make haste to my

my Assistance, that yonder Scoundrel of *Friskin* may not have any cause to laugh at us. Fear nothing my Son, said *Don Quixote*, I'll be with you before you can be slain; or at least, I'll come in so soon after, that I'll revenge your Death the same Moment: That is not enough Sir, reply'd *Sancho*, you must be at my Heels before the Giants come within a Stone's throw of me. In short, when you hear me cry Hither, Hither, that shall be a sign there is no time to lose, and that I am then actually Dead. *Sancho*, *Sancho*, answer'd *Don Quixote*, you'll do no Wonders this bout, since you are so much Afraid. Pshoo pox, said the Squire, you talk at Random, Sir, I am not yet Knighted, and you'd have me attack a million of Giants, as if they were a dozen of Chickens. But since I have engag'd myself, I must on; there is no running after the Pudding when another has got it betwixt his Teeth. Having spoke these words, the courageous Squire entred the Wood. He had not been a Moment there, before he began to cry out Hither, Hither, they Kill me, they Murder me. *Don Quixote* hearing these Cries, clapp'd both Spurs to *Rocinante*, and rush'd into the Wood, follow'd by the Soldier and the Alderman. But being come up to *Sancho*, and finding him peaceably seated on his Ass, the Knight ask'd him what Disaster he had met with. Well done, answer'd the Squire, you are a Man of your Word; I have seen nothing as yet, God be thank'd, and I only cry'd out, to see whether you would come at the first Call; and so Gentlemen, you may go back; for I will now finish the Adventure.

To conclude he went on further and soon heard these words utter'd just by him. O Holy Mother of God! will you send no Body this way to release me. Good Honest Country-Man deliver me from the Danger I am in. The Young Novice Knight looking about towards the place whence the Voice came, spy'd a Woman Naked to her Smock, and bound to a Tree. This sight put him into such a Consternation that he fell down plum from his Ass, and began to run as fast as ever he could; without minding which way, crying out. Help, Murder. Now Master *Don Quixote* your trusty Squire is slain. *Don Quixote* and the other two, who were gone out of the Wood, return'd immediately, and found poor *Sancho* in such disorder and confusion, that he tumbled every step he gave and scratch'd his Face against the Bushes. *Bracamonte* laid hold of his Arm and had enough to do to stop him, for he struggled with all his might to get out of the Wood. What is the matter Sir Future

Knight, quoth the Soldier? O good Mr. *Bracamonte*, reply'd *Sancho* do not forsake me, I beseech you; for all the Souls in Purgatory are at my Heels. My sinful Eyes have seen one bound to a Pine Tree, and clad in White, as our Curate describes them; and had I not made use of my Heels, and recommended my self to the good Thief, she had swallow'd me like a Pill, for she has not eaten any thing else these six Thousand Years, but only my Ass, who is certainly devour'd, since I see him not. *Don Quixote* and the Alderman began to search all about, and *Sancho* crying out to them to look to themselves, the Woman that was bound hearing a Noise about her; conceiv'd some hope of relief, and began her complaints again. *Don Quixote* and his Companions spying her at last, drew near to her, only the Squire kept behind the Soldier, and durst not look at her but only by stealth. However he could not forbear saying, quaking as he was. Madam Soul, be pleas'd to restore me my *Dapple*, or I swear to you by the *Flisantorum*, that my Master *Don Quixote* will fetch him out of your Maw with his Lance. Peace *Sancho*, said *Bracamonte* laughing, This Lady Soul, is an honest and conscientious Soul, and has stole nothing from you. See there your Ass is Grazing very quietly. All this while the Knight of *la Mancha* earnestly view'd that wretched Woman, whose Body seem'd to be all over full of Bruises with beating. When he had ey'd her for some time, he said to *Bracamonte* and the Alderman. Gentlemen, I own I was deceiv'd. This Lady you see is not the Wife *Organdela*, but the Famous *Zenobia*, that great Queen of the *Amazons*. She went from her Pallace this Morning, attended by the Principal Ladies of her Court to divert her self with Hunting. Her Retinue was great. She was clad in a Rich Green Velvet Embroider'd with Gold and precious Stones, holding an Ebony Bow in her Hand, and at her Back hung a Quiver full of gilded Arrows. She was mounted on a *Tartarian* white Horse, Dappled with Black and Red, who made his Bit all white with Foam, and the Air resound with his Gneying. Her Beautiful flaxen Hair, cover'd with a slightly Cap adorn'd with white and yellow Feathers, play'd in the wind in large Tresses on her Shoulders. Being intent in pursuit of a fierce Bear, that had already devour'd some of the Dogs, the swiftness of her Horse soon parted her from her Company. She lost her self in this Wood, and having alighted to refresh her self on the Bank of a Christal Bank, which is but a little way off, she was surpriz'd by a Troop

of insolent Giants, who have taken away her mighty Courser, Robb'd her of her Cloaths and Jewels, and then bound her in her Smock to this Tree, as you behold. Therefore Mr. *Bracamonte* unbind her quickly, and let us hear from her Royal Mouth the particulars of this Adventure. The Soldier obey'd his Commands out of Hand, to the great Comfort of the poor Wretch, who was not so well pleas'd with the Knights Relation as the Soldier and the Alderman were.

C H A P. VI.

Which continues the Account of the Happy Deliverance of Queen Zenobia, otherwise call'd Barbara Hackt-Face.

QUEEN *Zenobia* was near Fifty Years of Age, and besides that she had a Hanging look, her right Cheek was adorn'd with a long Scar of a Gash, or Cut, which reach'd to her Ear, and which it is likely she receiv'd in the prime of her Age, for her Holy Life, and Modest Words. The Soldier having view'd her well, said to *Don Quixote*, I can assure you Sir, this Lady has nothing of the Air, nor is she in her Face any thing like Queen *Zenobia*, and I am much mistaken, if I have not seen her at *Alcala* among the little Tippling Houses, and I think her Name is *Barbara Hackt-Face*, or something like it. You have said all in a word, Mr. Soldier, quoth the Princess, that is my Name, and God Reward you for your seasonable relief. The Alderman considering whar a posture the Queen of the *Amazones* was in, whose proper Name as has been said was *Barbara Hackt-Face*, alias *Machicon* the Tripe Woman, Charitably took off his Cloak to cover her, that she might appear more Decently in the Town where they were to lye that Night. *Barbara* put it about her without any Ceremony, and judging by *Don Quixote's* Garb, and that Air of Authority he took upon him over the rest, that it was to him she ought to make her Compliment, she said to him, Sir Knight, I return you Thanks for your Generous relief, had it not been for you and this Noble Company, Heaven was pleas'd to bring this way, I must infallibly have Dy'd this Night. *Don Quixote* with a great deal of Gravity answer'd her

her thus. Beautiful *Zenobia*, mighty Queen, whose Valour was so dreadful to the Famous Princes of *Greece*, and so advantageous to the *Sultan of Babylon*, whom you assisted against the Warlike Emperor of *Constantinople*, I think myself happy this Day that it was in my Power to do you this small Service, till I can perform greater. The Queen, who, as yet, did not know *Don Quixote*, thought his Compliment very strange, and not knowing how to answer it, said, Sir Knight, I must beg your Pardon for taking the freedom to tell you that I am nothing a-kin to Queen *Zenobia*, nor the *Sultan of Babylon*; but if you call me so in Derision, because I am Old, you must understand there was a time when I was not Despis'd. When I was a young Wench at *Alcala*, the finest Schollars in the University were as fond of me as of their own Eyes. True it is that ever since a great Dog of a Regent, God Reward him in this World, or in the next, made this Mark you see in my Cheek, I was not so much in vogue as before; and yet for all that I have liv'd merrily enough; for every Apple that has a blemish is not Rotten. O Heavens! O just Heavens! cry'd the Knight of *la Mancha*, what do I hear? I never was so sensible of the need there is of Knight Errantry, as I am at present; do but observe Mr. *Bracamonte*, how far the malignity of Enchanters extends; those vile Wretches thought it not enough to cause this Beautiful Queen to be inhumanly stripp'd and ty'd to a Tree, by a parcel of Giants, the proper instruments of their Malice; but they have also Distracted her, by their Sorceries blotting out of her Memory all the Ideas of her Grandeur, they make her think she is Old, Ugly, has Scars on her Face, is of the meanest Condition, and of a very Lewd Conversation. The Enchanted Tripe-Woman a little Nettled at these last words of *Don Quixotes*, said to him. Sir Knight, with your leave, I am not quite such a Lewd Liver as you have been inform'd; for tho I have a little wrong'd my Honour, yet I never did any Body harm. Cease, Great Princess, cease to debase your high Birth and the Majesty of your Race, Quoth *Don Quixote*, I know you think your self a poor Wretch, a Servant to a Tippling House, if you please, because the vile Enchanters have cast a Mist before the light of your understanding; but I am not to be impos'd upon, I still in you behold that mighty Queen *Zenobia*, whose Valour is equal to her Beauty; God forbid I should be so unjust as to believe, you could ever stoop to prostitute your matchless perfections to Scholars, or even to Regents; when I know

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the greatest Princes of the East have pin'd for Love of you, and the brave *Hyperborean* of the floating Islands has perform'd so many Glorious Exploits for your sake. On him alone ought you to lavish your Favours to requite the Victory he obtain'd over the four Brass Giants, and the fiery Fantome, which guarded the Chrystal Tower, in which the Wise *Pamphus*, the King your Fathers Enemy kept you enclos'd by his Magical Power.

Bracamonte and the Alderman were amaz'd to hear *Don Quixote* talk so extravagantly. As for *Sancho*, he being recover'd of his Panick Fear, and finding nothing in *Barbara* to answer his Masters fine Speech, could not forbear saying. By Dapples Soul, Sir, you don't consider what you say. Why where the Devil are all those Beauties you see in this Lady Trollop! I have view'd her all over, and God knows what I see. I'll be Hang'd, if my Ass had but a Hood on, if he would not look more like a Princess than she, and I'll lay a Wager Mr. *Bracamonte* and the Alderman are of my Mind. I don't Question it, said *Don Quixote*, but be not deceiv'd my Friend. The Queen appears to me, as well as you, Ugly, Old, Ungain'd and Impudent, because the Eyes of the Body are charm'd by *Pamphus* the Enchanter; but I make use of the Eyes of the understanding to frame a true Judgment of the rare Qualities of this Princess. I lift my self above the Senses and by means of a peculiar privilege inherent to Knight Errantry, which ever tends directly to the Truth, I discover in this, to outward appearance, disagreeable Object, a Complexion of Lillies and Roses intermixt, a Head of delicate Fair Hare more Beautiful than *Apollo's*, Heavenly Conquering Eyes, Coral Lips, Teeth like Oriental Pearls, a Neck and Arms as white as Alabaster, a pleasing and delightful Air, a charming Smile, a curious Shape, a Majestick Mien, and easie Modest Action. In short *Sancho*, when I shall have overcome *Pamphus's* Enchantment, you will perceive which of us was in the right. Nay, I have done with you Sir, reply'd the Squire, you are an absolute Master at those things, but is it possible that *Dame Barbara*, with her great Scar, and her Tann'd Leather Hide, should have Coral Eyes and Teeth, and all the rest you talk of! Well I long to be a Knight, that I may see things otherwise than they really are.

This Dialogue had not ended so soon, but that the Alderman put *Don Quixote* in mind, that the Sun was set, and it was time to go on their way. Then the Knight said to his Squire, *Sancho* bring Dapple hither, and let him have

have the Honour this Day to serve the Queen instead of a White Palfrey. This said he gravely Saluted *Zenobia* and went away before alone, to meditate the Revenge he would take of *Pamphus*. *Sancho* willingly obey'd his Master. He brought his Ass, and lying down on all four, that the Queen might mount with more Ease. Lady Princess, said he, you may set your Feet on my Back and mount *Dapple*. He is so gentle, that he would not wrong a Child; but, the Duce take me, added he looking up under her Nose, I did not know you was so handsome. Lord how I long to see you with the Eyes of the understanding, for to deal plainly with you that Regent *Pompous* has made you as Ugly as *Lucifer*. *Barbara* did not well like that Compliment, and therefore in Revenge, being of a Gigantick Stature, as she was mounting *Dapple*, she trod so hard upon the poor Devil of the Squire, that she overthrew and half crippled him. Help, cry'd *Sancho* falling, I am a Dead Man! What is the matter, quoth the Soldier, going to help him up. O Master *Bracamonte*, answer'd *Sancho*, that Damn'd Whore of a Queen has broke two of my Ribs at least. Would the Dogs had eaten her to her Fingers ends. Fair and softly *Sancho*, reply'd *Bracamonte* laughing, pray pay Queen *Zenobia* more respect, and don't Fancy it was she that hurt you. She is too tender a Princess, and has such a delicate light Foot that she scarce treads down the Grass or Flowers. O ho, Mr. Soldier, cry'd *Sancho*, you talk like a Knight Errant and a body would think you saw the Queen with the Eyes of your Understanding. No doubt of it, quoth *Bracamonte*, for there being no other difference betwixt a Soldier and a Knight, but only the Dubbing, all Martial Men enjoy most of the Priviledges belonging to Knight Errantry, and particularly that you speak of, but if you'll be advis'd by me, we will talk no more of this matter; but, as we Travel on to our Lodging will listen to the Queen, who is going to tell us how she fell into this misfortune. Mrs. *Barbara*, added he directing his Discourse to the *Amazon*; pray, if you please, tell us what Robber has us'd you so ill, and why you left *Alcala*, where you liv'd like a Queen? Did you then see me, Mr. Soldier, said *Barbara*, in the time of my Prosperity? Was you ever in my Shop? Did you ever eat any of that pure fry'd Tripe I us'd to dress so curiously? No, reply'd *Bracamonte*, but I was then a Commoner in the Colledge of the three Languages, and I remember you were reckon'd the best in the World at Soucing of Hogs Feet, and making black Puddings.

dings. Black Puddings, quoth *Sancho* in a Rapture. Nay Faith, if her Majesties Grace, has such a knack at making of black Puddings, I'll hire her this Moment to be my Cook in my Government. With all my Heart, quoth *Barbara*, and I assure you I'll make you such rare black Puddings and such dainty Hotchpoes that you'll lick your Fingers after them. God be prais'd, said the Squire, I could wish I were at that sport already. But, may it please your Majesty, to tell us the cause of your mis-adventure. *Barbara*, who never deny'd any Man, soon granted the request, and said.

Since you desire it, Gentlemen, you must understand, that my Mother, being convinc'd there is no better Inheritance than a good Education, taught me to make black Puddings, to Souse Hogs Feet, and to fry Tripe. So that before she Dy'd, she had the satisfaction of seeing me in a way to get my Living. I had a little Cooks-Shop in the Tavern Street, whether the scent of my Cookery drew abundance of Schollars. Among the rest there was one, who would a made a curious picture, and was about 23 Years of Age. I found him so Courteous and Civil, and grew so fond of him, that I was never well any longer than I was in his Company. I treated him like a Prince at Meals, and I bought him Books, Shoes, Stockings, Bands, and in a word, whatever he wanted, nor was he sparing, but had every thing he could ask. When he had liv'd with me in this manner almost a Year, he told me one Day, making much of me, that he must go to *Zaragoza*, where he had some Estate, and if I would go with him, he was so in Love with me, that he would Marry me. Lord what Fools Women in Love are! I had so little Wit, that without thinking any harm. I told him I would follow him to the *Antipodes*. Accordingly the very next Day I began to sell all my Goods, being the Furniture of two Rooms, and a good quantity of Linnen, which brought me Fourscore Ducats. In short, we left *Alcala* yesterday; but the Devil being in him, as we were passing by this Wood this Morning he propos'd to go into it to take the cool Air, God grant he may take it after the same manner, but I will not Curse him; for perhaps we may chance to meet again, and I am apt to believe that should he Repent, God forgive me, I could Love him again. Well, into the Wood I went with that Villain, who looking stern on a sudden, and drawing his Dagger, bid me deliver all the Money I had, and because I did not comply soon enough to his mind, he began to pinch my Nose and Ears, to cuff me over the Face with his Fist, and

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to hunch my Belly with his Knees, saying, you Old Witch will you be quick, will you make haste and deliver me the Money you have got so ill, and which I know better how to spend? I must confess I am still in a Passion, when I call to mind the ill Language he gave me; and he Ly'd like a Rogue, when he call'd me Witch; for tho' I was (a) ty'd to the Ring upon the Steps of the Church of *Santa Justa*, I may thank some of my Neighbours, who did me that good turn, and swore falsely against me. A Pox choak them for a parcel of envious Jades! But I was Reveng'd of one of them, for I poyson'd a pretty little Dog she had. Lord, Madam Queen, quoth *Sancho* interrupting her, what harm had the poor Beast done you? Was it he that Swore falsely against you? No, reply'd *Barbara*, but they that can't hurt the Master are Reveng'd on the Dog. There is no reason for that, answer'd the Squire, the Vicar is not bound to pay the Curates Debts. I grant it, quoth *Hacket-Face*, but to return to my Story; when I found there was no way to appease that Wretch that abus'd me without complying with him, I deliver'd him my Fourscore Ducats to a Farthing. But yet that did not content him, he stripp'd me to my Smock, and tying me to a Tree, went away with all my Cloaths. Oh the confounded Son of a Woman, cry'd *Sancho* what say you to that Mr. *Bracamonte*? Ought not I to go from College to College to find that outrageous Schollar, and Challenge him to fight Man to Man, or Ten to Ten? I vow by the Order of Errant Squireship I profess, that I will cut off his Head, and carry it sticking upon the point of a Lance to a Tilting. All I am afraid of, for a Man must have a care when he gathers a Rose that he does not prick his Fingers, is least I should meet with some plaguy Schollars, like those I met in a College at *Zaragoza*. The Cursed Dogs! One of those Rakes, whom Heaven burn like *Gomorrah*, gave me such a furious cuff on my left Jaw, that my Cap fell off, and as I was stooping to take it up, another gave me such a Kick on the Breech, that I came over upon my Nose. Nor was that all; for when I got up there pour'd down upon my Face such a Shower of Glanders that I knew not which way to turn my self.

(a) A part of the Punishment inflicted on Persons convicted of Witchcraft, or Superstitious Practices.

C H A P. VII.

How Don Quixote alarm'd a whole Village, where the Fright was much more than the Hurt.

*S*Ancho's Hand being once in a talking, he never gave over, till coming into the Village, they found the Knt. of *la Mancha* at the Door of the Inn, with a considerable number of People about him, very earnestly holding forth after this manner. Brave Warriors, whose Valour and Vigilance defend this Famous City, I come to warn you to make ready for Battle. The Enchanter *Pamphus* will soon be at your Gates with a dreadful Army of Giants. He designs to Ravish from us the Chast Queen *Zenobia*, to expose her again to a cruel Death, from which my invincible Arm has but now deliver'd her. Let us not suffer such an indignity, my Friends, to be put upon the most amiable Princess in the World. Stand by me, and we will easily rout *Pamphus* and all his Giants, and will pursue them to the farthest parts of their Dominions. But take heed, I intreat you, lest Emulation in point of Valour, and about dividing the Kingdoms we shall Conquer from them, do not sow Discord and Animosities among you; for it is absolutely necessary that we be always Unanimous to put a happy end to this War. The Inhabitants of the Village were so amaz'd at what *Don Quixote* said, that they knew not what to think of him. Some look'd upon him as a Madman; but others by his Rich Armour, and grave Discourse thought he was some famous General, the King had appointed to command his Army against *France*, which was then reported to be about breaking with *Spain*. All they could not understand was the coming of the Enchanter *Pamphus*, and the Protection of Queen *Zenobia*, and they were about Enquiring into it, when they saw a Coach drawn by six Mules attended by five, or six Men a Horseback coming from towards *Siguenza*. As soon as ever *Don Quixote* spy'd that Company, he cry'd out in a Martial Tone. To Arms, my Friends, to Arms.

Behold, here the Enchanter coming towards us with all his Forces. Those that had been Banter'd by the first part of the Knight's Discourse, were Fools enough to fancy the Enemy was at hand; and as generally it happens, that fear mul-

multiplies Objects, that small Retinue look'd to them like an Army. They were all full of Confusion, and began to run into their Houses for such Weapons as they had; but *Bracamonte* and the Alderman set all right, by telling them that *Don Quixote* was a poor Distracted Gentleman, that was going to the Hospital at *Toledo*, to be Cur'd. In the mean while, the Knight had Posted himself in the midst of the Street, cover'd himself with his Buckler, clapt his Lance into the Rest, and courageously waited to encounter the Enemy: But the Soldier to prevent any Disaster, came up to the Knight, and said, Noble *Don Quixote*, no Man knows better than your self, that it is always requisite to view the Numbers, and the Disposition of an Army before Engaging, and therefore give me leave to advance upon Discovery. You may stay here, I will observe the Enemy so near at hand, that you shall not fail of a particular Account of them. The Knight of *la Mancha* approving of what he said; the Soldier went towards the Coach, and when he was near enough, desir'd leave to speak to those that were in it, to give them an account of *Don Quixote's* Madness; but as soon as he cast his Eyes upon a Gentleman who was in the Coach with two Ladies, he was struck dumb with Surprize, and could not speak one word. The Gentleman was no less Amaz'd to see the Soldier; but after viewing him well, he sat close to the door of the Coach, and reaching out his Arms to him, said, Oh my Brother, my dear *Bracamonte*, is it you! The wretched condition I see you in, does not hinder me from knowing you.

They Embrac'd one another several times, weeping for Joy they had met; for they had not seen one another in fifteen Years, and were in care for one another. After their Father's Death, they had divided betwixt them a small Inheritance; and the Soldier, who was the Youngest, took to the Army: But tho' he had behav'd himself bravely in *Flanders*, yet he had gain'd nothing but the Honour of his Actions. The Elder, whose Name was *Don Raphael de Bracamonte*, was now returning from *Peru* very Rich, and with two Ladies, one of which was his Wife, and the other his Mother-in-law. In short, the two Brothers had never enough of Embracing one another, and that with the greatest transports of Joy that could be imagin'd from Kindred and true Friendship. As soon as the Ladies understood who the Solder was, tho' his Garb would not much honour their Kindred, yet they show'd him so much Civility, that he had enough to do to make suitable returns.

Whilst

Whilst this happen'd, *Don Quixote* perceiving the Soldier did not return, and fancying he had been taken by the Enemy, advanc'd to rescue him, and spur'd on towards the Coach, but before he could come up to it, the Soldier had in a few words acquainted his Brother and the Ladies with his Madness, and having thus prepar'd them to receive him, he let him draw near, and then with a loud Voice said, Sir Knight, whose redoubted Arm has Thunderstruck more Giants than ever *Jupiter* did, you must understand that the Enchanter *Pamphus* is not here. All these Gentlemen you see are no Enemies to the Princess *Zenobia*, but on the contrary, it is the Queen her Mother, who is in the Coach, attended by a Damsel and a Squire, and she comes to return you Thanks for having deliver'd her Daughter from a certain Death, she could not have avoided, but by your undaunted Courage. *Don Quixote* hearing these words, drew near to the Coach, and after Saluting the Ladies Gravely, without alighting from his Horse, or giving them time to speak, he directed his Discourse to *Don Raphael's* Mother-in-Law, saying; Great Queen, who may boast that you have brought forth the most famous Princess in the World, as being Mother to the peerless Princess *Zenobia*; I am sorry you have left your Dominions for my sake, and undergone the fatigue of so long a Journey: I have not yet done any thing worthy your acknowledgement; but I hope when I have overcome the Giant *Bramarbas Ironsides*, King of *Cyprus*, in single Combat, I hope I say, I shall then cause the Infanta, your Daughter, to be Crown'd Queen of that delicious Island, formerly the place of Abode of the Goddess of Love. Tho' *Zenobia's* Mother was fore-warn'd of the Knight's extravagant Humour, yet she knew not what Answer to make him: But the Soldier, to ease her of that trouble, told *Don Quixote*, that the Queen was much Tir'd, and therefore they must make haste to the Inn, where they might Discourse more at their Ease. When they came to it, *Don Quixote* would needs himself introduce the Queen of the Amazons to the Ladies, who were not a little Surpriz'd, seeing her, as she still was, wrapp'd up in the Alderman's Cloak: Which the Knight perceiving, he said, I am not at all Amaz'd, that you should look for the lovely *Zenobia*, when you have her before you, or that her own Mother should not know her. This horrid Metamorphosis is the work of the Enchanter *Pamphus*; but I swear by all that is most Sacred in Knight Errantry, that I will dispel the fatal Spells which surround this Renowned Queen,

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and will soon restore her to her former Beauty. *Don Raphael's* Mother-in-Law having had leisure to study a Compliment, applauded the Knight's generous Resolution, and spoke to him in such Language as fully convinc'd our Hero that she was *Zenobia's* Mother.

At this time *Sancho*, who till now had been in the Stable, or in the Kitchen, came into the Room all in a Heat, clapping his Hands for Joy, and crying, Good News, my Masters, good News; We shall be all Litter'd up to our Bel-lies. Why, what is the matter *Sancho*, said *Don Quixote*, have you found out where the Giants are that Stripp'd the Queen? That's well enough, I faith, quoth the Squire, that's likely to be the matter that pleases me. Perhaps it is, reply'd the Knight, that *Bramarbas* is come to this Village, for us to put an end to our Combat. God deliver us, answer'd *Sancho*, I have better News than all that, what I can tell you, is, that I saw a delicate Sloop below stewing upon the Fire, and it is that has Rejoic'd me. Scoundrel, said *Don Quixote* in a Passion, can't you open your Mouth without discovering your Greediness? Then turning to the Ladies, the Knight intreated them to forgive his Squire's Impertinence, and fell into a Discourse with them, which held till Supper. In the mean while, the Soldier, who had acquainted his Brother with *Sancho's* Ingenuity, drew him into the corner of the Room, and in the Presence of *D. Raphael*, said to him; Dear *Sancho*, we have a great deal of Business upon our hands; perhaps you don't know who that old Lady is your Master is talking with: She is a Princess, my Friend, She is Queen *Zenobia's* Mother. Master *Bracamonte*, quoth *Sancho*, throw that Bone to another Dog: You must not make me believe the Moon is made of Green Cheese: Faith, I remember very well, that her Ladyship the Queen, told us a while ago, that her Mother was Dead. That's true, answer'd the Soldier, but have you forgot already that *Pamphus* the Enchanter has put the Princess *Zenobia* beside her self? Nay, don't you observe, that all the Story she told us from first to last, is not to be look'd upon as any other than a Fable the said Enchanter has put into her Head. By my Soul, I am sorry for it, reply'd *Sancho*, for if so, I durst lay a Wager, she has forgot how to make Black-puddings. Nay, as for the Black-puddings, quoth the Soldier Laughing, it is possible she may know how to make them still; for the Princess was nicely bred. But be it as it will, there is her Mother, who has been thanking your Master for releasing of Queen *Zenobia*.

Zenobia. In troth, quoth the Squire, looking upon the Ladies, I am glad of it: And who is that young Damsel by her? It is her Maid of Honour, said the Soldier, and this is her Squire, added he, pointing to *D. Raphael*. *Sancho* Saluted him, and they soon grew acquainted. When Supper was ready, there arose a Controversy about sitting down to Table. *D. Raphael's* Mother-in-law having seated herself at the upper end, said to *Don Quixote*, Sir Knight, will you give my Damsel and Squire leave to Sup with us, that they may boast they had the honour of Eating with the Great *Don Quixote*. The Knight having given his consent by a gracious Nodd, *D. Raphael* and his Wife, sat down by *Zenobia*; the Alderman and young *Bracamonte*, by *Don Quixote*. All were seated but *Sancho*, who drawing a Chair, took his Place without any Ceremony, at the lower end, saying with a loud Voice to his Master; Sir, since you give leave for the Princess's Squire to eat with you, perhaps she will give me leave to eat with her; and why not? I am a Christian as well as another; and God be prais'd, I han't the Itch: So Gentlemen, added the Squire without Ceremony, faint Heart never won fair Lady. Here the wise *Alisolan* makes a good Remark. He says, *Don Quixote* was not at all displeas'd at *Sancho's* taking this Liberty, because the Knight being naturally very Haughty, he was glad that his Squire should be as much honour'd as the Princess's. There was no other Discourse at Supper but concerning Knight Errantry; and the Soldier having order'd his Brother's Servants that waited at Table, to ply *Sancho* with Wine pretty often; the honest Squire was soon put into a pleasant Humour, and diverted the Company very much, telling them his Masters unheard of Exploits, who concluded the favourable Attention they gave to his Squire's Relation, was all in honour of him. When it was time to go to Bed, the Inn-keeper show'd the two Ladies into the best Room in the House, and the Hostess led *Barbara* into a Closet, which look'd out over the Stables. The two *Bracamontes* stay'd in the Room, where they had Supp'd; the Alderman went to Bed in another, and *Sancho* was show'd into the Garter. *Don Quixote*, who could smell out an Adventure at a great distance, resolv'd to watch in his Armour in the Court of the Inn, to guard the Princess, because, he said, he foresaw, that *Pamphus* the Enchanter would come to try to steal away *Zenobia*.

C H A P. VIII.

The Story of Don Raphael de Bracamonte.

WHEN the two *Bracamontes* were left alone to themselves, they began to ask one another what had befallen them since their Fathers Death parted them. For my part, said the Soldier, I have serv'd ever since in *Flanders*, and was always unfortunate. Which is all I can tell you at this time. But as for you Brother I find you in such a flourishing Condition, that I am impatient till I hear, where, and in what manner you have advanc'd your self so considerably. I shall satisfy your Curiosity, reply'd *Don Raphael*, and acquaint you with such things as it most highly concerns me to conceal from all the World; but I will hide nothing from a Brother I love so entirely, as I do you; and besides all that relates to my Honour concerns you as much as my self. Then he began his Story as follows.

You know we two parted, after dividing the small Fortune *Don Bernard* our Father left us. You went away for *Flanders*, and I to *Corunna*, where I Shipp'd my self Aboard the first Vessel that Sail'd for *Peru*. When I arriv'd at *Nombre de Dios*, I there found very many *Spaniards*, all designing for *Lima*; but hearing that *Gonzalo Pizarro*, had made himself Master of that Kingdom, we durst not go thither. Tho' we were very eager to make our Fortunes, yet we were too Loyal to side with *Pizarro*, and therefore stay'd a considerable time at *Nombre de Dios*, without knowing which way to bestow our selves. At last we understood there was one *Melchior Verdugo*, a Spanish Commander come to *Panama*. He came to rowze up the Kings Loyal Subjects, and to raise Forces against *Pizarro*. This was enough for us, we immediately went away to *Verdugo* at *Panama*. He receiv'd us with extraordinary Tokens of Joy and Affection, and asking every one of us from what part of *Spain* he came, as soon as I told him my Country and my Name, he embrac'd me, saying he was also of the City *Avila*, and had been formerly my Fathers particular Friend. *Verdugo* was a mighty Rich Man, all the Province of *Caxamalca* was his, and he was then the only Man in *Peru* able to cope with *Pizarro*. I presently resolv'd to stick to *Verdugo*, and soon understood his Humour so well, that in less than a Year I had so insinuated my self into his Favour that he entirely

entirely confided in me. I shall not go about to tell you the particulars of our Success against several Officers of *Pizarro* he sent to oppose us. That would take up too much time, and I am not now to give you an account of the Wars in *Peru*. I shall only tell you that the King hearing of the troubles of that Kingdom pitch'd upon the Licentiate *Peter Gasca*, one of the Council of the Inquisition, a Man of known Wisdom, and whose prudence had been try'd in several Negotiations. His Majesty sent him to *Peru*, with the Title of President of the Supream Council, and full Power to use such means as he should judge most expedient for restoring Peace in that Country. As soon as the President came to *Nombre de Dios*, and it was known in *Panama*, on what account he was going to *Peru*, all Persons openly declar'd for the King, and even some of *Pizarro's* Officers came to him declaring they were resolv'd to submit themselves to his Majesty. The President thank'd them in the Kings Name, assuring them his intention was to Pardon the Rebels, provided they return'd to their Duty. *Pizarro's* best way had been to embrace his Majesties Mercy ; but he obstinately stood out and refus'd to submit. Then the President rais'd Forces, joyn'd *Verdugo*, and we fought *Pizarro*, who was routed at *Xaquixaguana*, and afterwards executed. After his Death and the entire subduing of his Parry, the President punish'd those that had supported him, and divided their Estates among us. I had a good share in this Dividend, and settled at *Potosi*, where there had been very Rich Mines lately discover'd. These are silver Mines, but the Veins are so large, and the Metal so fine, that they yield more than all the others in *Peru*. In short an Hundred Weight of Ore, yielded Fourscore (b) Marks of Plate, which is very extraordinary. I contracted with my *Indians* to pay me two Marks a Week each, and to keep the rest for their Wages, which they did with such ease, that they got more themselves than they pay'd me. I did not let slip such an opportunity of enriching my self, and in Eight Years time had gather'd above an Hundred Thousand Crowns. I had a great mind to return into *Spain* to live comfortably with you, and let you share in my Fortune, and therefore I parted with my *Indians*, and went away to *Lima* with all my Treasure. There I found some other *Spaniards*, who having, like me, made their Fortunes in *Peru*, were very desirous to return to their own Country. We join'd Com-

(b) A Mark is Eight Ounces.

panies, hir'd a Ship, and put Aboard our Effects. *Verdugo*, who was then at *Lima*, us'd all his Endeavours to dissuade me from my Resolution; but I would not give Ear to him, and went Aboard.

We set Sail with a fair Gale, and had no reason to doubt of a good Voyage; nay we came in sight of the Port of *Panama*, but the Sailers joy cost us dear; for the Captain having made his Crew drink to excess, and the Pilot being Drunk, there was so little care of the Helm, that about Mid-night, no Body looking out, the Ship was drove by the Wind and Tide so furiously upon a Rock, that we gave our selves for lost. It was then so dark that we could see nothing, and therefore did not presently discern that we had sprung a Leak; but when Day appear'd and discover'd the mischief, nothing was to be heard among the Sailors but Cries and Lamentations. Then laying hold of Planks and other things that might bear us up, we endeavour'd to swim to the Shore. I was the first that got safe, good Fortune having thrown me into a sort of little Bay that stretch'd out into the Sea between two Rocks. From thence I encourag'd my Companions to follow my Example, and many of them far'd the better for my Advice. Some of the People of the Country having observ'd from Land, that our Ship was like to be cast away, came off to our assistance in Fishing Boats; but it prov'd too late, for above half the Ships Crew was already Drown'd, part because they could not swim, and others beaten by the Waves against the Shoales, or against the Ship it self, which soon Sunk, so that nothing of her appear'd above Water, but only the Vane at the Main-top-mast-head, which only seem'd to rise above the Water to show where the Wreck lay. When we were got to Shore, I propos'd to have the Ship weigh'd, but there was scarce any Body else of my Opinion. They all said, that the Ship being Old and Rotten the Iron Grapples that were fixt to it would tear out those parts they laid hold of; and so being pull'd to pieces the Plate would still be left at the bottom.

We Travell'd along the Coast towards *Panama*, and when we came into the Town, some People hearing of our Shipwreck, and taking pity on us, came to comfort, and carry'd us to their Houses, where they endeavour'd by all manner of Courtesie to mitigate our sorrow. I happen'd to be in the House of one *Don Michael de la Vega*, a generous Man. He omitted nothing that might raise up my Spirits under my misfortune. He made me a thousand tenders of his

his Service; and offer'd to make use of his Friends to get me some Employment under the Viceroy in New Spain. Whilst he was making an Interest for me, I took care to write to *Verdugo* giving him an account of all that had happen'd to me, Conjuring him to advise me what in his Wisdom and Friendship he should think best for me. In the mean while *Don Michael* and I contracted a strict Friendship; he brought me acquainted with the principal Men in *Panama*, and one Day he carry'd me to visit a Lady that was his Kinswoman, whose Name was *Donna Maria de Almagro*. This Lady had a young Daughter call'd *Donna Theodora*. They both receiv'd me so very Courteously that I had no sooner left them, but I wish'd to see them again. *Don Michael* as'd me, what I thought of them, and he might well judge by my answer that he would oblige me in carrying me thither again. He did so, and in short I visited them almost every Day for three Months. This intercourse having produc'd much familiarity between us, it was not long before I discover'd that the young *Theodora* had taken a kindness for me; and I was confirm'd in my Opinion one Morning, when I saw a little well look'd *Morisco* Woman Born in the *Indies*, come into my Chamber, who brought me a Note from her with several pair of Spanish Garters Embroider'd with Gold and Silver, and a very Rich Scarfe of *Spanish* Lace. The Note was not writ in very Courtly Language, but the Stile had such an Air of Kindness and Ingenuity, that it discover'd a Naked Heart unus'd to those Intrigues. That I might not be behind hand in Generosity, I sent her back by the same Messenger some part of what little I had sav'd from my Shipwreck; that is a pair of Ear Rings, and a Ring worth fifty Pistoles, and with it an answer full of passionate expressions. That same Day I went to see her after Dinner, and finding her at Work with two little Blacks, I had an opportunity of thanking her for the Favour she had done me, her Mother being then taking her Afternoons Nap. *Donna Theodora* could not look upon me, after what she had done without concern. I know not, what you will think of me, said she. I shall think reply'd I, that you are the most lovely Creature in the World, and I shall remember your Goodness as long as I live. We came close to the point by degrees, but *Donna Maria* came and interrupted us, and we were forc'd to call a new Cause.

The next Day a Fly-boat came to an Anchor in the Port from *Lima*, and the Pilot brought me a Letter from *Verdugo*,

who gave me an account he had receiv'd my Letter, and advis'd me to return to *Peru* and he would put me in a way to retrieve my Fortune. This Letter perplex'd me very much, for then I perceiv'd I was so in love with *Theodora*, that I could not think of parting from her, yet I could not tell what my Passion would produce, my condition being such, that I could not flatter my self so much as to think that *Donna Maria*, who was very Rich, would give me her only Daughter. I shew'd *Don Michael*, *Verdugo's* Letter, who being no stranger to the Passion I had for his Niece, told me it was not worth while to return to *Peru*, to lay the Foundation of a new Fortune, for mine was already made, and that it was in my Choice to marry *Donna Theodora*. I have had thoughts of this Marriage a long time, said he, and have taken such care that I have already dispos'd *Donna Maria* to consent to it. When I heard this I clasp'd my Arms about *Don Michael's* Neck, and told him in the best words I could think of, that I was most sensible of the Favour he did me, and would use my utmost endeavours to deserve it, since I had done nothing to Merit it, and was only beholding to his Goodness for it. He embrac'd me again, and return'd me a most obliging answer. We went together to *Donna Maria's* House, whom he Discours'd a while in private. Then he went out and left me alone with her. *Donna Maria* presently led me into her Closet, where when we were seated, she told me without any preamble, that the pity she had for my great loss, the great Commendations *Don Michael* gave of me and the good Qualities she daily discover'd in me, had made her at last resolve to bestow her Daughter on me, with a Portion of 400,000 Crowns, if I thought fit to Marry her. I thought she had banter'd, when she ask'd a Man that was not worth a Groat, whether he would Marry a Rich Heiress, and I knew not what to answer, when she went on and said. I perceive *D. Raphael* you are astonish'd to hear me talk, as if I doubted whether you would Marry my Daughter; but tho' she is Young, Rich and Handsome, you must understand that perhaps there is not a Gentleman in this Country but would refuse to be my Son-in-Law. This looks strange to you, but I will soon satisfy you. About Twenty Years ago I had a Brother I lov'd most tenderly. He had a misfortune befell him, for one Night he kill'd a Gentleman, who was the Governour of the Towns Nephew. Whatever means I us'd to make his escape, the Governour made such strict search that he was taken, and Orders were given that he should suffer as

a Murderer, tho' he had kill'd the Gentleman fairly. All our Kindred and Friends su'd for his Pardon; but the Governour who was both Judge and Party prov'd inexorable. The Day appointed for my Brothers Execution drew near, the danger that threatned a Life I held so dear obliging me to lay aside all the reserv'dness of my Sex, I hasted to the Governours House, I cast my self at his Feet, and gave way in his Presence to all the Transports of a piercing Grief. He seem'd to be mov'd at my affliction, and I thought my Tears had gain'd Compassion; but he soon gave me to understand that the sight of me made another sort of impressiion on him than I had imagin'd. In short, the Brute told me his wicked desires, and said I must resolve either to give him content, or see my Brother Dye. I started at that frightful Proposal, and look'd upon the Judge as a Monster; but at length the time he had given me to consider being almost expir'd, the thoughts of losing a Brother, and of the shame that would redound upon all our Family distracted me, and I comply'd with the Governours wicked Will, after making him Swear he would send me my Brother the next Day. The Villain did send him, but he first caus'd him to be strangled. This action put me into a Rage, and thus breathing Revenge, I went to *Mexico* to the Viceroy, and gave him a just account of all that had happen'd. My Calamity mov'd him, and he was so incens'd at the Governours perfidiousness, that he sent immediately several Officers of his Guards to *Panama*, with Orders, to seize the Governour and carry him to *Mexico*, which was accordingly done. I was there to confound him, and the Viceroy having made him confess the Fact condemn'd him to the same Death he had put my Brother to. After the Governours Death I return'd to *Panama*, with the satisfaction of an entire Revenge but at the same time with the Shame of having publish'd my dishonour; for in short I was with Child, and Deliver'd of *Donna Theodora*. This is my Story, *Don Raphael*, and I was willing to tell it my self, to satisfy you what reason I have to give you my Daughter. I design to leave this Country, where I have the misfortune of seeing my Reputation lost, and the dissatisfaction of living among People that have something to upbraid me with. Besides since my Daughter is grown up, I fancy all People look upon her to my Shame. I will go with you into *Spain*, where my Daughter and I being known to no Body, we shall live more comfortably, and I am so much the more pleas'd with my Resolution, because at the same time I provide for

my

my own quiet, I fancy I make an Honest Man's Fortune. There remains nothing now, but to know your mind. I answer'd, she could not propose any thing more pleasing to me, that her Daughter was very well bred, and too deserving for a Man to mind such a Chimerical point of Honour, and that for my part I should never despise her Verrue and Worth for such a Foolish Nicety. *Donna Maria* was well pleas'd at my answer, and a few Days after I Marry'd *Donna Theodora*.

We thought of nothing after this but our departure, and the appointed Day being come, we left *Panama*, only concern'd to part with *Don Michael*. We went to *Nombre de Dios*, where we Embark'd with all our Treasure on a Man of War bound for *Spain* and arriv'd safe at *Cadiz*. There we set up an Equipage and hir'd Servants, for we had brought none with us, because *Donna Maria* would not have any she should be oblig'd to stand in awe of. From *Cadiz* we Travell'd towards *Avila* hoping there to hear some News of you; but when we came thither, we were told you had not been seen there for several Years, and no Body knew what was become of you. We liv'd there half a Year, and should have continu'd but that I was inform'd there was a fine Estate to be Sold near *Zaragoza*. We are going thither to purchase it, if we like it, and to settle there. I bless God for having found you, and that I am in a condition to make some amends for the little regard the Court has had for your long Service. You shall go with us to Morrow, and I dare assure you my Mother-in-Law and my Wife will be pleas'd with all I shall do to put you into a better Condition. When *Don Raphael* had done speaking, the Soldier return'd him Thanks for his kindness, and the two Brothers gave one another a Thousand Testimonies of their Affection.

C H A P. IX.

How Don Quixote prevented Pamphus the Enchanter from Stealing away Queen Zenobia; and of other Matters worth Reading.

DON Quixote being resolv'd to be under Arms all Night, as was said before, for fear of any Surprize from *Pamphus* the Enchanter, which there was reason enough to fear,

fear, Posted himself as a Centinel, walking about the Court of the Inn, holding his Lance in one Hand, and his Buckler in the other. All People were gone to Bed, and began to taste the Sweet of a quiet Sleep, when the Knight tir'd with walking about the Court, lean'd against the wall of a Well to rest himself a little, being still watchful and looking about, by the small light of the Moon, which was then almost down, he discern'd an Object that took up all his Attention. He saw a Man in his Shirt come out of the Stable, with a Ladder on his Shoulder. This was *D. Raphael's* Chach-man, who having been an old Acquaintance of Queen *Zenobia's*, and knowing where she lay, was going to offer his Service to her, designing to get in at the Window, which he thought might be easily done with his Ladder. *Barbara*, who was not at all afraid of such Attempts, had left the Window open to let in the cool Air of the Night; which the Coachman observing, he planted his Ladder against it, not in the least doubting of the Success of his Enterprize, and without considering that Projects, tho' never so easie in appearance, do not always succeed. He was not got quite up, when the Knight of *la Mancha*, who observ'd him, and presently fancy'd it was the Treacherous *Pamphus*, who design'd to get into the Castle to steal away Queen *Zenobia*, drew softly near the Ladder, and laying his Buckler on the Ground, laid hold of his Lance with both Hands, and with the but-end, gave the amorous Coachman such a dreadful blow on the Buttocks, that he made him come down faster than he went up. Then *Don Quixote* cry'd out, This is the Reward, false Negromancer, due to your base Designs: What you thought to deceive my Vigilance, and to steal away the Queen? But take notice, that she is better Guarded than *Inachus's* Daughter; and that the *Loveless Knight* is not to be Surpriz'd. The poor Negromancer, who had receiv'd as much hurt by the Fall, as he had done by the Blow, made *Don Quixote* no Answer, but roar'd out in such a dreadful Manner, that he wak'd the whole Inn. The Ladies fancy'd they were got into some harbour of Robbers, and fell to their Prayers, expecting to have their Throats cut immediately: The Host and Hostess cry'd out Fire, without knowing what the matter was. *Sancho* and the Alderman, got up in great Confusion, and ran down into the Court almost Naked: The two *Bracamontes*, who were not yet gone to Bed came in the first upon the Noise. They found the Knight who had now quitted his Lance, was just making ready to run

run his Sword into the Enchanter's Throat, and at the same time said to him with a thundring Voice; Monster, thy last hour is now come, and thou shalt receive thy Death's Wound at my Hands; but before I shorten thy wicked days, tell me base Wretch, tell me in what part of *Asia*, or *Africk*, you keep Princes, and Infanta's shut up in horrible Dungeons, that I may go this Minute to carry them the happy News of your Death, and their Deliverance. Ha, Master *Bracamonte*, added he, knowing the Soldier by his Voice, see here the Enchanter *Pamphus*, whom I have knock'd down at my Feet: The Traitor would have enter'd Queen *Zenobia's* Chamber to Steal her away, and you may still see the Ladder he brought for that purpose, at the Window. *Barbara* appearing then at the Window, the two *Bracamontes* easily guest at above half the Truth; and *D. Raphael* observing that the Enchanter was very like his Coachman, to bring him off, said to *Don Quixote*, Sir Knight, take heed of killing that Enchanter, his Life is behoveful to your Honour; forgive him, upon condition he shall go declare all the World over, that notwithstanding all the power of his Art, you have Vanquish'd him in single Combat. You will gain more Honour by that, than by his Death. That is most certain, said the Soldier; yet that is not all, the Enchanter must engage not to disturb Queen *Zenobia* any more, and he must swear by all the Enchanters hold most sacred, that he will never more attempt to steal into the Chambers of Princesses by Night, since he has no better Fortune in such Enterprizes. Gentlemen, said *Don Quixote*, you are not so well acquainted with Enchanters as I am; they will take as many Oaths as you please, but they do not value their word, for they are Faithless and Lawless Men. You are in the right, Sir, quoth *Sancho*, spare him not: Nay faith, since 'tis the first time we have overcome an Enchanter, we must Drub this Dog till we are weary, that he may go tell the rest of them, and then they will trouble us no more. Tho' he does not deserve to Live, said *Don Quixote*, yet I will Pardon him, provided the Queen with her Royal Mouth, Commands it from that golden Balcony, to which the fame of my Victory has brought her. *Barbara*, who began to be us'd to *Don Quixote's* ways, cry'd to him from her Window. Sir Knight, do not hurt him, I beseech you, I heartily forgive what he has done to me, tho it had been ten times as much, for we ought not to bear Malice in our Hearts. The Coach-man being let loose upon these words, got up with

with much trouble, and retir'd to his Bed the best he could. Then *D. Raphael* told *Zenobia* her Majesty might safely go to Bed again; for after what had happen'd, *Pamphus* the Enchanter would not be soon in a condition to disturb her Rest. The Princess took his Advice, and went to Bed again, without shutting the Window, or so much as causing the Ladder to be taken away, leaving all Enchanters at their liberty, to try whether they could prove more Successful than *Pamphus*. The two *Bracamontes* got *D. Quixote* into the House, and had a Room provided for him, where whilst the Soldier and *Sancho* were Disarming him, *D. Raphael* supposing the Ladies could not chuse but be Frighted, went to satisfy them, by telling the Adventure. Then he return'd to his Brother, with whom he rested the remainder of the Night. The Alderman went back into his Room with the same Design, and *Sancho* mounted into the Garret:

Next Morning, when every Body was up, the Ladies Complimented the Knight upon his Encounter, and *Donna Maria*, as Mother to the Hackt-face Queen, said to him; Sir Knight, I intended to have taken the Princess my Daughter along with me, but I fear lest her Enemy *Pamphus*, seeing her so ill Guarded, should come to force her away, and therefore I would have her bear you Company where you go, that being under your Protection, the Enchanter may not carry her away. The Knight return'd the old Lady Thanks for the Confidence she repos'd in his Valour, and swore to her by the Order of Knighthood, that he would place the Princess her Daughter so high, that *Pamphus* should not be able to Offend her.

The two Brothers and the Ladies having a long Journey to perform that day, and the Coachman, notwithstanding his Hurt, being in a condition to drive the Coach, they soon took leave of *Don Quixote* and the Alderman, with a thousand offers of service never to be perform'd. As soon as *D. Raphael's* Retinue was gone, *Sancho* said to *Don Quixote*, Do you really believe, Sir, that Queen *Barbara's* Mother is in the Coach? No doubt of it, answer'd the Knight. Very pretty, quoth *Sancho*, I durst lay a wager they are not a-kin in the hundredth Degree, or I understand nothing. Who the Devil saw a Mother go away as this does? She has scarce look'd upon her Daughter; and pray do but mind how she leaves her here Naked, without giving her a Rag to put on. You take things wrong, quoth *Don Quixote*, you look upon that as ill Nature, which is the effect of

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Civility. Don't you observe that Queen *Zenobia* being under my Protection, the Queen her Mother would have thought it an Affront to me to give her any Mony? She durst not so much as leave her one of her Palfreys to carry her to *Madrid*, for fear of offending my nice Honour, she is so very observant and circumspect, which yet she might have done, without offence to the Laws of Chivalry. So that the care of cloathing the Queen, and getting her a white Palfrey, lyes wholly upon me, and I shall be well pleas'd to be at that Charge. The Host, who stood by, laying hold of this Opportunity, said to our Hero, Sir Knight, I have a good Mule in my Stable, which I will sell you, if you please. *Don Quixote* desir'd to see, and liking her, he order'd his Portmanteau, where his whole Revenue lay, to be brought out, and told out twenty six Ducats to the Host upon the Spot. Then the Mule was Saddl'd, and *Barbara* mounting her, our Adventurers set out for *Siguenza* with her.

They got to the Town between four and five in the Afternoon, and alighted at the first Inn they found. The Alderman desiring to have his Cloak again, a Broker was sent for, who brought Women's Cloaths of several Colours. The Knight desir'd *Zenobia* to please herself, but she would have his Advice; and *Don Quixote* was not a little pleas'd to see his Fancy and the Queen's agree. They both pitch'd upon a Veil and Petticoat of Taffeta, with yellow, green and black Stripes; and once their hands were in at strip'd Stuff, they made choice of a Sattin Gown with flame-colour, Violet, and brown Stripes; which *Barbara* put on immediately. *Sancho* seeing *Zenobia* thus clad, burst out a Laughing. By our holy Mother *Eve's* Soul, said he, methinks my Lady the Queen in these fine Cloaths, looks like an old Houle new White-wash'd. Pox take me, if this gay Garb does not make her look like——by my Faith she is comically Clad.

Don Quixote having paid the Broker, and the Queen now seeming to him worthy the design he had of defending her Beauty in Publick, he call'd for Pen, Ink, and Paper, and shutting himself up in his Chamber, writ his Challenge.

The Challenge.

The Loveless Knight, the Mirrour and Flower of *la Mancha*, does Challenge to single Combat him, or them, that shall refuse to own that the Princess *Zenobia* is the most noble and most beautiful Princess in the World: And the said Loveless Knight, with the said edge of his redoubted Sword, will Maintain and Defend the rare and singular Beauty of the said Princess to Morrow, from Morning till Noon; and from Noon till Night.

Night. Those that shall think fit to Fight the said Knight, need only write their Names under this Challenge, tho' there be an hundred thousand of them.

He wrote several Copies of this Challenge; and then calling his Squire, said, Here *Sancho*, take these Papers and go past them up at all the cross Streets of this City, but put them up so that every Body may read them, and give ear to what the Knights say to them; besure you remember all the Blasphemies they utter in their Passion for their own Ladies Honours, that I may go immediately to teach them the Respect they owe to such a Beautiful and Chast Princess. *Sancho* did not well like his Commission. Pox take such Princesses, quoth he, who are the cause that we are every day engag'd in Battles, when we might live in Peace with the holy Catholick Church. Suppose any Knight Errant takes Pet at this Challenge, and for my pains gives me a thousand— Coward, said *Don Quixote*, interrupting him, you are a pretty Fellow to think of receiving the glorious Order of Knighthood. Away, thou Wretch, that Honour is not to be granted to any but Men of Courage, and not to such Heartless things as you. *Sancho* was concern'd at this Reproach, and leaping, like *Homer's* Heroes, at once from a Panick Fear, to Undauntedness: Well Sir, said he, give me your Papers, I'll go paste them up one by one at the corners of Streets, and if any Man asks me my Name, saith I know what to say to him. These words pacify'd the Knight, who answer'd, Go then, my dear *Sancho*, and observe all Particulars nicely, as you value your Life. Run, Fly, and bring me back a just account. The Squire took the Papers, and went out to paste them up; but as ill Luck would have it, they had not the effect *Don Quixote* design'd; for all the Knights of *Siguenza* from the highest to the lowest, were so far from being in a Rage, that they only Laugh'd when they read them. The (c) *Corrigidor* and some other Gentlemen, who had heard of the fame of our Knight, had the curiosity to go see him; and the *Corrigidor* undertaking for the rest, own'd in the Name of the the City and Suburbs, That *Barbara Hackt-Face* was the most singular Princess in the World. Having receiv'd this publick Satisfaction, *Don Quixote* left *Siguenza* the next day very well pleas'd.

(c) The Supream Civil Magistrate in a City, appointed by the King.

C H A P. X.

How Don Quixote met two Schollars, and what Discourse they had.

DON Quixote being gone before, *Barbara* and *Sancho* follow'd without speaking one word ; but the Squire seeming to be Melancholy and Thoughty, at last *Hacket-Face* ask'd him what he ail'd. What ailes me, said *Sancho*, I wish I could see the Dog Hang'd, who was the occasion of our meeting. Faith, I know not what my Master thinks of it, but I am of the mind that giving of Mules and Silk Cloaths is not the way to be Rich. Be not troubled, Friend *Sancho*, quoth *Barbara*, for if it please God to bring us safe to *Alcala*, I'll treat you there like a Prince. Then the case is alter'd, reply'd *Sancho* smiling. Prithee, what good Meat will you treat me with ? Nay, don't you trouble your self for that, reply'd *Barbara*, you shall taste of a pretty young Wench about Fifteen Years of Age, which you'll like better than a Partridge. Blessed Virgin, cry'd *Sancho* in amaze, what do you talk of Mistress Queen ? Do you take me for one of those *Lutherans* of *Constantinople* that eat Mans Flesh ? Gad take me, that's enough to have me Condemn'd to the Gallies for three Hundred Years.

This Discourse had not ended so, but that they overlooked *Don Quixote*. They found him talking with two Schollars he met, who were both going to *Alcala* a Foot. As soon as *Sancho* perceiv'd by their Habit that they were Schollars, he said to his Master very earnestly. Pray Sir have a care of your self; for these are of the same Race of those that belong'd to the College, where I was so curiously handled at *Zaragoza*, and if they fall a spitting in our Face, by the Lord we are gone. The Schollars knowing who the Adventurers were, as having heard of them at *Siguenza*, one of them said to *Sancho*. Mr. Squire, we are not so unlucky as the Schollars of *Zaragoza* are, tho' we are of the same Profession; and we are so far from designing you the least harm, that we are ready to serve you to the utmost of our Power. These words having pacify'd *Sancho*, *Don Quixote* fell again into the Discourse that had been interrupted, and said to the Schollars. Gentlemen, to return to what I was now saying, the Order of Knight Errantry, which I profess, is no Enemy to Learning. Tho' I Employ my self wholly in redressing

redressing Wrongs, and fighting of Giants, yet I admire ingenious Works, and if you have compos'd any thing of that sort, you will oblige me in letting me see it; I will give you my Opinion with all the Sincerity an Author ought to desire from those he Consults. The Great Queen *Zenobia* will also give ear to you: That Princess has so curious and nice a Taste, that if your Works deserve her Approbation, you may then boldly expose them to publick Censure, for they cannot fail of being Admir'd. The Scholars, who were no Strangers to Queen *Zenobia*, had a mind to make Sport, but the dread of angering *Don Quixote*, whose lance and Sword they stood in awe of restrain'd them; and therefore one of them said to him, Sir, since you love Wit, my Comerade the Barchelor can Divert you whilst we Travel together, for he Composes to the Stage, and has already writ several things that have been well receiv'd by Understanding Persons. For my part, I write only Trifles, such as Roundo's, Sonnets, Enigma's, and Epigrams. Do not mistake yourself, said *Don Quixote*, those Trifles are not so easie to be done: Good Sonnets are very rare; Epigrams, such as *Martial's* are, require a quick and sharp Wit. As for Enigma's, I own they are the easiest. But nothing in my Opinion, is more diverting. They sharpen the Wit, by puzzling it in a pleasing manner, and you will oblige me in reciting some of yours. With all my Heart, reply'd the Scholar, I will show you two I made this Morning, which I had not yet time to put into Verse; but I will not repeat them, unless it be upon condition that *Sancho* shall Expound them. Agree'd, says the Squire. I'll plunge into them up to my Chin. 'Tis true, I don't well understand all those Affairs, but no matter, by God's help and long Study, a man may do any thing. You are in the right, reply'd the Scholar. Now mind, this is the first.

Enigma.

I am Bright, and of great use to Men, who unmercifully load me with Chains; tho' I am no Offender. I am day and night in the Churches, and I cannot subsist without Water, tho' it is that which destroys me.

Don Quixote made him repeat it, and while he was studying the meaning of it, *Sancho* cry'd out very joyfully, Victory, Gentlemen, Victory! I have found out the Pigmy, or what do you call it? I did not question, said the Scho-

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lar,

lar, but your sharp Wit would find it out. By my troth, quoth the Squire, the very first time you spoke it, I understood it as well as my Criscross-row. Well then my Son, said *Don Quixote*, tell us what it is. 'Tis a Holy-water-Pot, quoth *Sancho*, for that is day and Night in the Church, and there is always Water in it. The Scholars burst out a Laughing, and *Don Quixote* himself could not forbear Smiling. Mr. Scholar, said *Sancho*, if it is not a Holy-water-pot, it must be something else. Tell us what it is, and my Master and I will Submit. No, reply'd the Knight, give me leave. and I'll Expound the *Enigma*; for if I mistake not, it is a Lamp. Right, said the Scholar, you have hit the Nail on the Head. Nay faith, Gentlemen, said *Sancho*, I must put a *Pigmy* to you, since you call those *Pigmies*. *What is it that is like a Horse, that has the Hair, Head, and Feet like a Horse, and yet is no Horse?* It is a Mare, cry'd *Barbara*. By my troth, you have hit it, quoth *Sancho*; and is not a Mare very like a Horse? Gentlemen, said *Don Quixote*? Can you chuse but admire the Queen's readiness and sharp Wit; there is no need of repeating things to her over and over; she takes them at first sight, and is never in the wrong. The Scholars pretended they admir'd the Queen's Wit, which gave the Knight great Satisfaction; and therefore he said to the Composer of the *Enigma's*, Mr. Scholar, will you please to let us hear the other *Enigma* you Compos'd this Morning; and which I do not at all question, is as Ingenious as the last you propos'd to us. Listen to it then, reply'd the Scholar.

The Enigma.

I am Great and Little, and am often seen sitting on the Heads of Kings and Emperors; but I am so ill settled, on that Height, that the least puff of Wind can throw me down. I serve the Poor as well as the Rich; but I am of no use in several Nations; as for Instance, among the Turks, where I am out of Fashion.

'Tis a Gammon of Bacon, said *Sancho* very short, it can be nothing else; for as I have been told, the *Turks* don't eat Bacon. You are out again, quoth *Don Quixote*, it is rather a Hat; for the Hat serves Rich and Poor; it is worn on the Heads of Kings and Emperors, and a puff of Wind blows it down. It is useless to several Nations, for there are other People as well as the *Turks*, who wear

Turbants

Turbants, instead of Hats. Faith, and so it is a Hat, quoth the Squire. It is the easiest thing in the World to guess now; and Mr. Scholar need but tell me his two *Pigmies* over again, and I'll lay any Man a Wager I Expound them. You are a very Ingenious Man, reply'd the Knight, why who cannot do the same? For if the Word were nam'd at first, it could be no longer an *Enigma*. Nay, what matter is it, answer'd the Squire? Is it not better a Man should have the word beforehand, than to crack his Brains to find it out? In short, a man cannot tell a thing, if he does not know it; and I would defie the Pope himself to say his *Pater-noster*, which is the easiest thing in the World, if he had not learn'd it before-hand. The Scholar having own'd to *Don Quixote*, that a Hat was the true Exposition of the last *Enigma*, the Knight said, he would desire him to write them both out for him at the next Baiting-place, for he had a mind to keep them. I have a Copy here, said the Scholar, and Ill give it you. He began to feel in his Pockets for it, and having dropp'd another Paper, as he pull'd it out, *Don Quixote* had the curiosity to ask what it was. It is a *Roundo*, reply'd the Scholar, which I wrote upon a Lady in *Siguenza*, I am in Love with, but who does not yet know that I Lov'd her. Pray read it to us, quoth *Don Quixote*. The Scholar did not ask much Entreating, but presently read these Verses.

As to Gods, whom in silence we Adore,
I do Homage and Vows to you pay,
Yet dare not implore
Your attention to what Love would say.
But alas! my fond Eyes
Would not fail what I hide, to betray,
If with them you'd think fit to Advise.
No, *Iris*, to the Gods I will Pray,
That the Secrets my Heart does devise,
You may see as well as they.

Don Quixote highly commended the *Roundo*, and *Sancho* would not omit speaking his Mind. By my troth, said he, these Verses are not so bad neither, so they are not; and you will oblige me Mr. Scholar, if you will make some upon *Mary Gutierrez*, who is my Wife, and will be so as long as it shall please God and the four Evangelists: But I must put you in mind not to call her Queen upon any account, but only Lady Admiral, for my Master *Don Quixote*

is not likely ever to make me a King, and so I must e'en be satisfied with being a Governor. We cannot expect to do as we would in this World; they that give, will take. Had we, since we have gone about seeking Adventures, look'd directly for Arch-bishopricks, instead of seeking to gain Kingdoms and Islands, we might by this time have had whole Shoals of them: And tho' they say I might not enjoy them because I have a Wife and Children, yet I might have sold them; and tho' I parted with them at an easie rate, I should get enough by them.

When *Sancho's* hand was in once at talking, his Tongue did run so that there was no stopping it. But *Don Quixote* having at last Silenc'd him by his usual way of Threats, the Author of the *Roundo* said to his Companion; Come, Master Batchelor, it is your turn next. Pray let the Knight see that I have not commended you without Reason. I have not so great a value for my Works answer'd the Batchelor, as to think any Body can take pleasure in hearing them. Yet such as they are I would freely communicate them to *Don Quixote*, if I had them about me; but I am not like those Authors who always carry their Pockets full of their Works, and my Memory is so bad, that I cannot repeat two Verses together of all that ever I made in my Life; but since I have not any thing to read to you Sir Knight; shall I advise with you about the Plot of a Play I have in my Head? You will oblige me, reply'd *D. Quixote*, but pray tell me, whether in your Plays, you stick close to *Aristotle's* Rules? No, truly, said the Batchelor, I do not. So much the worse, answer'd *Don Quixote*, for *Aristotle* is an infallible Oracle in that point. Not to follow his Rules, is to swerve from Nature and Reason; and that is the cause why Strangers do not approve of our Performances, which in all other respects are Excellent. I own, quoth the Batchelor, that most of our Dramatick Poets, seem to make little account of *Aristotles* Rules. For my own part, I like them very well; I never depart from them out of meer lightness, but ever follow them when they will suit with my Plot; but to deal ingeniously, I do not pay so much deference to them, as to lose any surprizing turn for their sake, which cannot subsist with them. That Turn must be cast away, quoth *Don Quixote*, Interrupting him; all must be sacrific'd to the severe Rules of that wise Master. But let us come to your Plot. This is it, reply'd the Batchelor. An Earl of *Barcelona* takes a Voyage into *England*, where he falls in Love with the King's Daughter, and is Belov'd

Belov'd again; but the King for Politick Ends, Marries the Princess to the King of *Bohemia*. The Earl of *Barcelona* in Despair, Embarks and returns to his own Dominions. The King and Queen of *Bohemia* live very happily together, tho' that Princess always preserves a tender Affection for the Earl of *Barcelona*: But soon after, a Favourite of the King of *Bohemia*, falls passionately in Love with the Queen, and has the boldness to let her know it. She reproves him, and threatens to acquaint the King her Husband with his Baseness. The Favourite changing his Love into Rage, prepossesses that weak Prince, and accuses the Queen of being in Love with an Officer of his Guard. The King, who only sees with his Favourite's Eyes, causes the Officer to be put to Death, and would do the same by the Queen; but she Demands, that according to the Custom of those Times, she may have leave to find Knights to defend her Honour against her Accuser. The King not knowing how to refuse the Combat the Queen demands, appoints a day, which is proclaim'd in *Bohemia* and *England*. When the day comes, the Favourite appears in the Lists to make good his Accusation, but no Body comes against him till it is late, and the Queen is like to suffer; then a Knight Arm'd at all Points, enters the Lists, fights her Battel, and Kills the Favourite. This Knight proves to be the very Earl of *Barcelona*, brought thither by the fame of the Queen's Accusation, of whose Innocence he is satisfy'd. This Sir, is the whole Plot of my Play. It is a very good one, answer'd the Knight, but I know not whether you can make a regular Play of it. It is true, said the Batchelor, our Authors who follow *Aristotle* the closest, would make the first Act in *England*; the Second in *Barcelona*, and the Third in *Bohemia*: But I am bringing this Play to answer all the Rules; and I do not despair of Success. I am satisfy'd you'll compass it, said the other Scholar, provided you omit the Combat in the Lists. Let him have a care of that, said *Don Quixote*, Interrupting him, that is the best part of the Plot. But Sir, quoth the Batchelor if you would have me adhere to *Aristotle's* Rules, I must pass by the Combat. *Aristotle*, reply'd the Knight, I grant was a Man of Parts; but his Capacity was not Unbounded; and in short, his Authority does not extend over Combats in the Lists, which are above his Rules. Would you suffer the Queen of *Bohemia* to Perish? Or how can you clear her Innocence? Believe me, Combat is the most Honourable way; and besides, it will add such Grace to your Play, that all the

Rules in the World must not stand in Competition with it. Well Sir Knight, reply'd the Batchellor, for your sake and for the Honour of Chivalry I will not leave out the Combat; and that it may appear the more Glorious, all the Court of *Bohemia* shall be present at it from the Princes of the Blood, to the very Footmen. But still one difficulty occurs, which is that our common Theaters are not large enough for it. There must be one built a purpose, answer'd *Don Quixote*; and in a word, rather than leave out the Combat, the Play had better be acted in a Field, or Plain. This Discourse held *Don Quixote* and the Schollars to *Hyta*, where they rested till the next Day, a Day Memorable among Enchanters, and which is mark'd down with red Letters in the Chronicles of the Wise *Alifolan*, the faithful Author, of this true History.

C H A P. XI.

Of what happen'd betwixt Don Quixote, and a Company of Players, and how the Unfortunate Knight was struck Dumb by Enchantment.

THE *Arab* tells us that when *Don Quixote* and his Company had Travell'd all Day entertaining themselves on several Subjects, they came in sight of a pretty large House which look'd very like an old Castle. One of the Schollars pointing to it with his finger said to *Don Quixote*. Sir Knight you see that House there, we may lye in it to Night and find good Entertainment. It is an Inn call'd *The Fairies Castle*; because they say it was formerly a Castle and haunted. No sooner had the Shollar spoke these words, but *Sancho* began to Swear by his Grandmothers Pluck he would not lye there. Let us take heed, Sir, cry'd he, let us take heed how we go lye in that *Fairy Castle*; for it still looks to me very like one of those Enchanted Castles, where Enchanters, and Fantomes have so often made us bewail our Sins. In short my Heart forebodes no good, and you know that when the Partridge sings it is a sign of Rain. *D. Quixote* making no account of his fear, answer'd, *Sancho*, I have not forgot what we have endur'd in such Castles; but, what remedy Friend, Knights Errant are no sooner out of one danger but they seek another, and they must be always in a readiness

ness to meet whatever comes. I will therefore draw near that Castle, to observe what sort of People inhabit it ; you may all follow me at your leisure. This said he put on towards the Inn. It happen'd that a Company of *Players* were there at that time rehearsing a Play they were to act the next Day at *Alcala*. As soon as ever the *Players* spy'd *Don Quixote* Arm'd Cap-a-pe, with his large Buckler, they all ran out to see a sight, which to them seem'd very unusual. The Knight seeing them throng out, and that they stood to view him, halted a while to observe them, and then went back again the way he came. *Sancho* seeing him come back upon a full Trot, cry'd out. What is the matter Master *Don Quixote*, have the *Fairies* stung you already ? O my Son *Sancho*, answer'd the Knight, it was not without Reason you had an ill conceit of that Castle. My Enemy *Friston*, the Enchanter, expects me there to load me with Irons, and cast me into a loathsome Dungeon. He intends by his Magick Spells to stop me here, and so to obstruct my going to fight the King of *Cyprus*, that he may then fly about the World, spreading dishonourable Reports of me ; but I have receiv'd intelligence of his designs from good hands, and my Valour being nothing inferior to his Art, I am going to endeavour to rid the World of that accursed Negromancer. They being then but a Musket shot from the Inn, the Schollars soon knew the *Players* with whom they were particularly acquainted by Name, and the Batchellor desiring to undeceive *Don Quixote* gave him the best account he could of that affair. But the Knight stood in it that they were Enchanters. To convince you, said he, that I am in the right, observe, among the Soldiers that guard the Door, that great black fellow with a Wand in one Hand and a Book in the other. That is the Author to the Company, reply'd the Batchellor, and his Name is *Peter de Moya*, the Book he has in his Hand is likely some Play he reads to the Actors. I know better than you, who he is, Mr. Batchellor, answer'd *Don Quixote*, and I tell you once more that great black Man is not *Peter de Moya* as you imagine ; but it is *Friston* the Enchanter himself. Don't you see he is making Circles with his Wand, and drawing Magical Characters, and that Book he makes use of to Conjure up the Devils. If you would satisfy your selves concerning this truth, you need only go both of you before, and say you are my Pages, and then you'll see what will come of it. The Schollars agreed to it, and being soon come to the *Players*, they told them all they knew concerning

cerning *Don Quixote*, and *Queen Zenobia* with whom they were all perfectly well acquainted, and some of them to their Cost. The *Players* fell a laughing and were very glad they had so good an opportunity offer'd them to make sport. In the mean while *Don Quixote* drew near the Inn, and having set the Butt End of his Lance on the Ground, he thus accosted the Author. O thou, who from the Moment of thy Birth till this Instant hast been my Enemy, and who hast never fail'd, tho' to no purpose, to favour all the Knts and Giants, who have had the boldness to try their strength with me. Tell me, Wicked and perfidious Negromancer, why durst thou, contrary to all the Laws of God and Nature, go out upon the High-ways to commit the greatest outrages against Ladies and Princesses, who go in search of the Knts they so tenderly love, attended by their faithful Dwarfs and trusty Squires. And thou art so far from being asham'd of doing what I say. that, like a cruel Pagan as thou art, thou carriest them away to Bury them alive in the dark Prisons, which the Sun only seems to light that they may discover the Horror of them. Set free, added he seeing some Actresses look out at the Window; set free I say all those Maidens I see, and all the Knights and Princesses, you keep enclos'd in dismal Dungeons, and restore to me all the Treasures you have stole. If not, I Swear by the wonderful Beauty of *Queen Zenobia*, whose Presence renders me invincible, I will this Moment take away that Life you ought long since to have forfeited. Whilst he utter'd these words he spurr'd *Rocinante* from side to side, and made him curvet so awkwardly that it was no small Diversion to the *Players*, a People Naturally given to Railery, and us'd to make sport with others. *Sancho*, who thought his Masters Harangue most curiously contriv'd to terrify the *Players*, seeing them laugh as if they would burst their sides, was much concern'd at it, and said to them very sternly. Haughry and unmannerly *Players*, deliver up to us instantly those Princes, those Infantas, those Knights and those Horses you hold Enchanted, and which my Master requires of you. Let us have done, I pray you, for we want to come in there. Or else send my Lady the Queen and me some lanches of Bread, for our Guts begin to grumble furiously. The Author drew near to *Don Quixote*, and made him this answer. Sir Knight Errant, your Pages have acquainted us with your Valour, and your Strength, which is such as this Castle cannot withstand, and therefore all these Knights and Princes, who have been here with me these six Hundred Years do yield themselves

selves overcome by you, and we are ready to do you Homage. Alight then from your Beautiful Horse; lay aside your Lance, and your Peerless Buckler, and take off your Rich Armour that you may be more at ease. Tho' I am a Pagan, as appears by my Bulk and my tawny Complexion, yet I am a Man of Honour, and you may securely enter this stately Castle, as may Queen *Zenobia*, alias *Barbara* the Tripewoman, and we will all Sup merrily together. O thou Traiterous Negromancer, answer'd *Don Quixote*, do not think ever to deceive me with fair words, and to draw me into the deep Pitfall, which is at the Entrance of your Castle; I know you too well to suffer my self to be surpriz'd by your Artifices. No doubt of that, by my Troth, quoth *Sancho*, set a Thief to catch a Thief. We are no Fools that are Born in the Village of *Argamasilla*, and God be prais'd we know that Four and Five makes Nine. As soon as these words were spoken, *Don Quixote* pointing his Lance down spurr'd on *Rocinante* upon the Author to run him through; but the Author stepping aside dexterously avoided the stroke, and laying hold of the Knights Foot threw him over the other side of his Horse. At the same time others of the Players fell upon *Don Quixote*, took away his Lance and his Buckler, and carry'd him by force into the Inn, where they laid him on the Ground, pressing so close upon him, that he could not stir. Then the Author gave him three strokes with his Wand on the Shoulder saying, Loveless Knight, I Enchant you for Three Hundred Years, and by the Power of my dreadful Art I strike you Dumb, yet without impairing your Reason; because I will have you to be sensible of your misfortune without affording you the satisfaction of complaining of your Fate. Thus I treat all the Knts who are so rash as to Encounter me. *Don Quixote* lifted up his Eyes to Heaven, and then let them fall again without uttering one word, or so much as attempting to speak, so fully was he perswaded that *Frisson* the Enchanter had struck him Dumb.

The Author, having order'd Four Giants, that is, Four Servants belonging to the Company to keep the Knight in the same posture he was, went out to look for *Sancho*, who was frighted out of his Wits at his Masters usage. Are you there then you Knavish Scoundrel Squire, said the Author, I have caught you now, and you shall pay me all you owe as well for last Year as for this. Good Master Enchanter, cry'd *Sancho*, I beg your Pardon, if I ever wish'd you all the harm you have done us, and I do allow you to be a

Man

Man of Honour, tho' you are as much a Pagan as *Judas*. I am glad, answer'd the Author, that chance led your Master and you hither ; for I give a Supper to Night to some Enchanters my Friends, who feed on Mans Flesh. You could never have come at a better time, and particularly you who are as fat as a Bishop. Alas, good Master *Friskin*, said *Sancho* weeping and kneeling before the Author, I beseech you by Holy St. *Lazarus* his Wounds, whose Soul I wish in Heaven, that you will have compassion on me. Rise Friend, reply'd the Author, and lose no time in praying to me ; Tears and Prayers do not move Enchanters, you shall be Eaten to the very Bones. Mercy on us, cry'd *Sancho*, what have we brought our selves into. Pray good Mr. Enchanter, give me leave at least before I Dye to go take my leave of *Mary Gutierrez*, my Wife, for I can assure you she is so ill Natur'd, that should I suffer my self to be Eaten without bidding her Farewel, she would never look upon me with a good Eye again. You are very cunning *Sancho* said the Author, if you were once gone, I suppose you would not be such a Fool as to come again. Pray excuse me, Mr. *Friskin*, said *Sancho*, St. *Anthony* shall be bound for me that I'll come again upon the Day appointed ; and if I fail of my word I pray to St. *Barbara* the Advocate against Thunder and Lightning, that this Cap may fail me at the Hour of my Death. No, no, answer'd the Author, this matter will admit of no delay. Then raising his Voice he added, Some body bring me hither that great three pointed Spit I use to Roast fat Men upon, and let this Peasant be Roasted out of Hand. *Sancho* fancying himself upon the Spit already, and seeing *Barbara* laughing with some of the Players, cry'd to her. Oh Lady of *Segovia*, you see your rusty Dwarf poor *Sancho* in Tribulation, and since you are a powerless Queen be pleas'd to intreat Master Enchanter to Countermand the three pointed Spit. *Barbara* then applying her self to the Author smiling said. Master *Peter de Moya*, Sovereign Constable of this Pallace, spare *Sancho* this time I beseech you, and he will never come again. Beautiful Princess, reply'd the Author, chaste Queen of the Tavern-street in *Alcala*, I cannot spare you this Peasant, or forbear putting him upon the Spit, unless he will turn *Mahometan*. Gad take me, quoth *Sancho*, with much comfort, why did not you say so at first, without beating the Bush so long ? If there is nothing to do but to turn *Mahometan*, the great Spit and I shall keep far enough asunder, I had rather be a *Mahometan* than be Roasted. Then from this

time

time forward, said the Author you shall follow the *Alcoran*. I will, quoth *Sancho*, nay if he pleases I'll follow him to the *Indies*, provided *Dapple* can carry me so far. Friend, said the Author, I perceive you don't understand me, what I propose is to embrace a new Religion and believe in *Mahomet*. Well, answer'd the Squire, if you please I'll believe in all the *Mahomets* betwixt this and *Ferusalem*. In short I will believe all our Holy Mother the Church will allow me to believe for which I would lay down a thousand Lives. If so, reply'd the Author, you need only be circumcis'd and you'll be as perfect a *Moor* as I am. Now with a sharp Knife I must cut of——O no, good Mr. Enchanter, cry'd *Sancho*, pray do not cut any thing off if you please, for all my Goods are in common with *Mary Gutierrez*, and she has taken so exact an account of them she'll immediately miss it, if there wants but a Farthings worth. But there is my Cap, you may cut and round that as shall best please the *Alcoran*. Tho' the Author was one of the seriousest Men in his Country, yet he could not forbear laughing at *Sancho's* simplicity, and therefore taking him by the Hand, he said, Well Mr. *Moor*, make ready to be gone to the Kingdom of *Fez*, for I must send you thither very soon. Hold a little Mr. Enchanter, reply'd *Sancho*, I must first take one turn into the Country, that I may give Orders about a couple of Oxen I have at Home. Besides I have six Sheep, two Goats, eight Hens and a Cock, and you know a Man cannot leave all this at sixes and sevens. Besides when my Wife understands that I am turn'd *Mahometan*, perhaps she may have a mind to be a *Mahometaness*. What can we tell? If so, we must Circumcise her Tongue, and by my Troth we need not be sparing of the stuff, for there will be more than enough left.

All this while *Don Quixote* lay in the posture before mention'd, bitterly reflecting on his Enchantment. The Wife *Frison* having done with *Sancho*, went again into the Inn to begin a new Scene. He drew near to *Don Quixote* and said, Well *Loveless Knight*, you are at length fallen into my Hands, and you shall now increase the number of those I keep Enchanted, and loaded with Irons in dark and damp Dungeons. Yet you shall be releas'd, but when you come out your Beard shall be twelve Ells long, and the Nails of your Fingers and Toes shall be bigger than an Elephants Trunk. Before you are shut up in the dismal Dungeon I have appointed you, I must restore you your Speech for a Moment. I will hear you speak once more, to have the pleasure of hearing your Complaints, for the Sufferings and

the Lamentations of Knights Errant are the greatest delight of Enchanters. When he had so said, he touch'd the unfortunate Knight of *la Mancha* with his Wand, who spoke these words to him. O thou Treacherous Negromancer, who hast overcome me by Fraud, in vain dost thou give me a dreadful description of the Evils thou hast in store for me. True Knights Errant know how to endure the utmost Torments unmov'd, and nothing can terrify them. Therefore thou may'st at thy Will strike me Dumb and restore me to my Speech, and vent all thy Spleen upon me; but know thou shalt never have the Power to make me afraid. At worst I shall be discharg'd after Three Hundred Years Enchantment. Nay perhaps my Enchantment may be sooner at an end; for the Wise *Alquise* my Protector, will not be long before he relieves me, and I very well know that a *Grecian* Prince is to set out one Night from *Constantinople*, under the Conduct of a Wise Man his Friend, to go gain immortal Glory, by exposing himself to all Dangers. When he has run through all the Kingdoms and Provinces in the Universe, he shall come and Besiege this strong Castle, he shall destroy the Giants that guard the Draw-bridge, he shall then Kill the two Griffons that are at the first Gate, and shall then enter the first Court without any opposition, where seeing no Body, he shall lye down on the Ground to rest him a while, but he shall soon hear a dreadful Voice which shall say to him. Arise, *Grecian* Prince, who to thy ill Fortune hast entred this Castle. And when he least thinks of it he shall see a dreadful Dragon coming towards him, whose very Looks are Vennmous, and who shall cast out Flames of fire. Yet shall the undaunted Prince attack him, and fighting with Courage answerable to the greatness of the danger, he shall Kill the Monster, and Defeat all Enchantments by the assistance of the Wise Man his Friend. Then shall he enter the second Court in Victorious manner, and thence into a Garden full of sweet Flowers and odoriferous Trees, water'd by a Thousand pleasant Streams, where he shall have the satisfaction of hearing the Harmonious Birds celebrate his Victory. In the midst of the Garden, he shall find a most Beautiful Nymph clad in a long Robe embroider'd with Diamonds, Emeralds, Topaces and Rubies. This charming Nymph having receiv'd him with a smiling Countenance shall with one Hand deliver to him a Bunch of Gold Keys, and with the other shall put on his Head a Garland of Amaranths, and Jasmins. Then the Prince with the Golden Keys shall open all the Prisons and Dungeons, and shall knock

knock off all the Irons of the Illustrious Prisoners ; and directing his Discourse to me, shall desire me to dub him a Knight Errant with my own Hands, and to grant him leave to become my inseparable Companion in all my Undertakings. The respect I shall have for such a Valorous Prince, and Gratitude obliging me to grant all he can demand, we shall both range the World for an infinite number of Years, and shall finish all the Adventures we shall meet with.

CH A P. XII.

Containing a continuation of what more pass'd between Don Quixote and the Players.

THE Players were amaz'd at *Don Quixotes* strange Madness, and stood in admiration at his last Harangue, and whilst they talk'd of it, *Sancho* return'd from the Stable, where he had been putting *Rocinante*, *Dapple*, and *Barbara's* Mule. As soon as he came in, he drew near his Master, and said to him ; Go to *Loveless Knight*, here we are by the Grace of God. My Son *Sancho*, ask'd *Don Quixote* in a doleful Tone, has our common Enemy done thee no harm? No, Sir, reply'd the Squire, but by my Faith, had I not had so much Wit as to turn Moor immediately, I had by this time been fairly turning upon a Spit that has but three Points, for Mr. Enchanter design'd to have Roasted me to Night to treat his Friends. What do I hear cry'd the Knight? Is it possible you are turn'd *Mahometan*? What do you mean Wretch? Can you be guilty of such Baseness? Ho, ho, Sir, quoth *Sancho*, what I had better have suffer'd myself to be Roasted I'll warrant you. Yes faith, I turn'd Moor, and I would sooner have turn'd Hermit, had he desir'd it, and a fig for those that find fault with it ; when a Man is once in the Grave, he can neither be *Christian* nor *Moor*. But let us talk no more of that, Sir, if we can make our Escape from this Place, God knows my meaning. *Don Quixote* was so much concern'd at what his Squire said, that it afflicted him no less than his own Enchantment ; but his Sorrow was soon turn'd into Joy, for the Author changing Countenance all on a sudden, said to him smiling, So far good, Noble *Don Quixote*, it is now time to Undeceive you. You must understand, I am not the Wise *Friston*,
your

your Enemy, as you imagine. On the contrary, I am the Wife *Alquise*, your great Friend, and I have done this only to try your Constancy, and the Confidence you repose in me. Now I am satisfy'd, let us Embrace, I beseech you, and assure your self, you shall never implore my Assistance in vain. This said, he caus'd his Servants, who held *Don Quixote*, to withdraw, and the Knight finding himself at Liberty, and never doubting, but the Author was really the Wife *Alquise*, got up and went to Embrace him. Then he embrac'd all the Players in their turns, looking upon them as so many Princes protected by the wise Man his Friend. The Actresses seeing the ridiculous Figure the Knight made, had enough to do to forbear Laughing in his Face; however they forbore, which was no small matter among them, and when they had made their Obeisance with all the tokens of profound Respect they could counterfeit, one of them, in the Name of all the rest said; Great Knight of *la Mancha*, North-star of Gallantry, you here see several Princesses, who desire your Protection. If it happen that any scoundrel Giants steal us away some time or other, and only design to keep us Enchanted as if we were Stocks, we beseech you to come to our Assistance, and not to suffer us to spend our Youth so uncomfortably. Beautiful *Infantas*, reply'd *Don Quixote* very graciously, you need not make me that request, as long as you are Friends to the Wife *Alquise*, you need fear nothing; but laying aside his mighty Power, did the whole Universe conspire against your Beauty, should all the Magicians ever *Egypt* brought forth, come hither to hurt you, I would defy them to touch a hair of your Heads. Worthy *Don Quixote*, said the Author, these Princesses are extreamly oblig'd to you; but whilst some Giant shall give you an Opportunity of employing your Valour for them, think of nothing but taking your Ease, and making Merry in this Castle with the great Queen *Zenobia*, whose Arrival I am sure is a private Satisfaction to some of the Princes here present. Were not you in haste to be at *Madrid*, we would desire you to stay a few days with us, but I am too much concern'd for your Honour, to desire to stop you. I know you have no time to spare, and therefore you may prosecute your Journey to Morrow: In the mean while, let us all go sit down to Table, and after Supper I'll divert you with a Play, for I have brought a Company of Players hither on purpose. This said, he took the Knight by the Hand and led him into a great Room, where they found a good Supper provided for them. *Don Quixote* was so pleas'd

to be with his Friend the Wise *Alquife*, that it appear'd in his Countenance; and *Sancho* was so full of satisfaction, that he could not contain himself, but said to the Author, By my troth Master *Skiff*, I am glad to see you once in my life Face to Face, for I never saw you before, but in a Dream; and to say the truth, when my Master *D. Quixote* in our Walks talk'd so much of you, God knows what I thought. But pray Mr. *Skiff*, since all things are possible to Magick, I beseech you to make me a Christian again, for I have been considering I am not at all fit to be a *Moor*. And pray, why not *Sancho*, ask'd the Author. Because, said the *Squire*, I love Wine and Bacon as I love my Life, and those two things are forbid among the *Moors* more strictly than any Sin. The thing is not to be easily done, reply'd the Author, but I shall make a shift to compass it, provided you will be three days without Eating or Drinking. I am sure if you perform that small Penance, you'll become a Christian again, and it will never appear in the least that you were a *Moor*. That Penance quoth *Sancho*, were very proper for my Master *Don Quixote*, who does not mind Eating or Drinking. But I am of another Constitution, for if I am, I will not say three days, but three hours without Eating, I can hear my Guts sing the black Psalm. How shall we do then, said the Author to *Unmahometanize* you. How, answer'd *Sancho*, why is there but one Medicine in Physick? You may command me, for Instance, to lye only upon one side, or not to drink but with the left Hand, and I promise before God, and on my Conscience, to obey your Commands. Whilst they were talking, *Don Quixote*, *Barbara* and the Scholars stood about the Table; but before they sat down, one of the Scholars said Grace aloud. The Author perceiving that *Sancho*, who stood behind, had not taken off his Cap during the Prayer, said to the Company, Pray Gentlemen observe what it is to be a *Moor*; whilst we stood with our Hats in our Hands, that irreligious *Sancho* kept his Cap on his Head. It is true Gentlemen, quoth *Sancho*, I am not asham'd to own it, for I do not take off my Cap, or say Grace, till I am to eat myself; but when others eat, I think I am no ways concern'd; every Man for himself, and God for us all. The Scholars fell a Laughing, and would have *Sancho*, as much a *Moor* as he was, to sit down at Table with them; and being well taken care of, he made the best Sport at Supper.

The Players both Men and Women, having eaten and drank as it were for a Wager, made ready to rehearse the

Play

Play in the Hall, which they were to act the next day at *Alcala*. They lighted some Candles that stood in little wooden Candlesticks, and drew an Horizontal line on the Floor, to divide the Stage from the Audience. *D. Quixote*, *Barbara*, *Sancho*, and the Scholars, and some others that were in the Inn, took their places to hear the Actors Rehearse, who soon began. A Prince of *Cordova* was the first that appear'd with his Confident, to whom he said; It is decreed my, dear *Henry*, a Disdain'd Lover, becomes an implacable Enemy. I will be Reveng'd of the Queen of *Leon*. The King her Husband, whom you know I Govern, is already prepossess'd against her, and contrives her Death. The Prince of *Cordova* would have proceeded, but seeing the Queen appear, he withdrew. That Princess stept forward alone with an Handkercher in her Hand, and after wiping her Eyes, which seem'd to drop Tears, and stepping about a while in Silence, she said; Perfidious Prince of *Cordova*, who not able to corrupt my Vertue with your Love, dost contrive to blacken it by thy Artifices; Can you, without remorse, accuse my Innocence? Alas! it is Not Death I fear, it is the dread of dying without Honour. Good God! who knows the Secrets of my Heart, pity my Sorrow. Will you permit Falshood to triumph over Vertue? The Act'ess representing her Passion to the Life, she touch'd the Knight of *la Mancha* to the Quick, and put him into such a Passion, that starting up abruptly and drawing his Sword, he cry'd out, The Prince of *Cordova* is a Traitor, a Villain, and a Slanderer, and as such I here Challenge him to single Combat: I will soon with my keen Sword, make him confess, that the Queen of *Leon*, is as Chast as the Princess *Zenobia* herself. The Players were not provided for this Adventure, and therefore burst out a Laughing; but the Knight going on with his Challenge to the Prince of *Cordova*, the Player, who represented him, drew his Sword, and stood up before him, saying; *D. Quixote*, there is no need of so much Noise for so small a matter; and since you will espouse the Queen's Quarrel, whose Chastity you are not so well acquainted with as I am, I consent to Fight you, not here, but in the Great Square of *Madrid*, before the King and all the Court. As he was speaking, the Player spy'd a Mule's Crupper, which hung to the Ceiling of the Room, which he took down, and holding it to *Don Quixote*, went on, saying; There, Sir Knight, since I have neither Glove nor Gantlet to give you as a Gage, take one of my Garters, which may serve in the stead;

Read; and remember the Combat shall be twenty days hence. All the Company fell a Laughing at the *Player's* Contrivance. Which so highly offended *Don Quixote*, that he said; Really Gentlemen, I wonder that such wise and couragious Princes should laugh to see a Traitor accept my Challenge; you ought rather to Weep with the Queen, who has so much cause to be Troubled; but who ought now to take Comfort, since she has had the good fortune to meet with me. Then he turn'd to his Squire, and giving him the Crupper, said. Here *Sancho*, keep this Gage safe. By my Faith, cry'd *Sancho*, the Crupper is none of the worst, I'll e'en make it fast to my Ass's Pannel, where it shall stay till we can find out the Owner. Fool, quoth *Don Quixote*, to call that a Crupper. What the Devil is it then, reply'd *Sancho*, if it is not a Mule's Crupper? It is the Prince of *Cordova's* Garter, answer'd the Knight. Why sure you'll make me renounce *Anti-Christ*, said the Squire. One would think I had never seen a Crupper. Look ye Sir, I have handled more Cruppers than there are Stars in *Limbo*. Here Blockhead, quoth *Don Quixote*, see whether ever there was a richer Garter. Observe those gold Fringes, and mind how a Diamond, or a Ruby, or an Emerald of inestimable value, hangs at every end. Then I am certainly Drunk, said *Sancho*, for let me be Hang'd, if I see any of the gold Fringes you talk of, but only little Packthreads knotted at the ends. In short, it is possible this may be a Garter in the other World, but in this, I do affirm it is a Crupper. Friend *Sancho*, quoth the Author, do you Banter us in calling this a Crupper? I can assure you, it is a Garter of great Value. Nay, if you have any hand in it Mr. Skiff, cry'd *Sancho*, I say no more to it; for you Gentlemen Enchanters will turn White Black, and if you have it in your Head this must needs be a Garter, tho it smells so strong of a Crupper.

Whilst they were in this pleasant contest, nor unlike that about *Mambrino's* Helmet, a Mule-driver coming into the Room and seeing the Crupper in *Sancho's* hand, said, Cousin, pray leave the Crupper where you found it; I did not buy it to make you Sport with it. Gentlemen cry'd *Sancho*, don't you hear what this honest Man says; I am sure I did not bid him say so. Then it is a Crupper, by *Jove*, I am glad of it. You may see by this that Enchanters and Knights Errant, are no such Conjurers as they take themselves to be. This said, he gave the Crupper to the Mule-driver: But *Don Quixote* having no mind to part with it, went up to him, and snatching it away rudely, said, You Dunce, it is likely such a rich Garter was made for you. The Mule-driver, who did not understand Jest, and was much stronger than *Don Quixote*, lay'd hold

of his Arm, and giving him a punch on the Stomach, threw him over; then getting a top of him, he soon forc'd the Crupper out of his Hands. The Squire seeing his Master fall, ran into his Assistance, and gave the Mule-driver two furious bangs with his Fist; one of which took him in the nape of the Neck, and the other on the right Ear. The Mule-driver was stunn'd for a while, but soon reveng'd himself, for he lay'd three or four strokes with the Crupper a-cross the Squire's Face, and then went out of the Room, because the *Players* and the *Scholars* threaten'd to second *Sancho*, if he did not give over. *Sancho* would have follow'd him, and said to the *Scholars* who stopp'd him; Pray Gentlemen hold me, for if I go after that discourteous Mule-driver, I shall kill him and all his Race, to the twentieth Generation. No, *Sancho*, answer'd *Don Quixote*, let the Wretch go, since he flies before us; he is not worth our Anger. Knights are not to make ill use of their Valour, and ought rather to make flight of, than to revenge a Wrong, when it comes from a Man of no Note, one of the meanest of the Rabble. You are in the right, *Don Quixote*, said the Author, you take true measures in this Affair; Great Men must shew Moderation and Calmness, that they may not do all the harm that is in their power to the little ones. Well then, said *Sancho*, God speed the Mule-driver with the two raps I lay'd him on about the Ears. Night being now well advanc'd, the Author led *Don Quixote* into a Room, where he Double-lock'd him in; then he return'd to the Actors, who perform'd their Rehearsal, and then went to Bed.

C H A P. XIII.

How grievously Sancho was afflicted, because he could not see things like a Knight Errant.

NEXT Morning the *Players* got up as soon as it was day, paid their Shot, and went away to *Alcala*. An Hour after they were gone, *Don Quixote* awaking, call'd his Squire, who hearing his Voice, came up, and open'd his Chamber Door, which the Author had shur. *Sancho*, said the Knight, what News from *Q. Zenobia*? Did you take care she had an Apartment worthy her Person? By my troth Sir, answer'd the Squire, my Head was so full of our Combat last night, that I thought of the Princess no more than if she had not been Queen: But in short, she did not lye abroad; two of the *Players* took her along with them into their Chamber, whether she follow'd them

without

without any Ceremony; and by the same token, they eat a Pasty, and drank a great por of Wine. That cannot be, cry'd *Don Quixote*, I am well acquainted with the Queen's Chastity, and there is no likelihood of what you say: You certainly Dream'd all that last Night. No, Sir, quoth *Sancho*, I am sure the Pasty was no Dream, it was real Flesh and Bones, and but now I saw what little was left of it on a Plate in the Kitchin. It is a strange thing, reply'd *Don Quixote*, that having so long follow'd Knight Errantry, and convers'd with Princes and Emperors, thou should'st still be as Unpolish'd as thou wert the first day I rais'd thee from Nothing. Will you never learn to see things as they ought to be seen? Will you ever confound the Objects with the Idea's? Will nothing ever appear to you in its true Shape? In truth, there is no enduring of you any longer, I am weary of Instructing you so often to so little purpose, and will send you back to your Village like a dull Brute. These words and the way of uttering them, had such effect upon *Sancho*, that he concluded for the present he was in the wrong; yet he could not understand what was the cause he did not Improve. My dear Master *Don Quixote*, answer'd he, Weeping, I am as willing as any Man in the World, but do all that I can to see things like a Knight Errant, I cannot compass it. Just then the two Scholars entred the Room, and finding *D. Quixote* in a Passion, and the Squire Weeping, they desir'd to know the cause. Gentlemen, said the Knight, am not I to be pity'd to have such a Clown, such a Blockhead for my Squire, who sees all things the wrong way; who takes Helmets for Barbers Bassons, Paladins for Peasants, and Princesses for Maids of Inns. I dare say, should the Princess *Landabridis* come in just now in the same Equipage the Knight of the Sun met her the first time, that this Ignoramus would take her glorious triumphal Chariot for a Cart, and the two white Unicorns that drew it, for Oxen. Sir, said the Balchelor, you ought rather to pity than to be angry with your poor Squire: Consider, he Loves you, and is Trusty: and you may hope that time may open his Eyes. Let me talk to him a little, while you dress yourself. Then he turn'd to the Squire and said; Friend *Sancho*, you have the best Master in the World; but you know not how to deal with him; he requires nothing of you but what is Reasonable, and yet he has not been hitherto able to force you to a Compliance: If he requir'd Impossibilities of you; if he would have you to bite the Moon, to find him out a Woman, or a Witty Book without a Fault, I should excuse you, and be the first that should condemn him; but when he only desires you would see Objects as they really are, white Unicorns as white Unicorns, and not as Oxen; in truth Friend, it is a great deal of Obstinacy to be so

Rebellious. Master Batchelor, answer'd *Sancho*, I agree to all you say; but I know not what to do; and I could with my self Hang'd. I often give myself good Cuffs and Thumps on the Jaws: Nay, sometimes I tear off my Hair, Eye-brows and Eye-lashes, and yet all to no purpose; and I believe, God forgive me, that tho' I should pull out both my Eyes, I should see never the better. I always see quite contrary to my Master *Don Quixote*; certainly the wicked Enchanters have Bewitch'd my Sight. I should be loath to Swear for them, reply'd the Bachelor; those vile Fellows have serv'd others of my Acquaintance so. O the wicked Rogues, cries *Sancho*, Weeping again. Alas! how shall I Govern my Island with these damn'd purblind Eyes? All my Servants will look like Animals to me. I shall take my Pages for Monkeys, my Maid-servants for Magpies, my Steward for a Fox, my Sewer for a Swine, and my Counsellors for Asses; and what is worst of all, I shall take anothers Goods for my own, and then the Governor will go to the Devil, or will be whipp'd out of his Government. Be not so much concern'd my Friend, said the Batchelor, I will take off the magical Blemish you have on your Eyes. O dear Mr. Batchelor, quoth *Sancho*, if you have that Secret, do not grudge it me, I beseech you. I will teach it you quoth the Batchelor, do not trouble yourself. O Lord quoth the Squire, why would you not teach it me at first? Is not Work done, better than Work to do? Nay, but this matter, said the Batchelor, smiling at *Sancho's* Eagerness, is not to be done so lightly. It is a very mysterious Ceremony, and requires many Preparations. It is enough for the present, that you know the Receipt is Infallible, and you shall have trial of it before we part. I would fain be at it already, cry'd *Sancho*, for I have a great Heart, I am mad to think I cannot see as well as others; but in the mean while, Mr. Batchelor, pray resolve me one Difficulty; I know I am Enchanted; but how comes it my Enchantment does not extend to all I see, and particularly to what I do; for I am very sensible I am not always Deceived. As for Instance, I see you all three as really you are, and I do not take you for Asses. Besides, when I tell Momy, provided the sum be not above twenty Shillings, I defy the best Divine to bestir his Fingers more nimbly, or tell truer than I do. Brother *Sancho*, quoth the Batchelor, I will give you the reason of that difference, which depends wholly on the fancy of the Enchanter; it is in their power to give Objects all sorts of Forms: They can Metamorphose all Mankind, turn Solicitors into Leaches, Counsellors into Sirenes, Attorneys into Monkeys, Courtiers into cringing Dogs, and tolerable Women into Phoenixes; but for the most part, they pass by those trivial Matters, that they may wholly

wholly attend to Knight Errantry, which they use their utmost most endeavours to suppress. And therefore *Friston* the Enchanter, who studies nothing but how he may harm you, pleases himself with disguising things to you, that you may be Deceiv'd every Moment; and he flatters himself with the hopes that this blindness will hold you an hundred and fifty Years. Nay, but how do you know, reply'd the Squire in a Maze, that I must continue Enchanted all that while. I'll tell you, quoth the Barchelor, when I was in *Flanders*, for as silly as you see me look here, I was six Years in the Service, there came thither a famous Jew from the furthest *Caldea*, and *Arabia*. He was the notablest Man upon the face of the Earth at Magick. Nature to him was quite Naked, and he knew all that is to come as plain as what pass'd before the Creation of the World. I had the good fortune to rescue him from a Party of the Enemy's that had taken him Prisoner, in return he honour'd me with his Friendship, and repos'd singular Confidence in me. We were inseparable Companions during the two Years he stay'd in *Flanders*. He bore me company in all our Marches; he was always by my side in all the Battels and Sieges I was at. Do you judge how advantagious his Company was to me? He brought me off safe from a thousand Dangers, and sav'd me by his Art, from fourscore and three Musket Shot, 15 whereof I should have receiv'd in my Head, 5 in the Lungs, 9 in the Liver, 17 in the Spleen, 30 in the Optick Nerve, and the rest in the great Gur. He taught me abundance of Curiosities, and among the rest, the Secret how to live four times as long as *Nestor*, without feeling the inconveniencies of old Age; and this Secret is so infallible,, that this rare Jew at the Moment when we parted, was thirteen hundred and sixty six Years 7 Months 14 Hours and 16 Minutes old, and he had a Complection like a young Girl, and was as strong as the Giant *Mandrake*, who was kill'd by the Valiant *Sacridorus*. You mistake Mr. Barchelor, quoth *Don Quixote*, interrupting him, King *Sacridorus* did not combat with the Giant *Mandrake*: It is true, that the Knights who follow'd the Giant, being desirous to revenge his Death, and falling altogether upon *Rosclair*, his Friend *Sacridorus* rush'd in among them and slew six. *Don Quixote*, quoth the Barchelor, you may very well excuse me for that slip; because besides that, it is a long time since I read the story of the Knight of the Sun, you may please to remember I told you but Yesterday, that I had a bad Memory. But to return to my Jew, and have done in two words; he taught me all the Tricks of the Mountebanks: And to conclude, Friend *Sancho*, he taught me the Secret of Disenchanted you, telling me at the same time, that the Enchanter *Friston*, had Bewitch'd you for an hundred and fifty Years. Of

all the *Jews* Learning, quoth *Sancho*, that is what I like best; I don't much care to live many Ages; if I can live to Sixscore, I care for no more: After that, come what will, when a Man has once suck'd the Cherry, he need not much mind the Stone. The Knight admiring what he had heard, said to the Scholar, looking on him with Amazement. Truly Mr. Batchelor, I am mightily taken with the Wonders you have told us, and it is a great misfortune, that you are not a Knight Errant; for, what with the Valour you shew'd in *Flanders*, and that sublime knowledge you have attain'd, I do not question, but you would in a short time, have been a great proficient in Knight Errantry. Most incomparable *Don Quixote*, reply'd the Batchelor, I have always look'd upon Knight Errantry as the top and noblest of all Professions; and I must own, I would devote myself to it Zealously, were I not subject to some ill Habits which I cannot break myself of, which I look upon as very opposite to that holy Exercise. Pray let me know them, answer'd the Knight, and no Man shall tell you better than I, whether they ought to obstruct your being a Knight Errant. Well then, Sir, reply'd the Batchelor, to acquaint you at once with all my Frailties, I must tell you in the first Place, that I am nothing near so Chaste as *Amadis de Gaule*. I should be apt to fall in Love with all the Maidens that came in my way, and should not Disenchant one of them without making her pay for her Disenchantment. Chastity, said *Don Quixote*, is doubtless a great Verrue, but yet not absolutely necessary in a Knight Errant; and tho' *Amadis de Gaule*, was like me, a Mirrour of Chastity, yet *D. Galaor*, his Brother, and the Worthy *D. Rogero* of Greece, did not make any scruple to admit of Favours, when they met with Ladies inclinable to bestow them; and that did not hinder them from becoming Famous in the Order of Knight Errantry. I grant it, answer'd the Batchelor, nor is it the want of Chastity, that is my greatest Obstacle. That is the least of my Faults, and I must tell you freely, that besides that lewd Inclination, and I have others more unpardonable, I am Sloathful, an Epicure, a Drunkard—Out upon't, cry'd *Don Quixote*, interrupting him, those are vile Failings. O Heavens! why must the greatest Men be subject to the greatest Vices? Those faults are too opposite to our Rules, to permit you to be admitted into our holy Body; but use your endeavours to mend, and if once you can compass it, I promise I will my self dub you a Knight, and be your Second in the first Combat you shall undertake. The Batchelor thank'd *D. Quixote* for that mighty Favour; and the Knight being Dress'd and Arm'd by this time, they went down all four into the Court of the Inn.

CHAP. XIV.

Of the Ceremony the Batchellor us'd to Disenchant Sancho, and what Success it had.

THE Inn-keeper and Queen Barbara were talking in the Kitchen, when our Knight appear'd. They both went out to meet him. The Host who was a pleasant Fellow, made him a bow, saying to him with a Smiling Countenance. How does the Noble *Don Quixote*, the Flower and the Pearl of *la Mancha*, and the Jewel of Knights. *Don Quixote* having answer'd the Compliment, Saluted the Queen, and then ask'd where the Wife *Alquise* was, that he might take his leave of him. The Host answer'd, Sir Knight, the Wife *Alquise* is no longer in this Castle. He went away this Morning to *Constantinople*, whether he was call'd upon affairs of the greatest consequence. But before he went he order'd me to Treat you handsomly during your stay ; which he need-ed not to have done, for I Naturally Love Knights Errant, and not one of them passes by this Castle but I give him a taste of the best I have. *Don Quixote* knowing that Enchanters appear and vanish as they please, was not at all surpriz'd at the News, and therefore said to the Host, Mr. *Castelan*, I thank you for your good Will ; but I am in haste to be at *Madrid* and can stay no longer with you. If so, answer'd the Host, I shall not presume to stay you ; and you may depart when you please. O Master Batchelor, cry'd *Sancho*, if you leave us, farewell Secret. No, no, my Friend, answer'd the Batchelor, we shall meet again at *Alcala*. By my Hand, Mr. Batchelor, said the other Scholar, you ought rather to disenchant this poor Devil *Sancho* immediately. *Don Quixote* and I do beg it of you. If it maybe done presently, quoth *Don Quixote*, Mr. Batchelor you'l oblige me not to put it off till another time. I grant your request Gentlemen, reply'd the Batchelor, and since *Don Quixote* desires it, I am willing to put my Secret to the Tryal immediately. Mr. *Castelan* be pleas'd to show us into the darkest part of the Castle, because Spirits do not love much light, they will not appear but in gloomy places. Q. *Zenobia* must not go with us, if she pleases ; for we shall see things not fit to be seen by a Princess. The Inn-keeper, who was a witty Fellow, guess'd at the Batchelors design, and being a Man that would lose no pastime, lighted a Candle to rights, and led *Don Quixote*, *Sancho*, and the Schollars into a Cellar so dark, that it might have satisfy'd the Spirits who are most afraid of light. When they were all in, the Host set down the Candle upon a little rotten Table there happen'd to be in the place, and went out again with the Batchelor to speak to two young Mule dri-

vers who were then in the Stable, and whose assistance they thought they might stand in need of. When they had agreed together what part every one was to Play, the Host return'd into the Cellar, and soon after him came the Batchellor with a great black Cloak about his Shoulders, and on his Head four pastboard Caps made Sugar Loaf Fashion, half an Ell long, and all four of them look'd as if they had been but one. He made *Sancho* a Bow lower than a Novice does to the General of his Order. He also Saluted *Don Quixote* and the rest, and then all the Cask in the Cellar. Then turning to the Knight, he said, *Don Quixote* without doubt is amaz'd to see me Salute these Cask; but he must understand, that on these Hogsheds there are several invisible Enchanters, who are come to be Spectators of our Magical Operation. Having spoke these words he took off one of his Pastboard Caps and put it upon the Squires Head. The same he did to the other two Spectators, and then he order'd *Sancho* to strip to his shirt. The Squire look'd upon this Prelude as an ill Omen. He was all in disorder, and the Sweat ran down in great drops. He was glad it is true, to think he should be soon disenchant'd; but judging by what the Batchelor had said, that he might happen to see some Scurvy Apparition, he began to be as much afraid of the Ceremony as he was before desirous of it. However, come what would he stripp'd, and when he had done, the Batchelor said to the Host. Mr. *Castellan*, pray go fetch three great Christal Glasses, if you have any, and fill them with good White Wine. I have them, reply'd the Host, and they were made purposely for this Ceremony. In short he fetch'd three of the largest he had, and fill'd them to the brim with the best Wine in the Cellar, the more to Honour the Operation. The Batchellor took them one after another with Mysterious Gestures, and plac'd them on the Table in a Triangle. Then he utter'd these words aloud, by *Belfegor*, by *Leviathan*, by *Beelzebub*, by *Asmodens*. He made the Squire repeat them several times, making him walk round the Table. Then he made him drink the three Bumpers and said to him. Courage Friend, I have a good conceit of your Business. I find you have a good Heart. Mr. Batchellor, cry'd *Sancho*, you see I do not spare my Body. I use my poor Endeavours, the Lord must do the rest. Nay, reply'd the Batchellor, you have hitherto play'd your part to admiration, bating that you did not pronounce one word well. As for that, quoth the Squire, a word is a meer trifle. I would fain know whether all the Cannons say their Matins without tripping. No, no, they don't go to *Rome* for a Pardon every time they turn over two leaves of their Breviary at once, and yet they are sure to find their Dinner ready. But how ver, lest we should lose a Hog for a half-penny-worth of

Tar,

Tar, you may order me another Bumper in lieu of the word I mistook, and perhaps one will make amends for the other. That won't do, reply'd the Batchellor, but it is likely you did not Murder that word designedly, and since your intention was good, all is well. By my Troth I believe so, answer'd the Squire, I can assure you the Wine has wrought Wonders. I begin to see like a Knight Errant already, for methinks I see a thousand Candles here. I find you are out in your Reckoning, said the Batchelor, The Ceremony is not yet ended, and the best is to come. Or rather all that we have done is nothing to what is wanting. Now there being two Enchanters, who are your Enemies; that is, *Friston* and a *Moorish* Enchanter you told me of Yesterday, I must make a Circle, and by vertue of a Charm which commands them, I will oblige each of them to send a Devil hither to disenchant you. But dear Friend *Sancho*, added he after making a great Circle on the Ground with Chalk, I must give you some advice. The Devils will be sure to use all their endeavours to make you go out of the Circle, in the middle of which you are safe, because they cannot come within it, but you must be sure to stand fast in it, whatever they can do to you; for should you be so unfortunate as to stir out of it, they would swallow you like an Oyster. If on the contrary you still keep within the Circle, they will drop at your Feet a skin of white Vellom, which contains the Charm, and will take their flight houlng for shame and Vexation. Therefore take care you do not go out for fear. For Fear, quoth *Don Quixote*, interrupting him, what can he fear whilst I am present. Pull up *Sancho*, remember I am with you, I say no more. 'Tis enough Sir, reply'd the Squire, I know your word can't fail in that point. God be prais'd, in your Company I fear nothing. The worst of it is that I quake a little. But let them give me another Glas of Wine, and I promise you I'll then stand within the Circle as upright as a Snake. With all my Heart, brave *Sancho*, said the Host, giving him at the same time a great Bumper. Courage my Friend, The Squire, having taken that hartning Dose, entred the Circle boldly. So *Sancho*, said the Batchellor, now for the Charm; but remember you must be silent till the Devils have thrown the Parchment at your Feet. For I must tell you, that if you speak one word before, the Spirits will vanish immediately, and then there will be no disenchanting of you. It shall ne'er mis-carry for that fault, quoth *Sancho*, you may fall to work as soon as you please. Then the Batchelor fell upon his Knees, and continu'd almost a quarter of an Hour with his Eyes fix'd on the Ground; after which he started up, and like one in a Mad fit, sometimes stretch'd out his Arms, sometimes roll'd his Eyes and making many wild-Motions, gave himself several bangs on the

Stomach. At last raising his Voice and talking with a strange nimble Action, he began his Charm after this manner,

Beelzebub, Asmodeus ye frightful Fiends that Obey the Enchanter *Frison*, and the *Moorish* Enchanter, I conjure you to listen to my Voice.

By *Juno*, and by Mighty *Jove*,
 By *Pluto*, and the God of Love,
 By *Neptune's* Boots, and *Merc'ries* Shoon,
 And by the Horns of *Madam Moon*.
 By *Leo*, *Libra*, and *Aquarius*,
 By *Taurus*, *Cancer*, *Sagittarius*,
 By the *Twins*, and the *Rams Horn*,
 By *Pisces*, and by *Capricorn*,
 By the *Scorpion's* poynsous sting,
 By the *Virgin*, that rare thing,
 By *Pans* pipe and bed of *Grass*,
 By *Silenus* gentle *Ass*,
 By the Killing bold *Physicians*,
 By the Senseless *Politicians*,
 By the *Spirits*, great and small,
 By the *Fairies*, *Devils* and all.

Ye cruel and mischievous *Spirits*, who in compliance to the Malice of Enchanters, the Knight of *la Mancha's* Enemies, have by your Sorceries infected the Eyes of his Honest Squire, *Sancho Panca*, I command you to appear here presently, and to cast into the Circle the Parchment containing the Charm; come away I command you.

By *Proserpine's* black Sooty Coat,
 By *Charon's* Oars, and *Rotten Boat*,
 By the *Flambeaus* of the *Furies*,
 By the Sense of Common *Furies*,
 By their *Truth* who Buy and Sell;
 By the three Mouth'd Dog of *Hell*,
 By the *Sybil's* and the *Oracles*,
 By *Mahomet*, and his *Miracles*,
 By the Conscience of a *Faylor*,
 By the Honesty of a *Taylor*,
 By the *Spirits* great and small,
 By the *Fairies*, *Devils* and all.

The Batchelor stopping short here, a Noise was heard at the Cellar Door, and presently the two Confederate Devils came in.

in. They were wrapp'd up in tatter'd old red Hangings, ty'd about them in several places with Ropes, and each of them had a Jack Chain about his Neck. Their Caps had two Horns, and their Faces were so daub'd with Soot that no White appear'd but the White of their Eyes. Besides each of them had a Whip in the right Hand, and an Iron Prong, or Fork in the left. But that which most of all deceiv'd *Don Quixote* and frighted his Squire, was a lighted Match each Devil had in his Mouth, which was so wrapp'd about with fine Flax that whenever they blow'd it look'd as if they had spit Fire. They drew near the Circle, and made a thousand ugly Faces at *Sancho*, who shut his Eyes, that he might not see them, quak'd like an *Aspen Leaf*, and pray'd Heartily. Then the Batchelor continu'd his Charm in this manner.

Infernal Spirits, who behold *Sancho's* undauntedness, throw down at his Feet your Fatal Parchment, I command you.

By Fair *Hebe's* God-like Head,
 By *Jove's* Love to *Ganymed* ;
 By *Orpheus* Lute, *Guitarre*, or *Fiddle*,
 By cruel *Sphynx's* Fatal Riddle ;
 By *Comus* Revels in the dark ;
 By Warlike *Mars*, that Bloody Spark,
 By *Venus* and her Chast Embraces,
 By *Vulcan's* Cyclops lovely Faces ;
 By *Olympus* when it Nods,
 By all the whole and Demi-Gods,
 By the *Spirits* great and small,
 By the *Fairies*, *Devils* and all.

The Devils tho' so powerfully conjur'd, were not over hasty to cast the Parchment into the Circle, and perceiving that *Sancho* still kept his Eyes shut they began to jerk his Haunches, with their Mules Whips; but tho' they were only in Jest, being Naturally rough Fellows, and *Sancho* in his Shirt, he could not but feel the Lashes. *Sancho* gnash'd his Teeth, shrugg'd his Shoulders, and cut Capers, kicking his Heels up to his very Breech. But took all, without stirring out of the Circle, or speaking one word. The Devils, who would fain make him speak, and yet had rather fright than hurt him, laid down their Whips and began to tickle him with their Forks, till *Sancho* out of patience, cry'd out as loud as he could and weeping. O my good Master *Don Quixote*, have pity on me, I beseech you, and deliver me from these Cursed Devils. The Knight was not deaf to his Cries, but said with a dreadful Voice. Hold Devils

and you shall see whether *D. Quixote* is afraid of your Iron Prongs. This said, he drew his Sword ; but he presently found himself in such dismal Darkness, that he could see nothing ; for as soon as *Sancho* open'd his Mouth, the Mule-driver Devils, the Host and the Scholars, who expected that Storm, put out the Candle and slipp'd out of the Cellar as fast as they could.

Still *D. Quixote* threatned the Devils, tho the Darkness check'd his Passion, and rendred his Valour uselefs. *Sancho* was so frighted, that he fancy'd he still felt the Forks. Master *Don Quixote*, said he, pray keep near me if you please, for perhaps the Devils put out the Candle that they might use me the worse: Draw near, that I may know you are by me. Our Knight was going closer to encourage him, and both of them holding out their Arms to feel one another, the Squire hapned to touch his Masters lean and hairy Hand, which made him cry out, I am a dead Man, I have felt *Lucifer's* Claw. No, Child said *Don Quixote*, it is I, be not frightened. Alas! reply'd the Squire, Fear has overcome me. The Devils are not here, answer'd the Knight ; but what I admire is, that methinks we two are left alone in this dismal Place. What can become of the Scholars and the *Castelan*? I do not hear them speak. This said, they both began to call upon them, but no body answering. By my troth, quoth *Sancho*, the Devils have certainly carry'd them all away. As for Mr. Batchelors part, he is well enough serv'd, and he deserves it for his damn'd Conjuring, which I shall never forget as long as I have a bit of Skin left upon my Breech. I don't believe that, answer'd *Don Quixote*, the Batchelors has too much power over the Devils, to suffer them to hurt him. On my Conscience, quoth *Sancho*, there's no trusting to that. Dogs sometimes bite their Masters. But pray Sir, stay till I gather up my Breeches and Doubler, which I feel under my Feet, and then will endeavour to get out of this Place ; for in troth, I am not like the Spirits, I don't like dark Places at all ; and I fancy I am in the other World. He put on his Breeches, and whilst they were groaping about for the Door, the Host and the Scholars came back into the Cellar, with each of them a lighted Candle in his Hand. Ho, ho, Gentlemen, quoth *Sancho*, are you there ? What have you done with the Devils ? Were you Mad *Sancho*, said the Batchelor, don't you know you had like to have been the Death of us all, by calling upon your Master *D. Quixote*, to assist you. All Devils, and these more particularly hate to have any forcible means employ'd against them ; they presently break loose, and, and no Charms can hold them any longer. The Conjuror himself is not safe ; for they are a false Generation, and there's no more trusting of them than the Rogues of the Galley-slaves you rescu'd last year, and that was the reason we presently fled.

Yet

Yet they are not so fierce as you make them, reply'd *D. Quixote*, tho' they were Arm'd with Prongs, and spit more Fire than the Monster *Amadis de Gaule* overcame, or than *Faunus* the Demoniack, slain by the Knight of the *Sun*, they durst not stand before me. I believe so too, answer'd the Batchelor, they are cunning Devils, who never fight but when they are strongest. All that vexes me, added he, turning to the Squire, is, that the Operation was not perform'd with more Success. But it is your fault, Mr. *Sancho*, you ought to have had a little more Patience; however if you will be more stanch, and not speak one word, we will begin again. No, no, Mr. Batchelor, quoth *Sancho*, I had rather be Enchanted till Doom's-day, than see those Hell-hounds any more. Why the Devil, said *D. Quixote*, did not you keep Silence till all was over. It would have been over by this time. No doubt of it quoth *Sancho*, for I should have been Pink'd by this time; a Pox on the Devil, I should stand still and be flead without Wincing should I? Faith, you take me for a pretty Fool. Had not I call'd you to my Assistance, they would have thrust their Hell-forks into my Guts, for I felt them grate upon my Ribbs already. In short, if I never see things relating to Knight Errantry as I ought to do, the Loss is not great. What matter is it to me, whether Madam *Zenobia* is Handsome or Ugly, I have a Wife already, God be thanked, and that's enough for a Peasant. I am not deceiv'd in Eating and Drinking, and that concerns me most. O poor *Sancho*, said the Batchelor, not so hasty, Enchanters may as well hinder you from Eating and Drinking, and I wonder they have not done it already; sure *Friston* the Enchanter, reserves that for a finishing Stroak, for that is the general way of Enchanting. O the Dog, cry'd *Sancho*, all the Devils in Hell take him before he does. But perhaps that may never come to pass, Mr. Batchelor. It does not always Rain when we fancy it.

After some more such Discourse, they went out of the Cellar, and met Queen *Zenobia* in the Court, who seem'd very earnest to know the success of their Enterprize, as if she had been quite a Stranger to it. Beautiful Princess, said *D. Quixote* to her, it was none of Mr. Batchelors fault, I am well satisfy'd, that his Secret did not take effect, but my Squire disappointed it by his Impatience; and I foresee I am like to have trouble enough with him still. No, no, Sir, cry'd *Sancho*, we will argue no more about Chivalry; for I have consider'd on it. From this time forwards I'll believe all you say as certain as if it were in the Almanack; Whensoever you say it is so, I will Swear to it, and by that means shall be too hard for the Enchanters. Now let them come as fast as they will, when they happen to show me a Wind-mill, whip say I, there's a Giant; and so of the rest. O.

my Friend *Sancho*, quoth *Don Quixote*, if you say and hold, if you can so far prevail upon yourself, I desire no more of you: Do you but humbly submit the weakness of your Eyes and Understanding to your Master's clear Sight, and sound Reason, and then you have found the Secret of mortifying Enchanters, by disappointing their Malice. *Sancho* having oblig'd himself upon Oath, not to see any more but with his Master's Eyes; this Accomodation set all right again, and was some amends for the ill success of the Magical Operation. All the Company Rejoyc'd, eat a bit, and drank a glass of Wine. Then *D. Quixote*, *Barbara*, *Sancho*, and the Scholars, return'd the *Castelan* Thanks for his kind Entertainment, and they all left the *Fairy-Castle*. The Host demanded no Reckoning. It is true, the Players paid for the Supper; but yet others of his profession would not have spar'd to reckon with *D. Quixote* and the Scholars. He took the Ceremony in the Cellar for full Payment, and shew'd as much Generosity as any *Castelan* we meet with in the Books of Knight Errantry.

CHAP. XV.

Which the Arabian Alifolan does not reckon the best in the Book.

WHEN our Adventurers were come near *Alcala*, the Scholars not caring to enter the Town with *Don Quixote*, as having reason to believe, that his Figure would gather a Mob about him, stopp'd as it were to rest themselves, after taking leave of him and his Company. When they came just to the Suburbs, *Barbara* said to *D. Quixote*, Sir Knight, you have bought me a Mule and Cloaths, and have brought me with you thus far, as if I were your Sister: I return you most humble Thanks; but if you have no other Commands to lay on me, I will, by your leave, stay in this Town, where I was Born, and where I should be glad to Serve you more effectually than with bare Words. Oh my dear Princess, cry'd *D. Quixote*, much Surpriz'd, what is it you talk of? What strange Resolution is this you have taken? How will you leave me, after travelling together through so many Desarts? Alas! if you once go from me, who will defend you against your Enemy *Pamphus*, the Enchanter? Where can you be safe against his Practices? Be advis'd by me Madam, let us go to *Madrid* together, where I design publickly to defend your Beauty. Then you may do what you please. You shall go to *Cyprus*, if you think fit, or you shall stay in the Court of *Spain*, where I do not question but the King will entertain you,

as the Sultan of *Babylon* did the Princess *Hermiliana*, and the Beautiful *Polixena*, Mistresses to the two young Princes of Greece, *Don Clarineus* of Spain, and *Don Lucidaner* of *Thes-saly*. *Sancho* perceiving that his Master so earnestly oppos'd *Barbara's* Design, grew into a Passion, and said, Pox take me, *D. Quixote*, I can't imagine to what purpose you would have us take the Princess along with us; Is it not better she should stay in her own Country, than go along with us to make us spend the rest of our Mony to no purpose: On my Conscience a pretty Jewel to carry to Court, and she must be Treated too, and be Hang'd to her. Ask her no more, we shall go to *Madrid* well enough without her, and shall be ne'er the worse for't. See what State the Jade takes upon her, because she is call'd Madam Queen here, and Madam Princess there; tho' she is no more than she knows well enough, for I hear'd what she said to the Scholars. Let her pay us what the Mule and the Cloaths cost, and let us have no more of her. Incorrigible Dunce, quoth *Don Quixote* in a Rage, will you ever be the most indiscreet and the sauciest of Squires? Do you think, Sirrah, I shall always have patience to hear your impertinent Babble, and particularly when it concerns the great Queen *Zenobia*? Vile Wretch, I could almost find in my heart to strike my Lance through your Body. Having spoke these words, he was drawing near *Sancho*, to strike him, but *Barbara*, who tho' she was such a Woman, did not love Mischief, interpos'd and pleas'd the Knight, yet desiring to have some Revenge of *Sancho*, she said to the Hero, Sir Knight, It is true, I did design to stay here, but since your Worship desires it, I am ready to follow you to *Madrid*, and further too if need be, in spite of that base Peasant. Peasant, quoth *Sancho*, it is true, I am a Peasant in the Eyes of the World, but Quality signifies nothing before God. If a Man is a Christian, that's enough, and I had rather be a Peasant than go eat and drink all Night with Players. *Barbara* could not forbear Blushing at these words, and answer'd the Squire thus; *Sancho, Sancho*, have a care of making rash Judgments; all those that eat and drink together are not therefore Naught. We must not always believe it is day when the Cock Crows; tho' I was in the Players Chamber, I did no Body no harm there; but you are Malicious. You call me Malicious, reply'd the Squire, By my troth, you dare not say it to my Face; for by my Soul, I am no such Fool, but I know there are more Days than Weeks. Beautiful Princess, said *D. Quixote* to *Hact-Face*, I beseech you do not mind what that Brute says; let us leave him for a Block-head as he is, and consider where we shall alight. Sir Knight, reply'd *Barbara*, I would advise to stay in the Suburbs till to Morrow. *D. Quixote*, who was wholly at the Queen's Devo-

iton, agree'd to it; and they alighted at the first Inn they found in the Suburbs.

Don Quixote ask'd for two Rooms, one for himself and his Squire, and a better for the Princess: And whilst a Maid show'd the Queen and the Knight into a Chamber pretty well furnish'd, *Sancho* led the Beasts into the Stable. *Barbara* finding herself alone with the Knight, thought she ought not to let slip this Opportunity, and therefore accosted him in this manner. I beseech you *Don Quixote*, to excuse me from going to Court; for I know I shall be Laugh'd at there; or if you are resolv'd I shall go, you must promise to give me fifty Ducats to set up my Shop again. In truth, that is not too much, and I defy you to find a Woman that will act *Queen Zenobia* cheaper. Great Princess, answer'd *Don Quixote*, I do not regard those words that are dictated to you by your Enemy, *Pamphus* the Enchanter, but if you stand in need of fifty Ducats, I will tell them out to you immediately: I'll only call *Sancho* to bring my Portmanteau. No, no, Sir, quoth *Barbara*, it will be enough if you give them me at *Madrid*; and I desire *Sancho* should know nothing of the matter, for he is such a Thief, he would lead us a weary life if he knew it. Verily, said *Don Quixote*, he is unsufferable in that point: He makes me mad with his Coverousness; and tho' he is upon the point of being made Governor of one of the best Islands belonging to the Kingdom of *Cyprus*, yet he is afraid he shall want. But after all he is a good Servant, and I should be loath to lose him. This Dialogue was interrupted by *Sancho*, who return'd from the Stable in a heat. Master *Don Quixote*, cry'd he, do you hear all that Musick? What Musick, reply'd the Knight? Why you need but look out at the Window, quoth *Sancho*, and you'll hear a Harmony for the Devil. *Don Quixote* having open'd a Window that look'd into the Street, they presently heard the sound of Trumpets and Hautboys, and of several other Instruments; and at the same time they heard Shouts as of a Mob, surpriz'd at some Sight. They observ'd, that the Windows and Balconies were full of People; and they discern'd at a distance in a great Street that fac'd them, a Chariot painted of several Colours, attended by abundance of People, on Foot and Horseback. In the first Chapter of the next Book, we shall find what all that was; what the Knight of *la Mancha* thought of it, and into what a dreadful Danger he was brought by the greatness of his Courage; for the Wise *Alifolan* has so much still to Relate, that he thought good to take a breathing-time here.

The End of the Third Book.

THE

THE HISTORY

OF THE

Most Ingenious KNIGHT,

D. Quixote de la Mancha.

BOOK IV.

CHAP. I.

Of One of Don Quixote's greatest Adventures.

WHilst *Don Quixote*, *Barbara* and *Sancho* were gazing, with all the Eyes they had, out at the Window, the Host came into the Room to know what they would have for Supper ; but the Peoples Shouts, the Trumpets and the Chariot having put the Knight's Brain into a Ferment, he made no Question but that was a most important Adventure ; and having thank'd Heaven for offering him such a noble Opportunity to signalize himself, he said to his Squire. My Son, *Sancho*, we could not have come at a better Time. A mighty *Infanta* is this Day marry'd, and there is a famous Tilting in this

O

City

City to celebrate her Nuptials. The Lists are open to all Knights, and the worst of them have been already thrown out. A Giant, stronger than *Orbion*, or *Bradamant*, has overthrown all that appear'd before him, and Fear has sunk the Hearts of all the rest. He is now proudly going about in a Triumphal Chariot, and fancies that no Knight will now dare to contend with him for the Prize of the Tilting. The Princes of this Country are griev'd to the Heart, and would give all they are worth, that some Knight would appear, and humble the Pride of this Pagan. Therefore, my Child, let us make Haste and appear in the great Square. I fancy, I already see all the Ladies and great Lords in the Windows and Balconies, fixing their Eyes upon me. Methinks, I hear them admiring my martial Air and genteel Disposition, say to one another, That is doubtless the gallant Knight, that is to regain the Honour ours have lost, and to overthrow the Giant. As soon as ever I appear in the Lists, the Trumpets will make the Air ring, which will put such Mettle into *Rocinante*, that he will fall a gneying for Eagerness to engage, and casting Sparks of Fire out at his Eyes, will bound so furiously, that the Earth will be in Danger of sinking under him. Then will I draw near the Giant, and, without any Ceremony, say to him, Proud Giant, I will fight you; but it must be upon Condition that the Conqueror shall cut off his conquer'd Enemy's Head. All Giants being naturally haughty, he'll grant the Condition, will come down from his Chariot, and mount a white Elephant, led by a little Dwarf, his Squire, who riding a black Elephant, carries his Master's Lance and Buckler. Then shall we take our Carreer, and both pressing furiously on, shall meet in the middle of the Race. He will strike my Armour, but not pierce it, because it is enchanted, and his Lance will flie in Shivers up into the Air: However, the great Force of the Shock will make me bend down to the very Saddle-bows, and I shall be stunn'd; but coming immediately to my self, I shall give the Giant such a fierce Thrust on the Breast with my Lance, that it will lay him flat on the Ground, where Shame and the Pain of his Fall will cause him to utter a
Thou

Thousand Blasphemies against Heaven, as is the Custom of Giants. Now, Knights being forbid to take any Advantage in Fighting, I will alight from my Horse, will grasp my Buckler, and will advance with Sword in Hand towards the Monster; who being doubly enrag'd at my Sight, will get up, though feeble, and drawing a broad and weighty Cimeter, that hangs by his Side, shall attempt to let fall a mortal Stroak on my Helmet, which I will shun by stepping nimbly aside, and then cutting off one of his Thighs with a Back-Stroak of my excellent Sword, I will lay him flat, and, without allowing him Time to rise, will give him such a lucky Cut between his Gorger and his Helmet, that his Head will drop off. All the Princes will rejoice, the conquer'd Knights will be comforted, and the People will applaud me. Go, *Sancho*, bridle *Rocinante* instantly, and let us about it this Moment.

The Host, who had listen'd to all this Harangue, and look'd upon it as a Jest, fell a laughing, and said to the Knight, By my Faith, Sir, you must have an excellent Memory to remember all that Banter: For my part, tho' I have read as much Forty times in *Romances*, I could as well be hang'd as repeat Two Lines together. But, laying aside that Nonsense, will you please to tell me what you would have me to get for your Supper. You time Things very well, my Friend, answer'd *Don Quixote*; you know what has happen'd in your Town, and how all your Knights have been affronted, and you talk to me of Supper, when I am preparing to revenge their Quarrel. I tell you, I'll neither eat nor drink, till I have slain the Giant. In the mean while, I humbly beseech the Queen to stay here; I shall soon be back. This said, he made *Barbara* a Bow, and went out, attended by his Squire, who, contrary to his Custom, did not oppose his Master's Intentions; doubtless, to keep his Oath he had taken not to contend with him. They took *Rocinante* and Dapple out of the Stable, mounted and rode out into the Town. The Reader must understand, that the University of *Alcala* that Day solemniz'd the Admission of a new Divinity Professor. He rode about the Town in a

Triumphal Chariot, and above Two Thousand Scholars attended him, some afoot, others on Horseback, and others on Mules. *Don Quixote* and *Sancho* soon met the Scholars, going by Two and Two, with Garlands of Flowers on their Heads, and Lawrel-Branches in their Hands. In the midst of them was a Triumphal Chariot wonderfully large: The Forepart of it fill'd with a Number of Musicians, singing and playing on Instruments. In the midst of it were several Scholars in Womens Cloaths, some of them representing Vertues, and others Vices; and every one bore an Inscription, declaring what he represented. Those that stood for Vices were loaded with Chains, and sate at the Feet of the others, and seem'd to look melancholy, as became the Condition of Slaves. At the other End of the Chariot, above all the rest, sate the new Professor on a Throne, clad in a long Scarlet-Robe, with a Crown of Lawrel on his Head. What a Sight was this for a Knight Errant! Both Master and Man view'd every Particular; but what they seem'd most to admire was, that the Mules which drew the Chariot, being quite cover'd with rich Cloths, and not to be seen, the whole Machine seem'd to move of it self. By the Lord, quoth *Don Quixote*, this is very surprizing. I wish the Enchanters would give you the free Use of your Sight for a Moment; you would perceive, that the stately Chariot which comes towards us is enchanted, and moves of it self by Art Magick. Faith, Sir, said the Squire, I do not understand how it is manag'd; but the Enchanters do not deceive me in that Point. I plainly see all you tell of. I have look'd all about the Chariot, and I can neither see Oxen nor white Unicorns, and don't see so much as a Fly that draws it; and yet I see it moves. Mother of God, if this be not Magick, there is no Magick in the World? Do you observe all those Princesses in the Chariot, said the Knight? I do, indeed, answer'd *Sancho*, and, by the same Token, some of them are standing, and others sitting, and have Iron-Chains on their Hands. And don't you also see, added *Don Quixote*, a mighty Giant, a Monster in a red Gown, with a Crown on his Head? I do, Sir, quoth *Sancho*, and tho' I did

not

not see him, I would take your Word for it. That Giant, said *Don Quixote*, is a King, as appears by his Crown ; but I cannot tell you what Island, or what strange Kingdom, he is King of ; for I might be mistaken, and a Man must not assert any thing rashly. But those Ladies you see standing before him are Princesses he has stolen, and who had not Vertue enough to withstand his amorous Passion. Those you see chain'd, are constant Women, not to be corrupted. In vain does he misuse and load them with Irons ; they will undergo a Thousand Deaths, rather than comply with his base Inclination. Let us move forward, my Son, now is the Time we must show what we are. I flie to deliver those Princesses from the Tyranny of that Monster ; and you may judge of *Bramarbas* his Fate, by the bloody and dangerous Combat I shall have with him. This said, he put on towards the Triumphal Chariot, and stopping short before it, grasp'd his Buckler, set his Lance in the Rest, and directed his Discourse to the Divinity Professor, saying, Haughty and prodigious Giant, you who range proudly about in that Magical Chariot, and think your self a mighty Man, set all those *Infants* free immediately. Restore to them all the Jewels you have robb'd them of. Come down from your Chariot ; mount your white Elephant, and come try your Strength with me. Do not fancy I will leave those lovely Damsels in your Hands ; their Beauty sufficiently shows they are the Daughters of Sultans, of Emperors, or of Califfs, and the only Heiresses of their Parents. Do not think I will suffer you to go away with the Honour of the Tilting. Tho' you were supported by all the Powers of Hell, I would hinder you from going off this Day with the Glory of having vanquish'd all the Christian Knights. This said, he made the Chariot halt, and would not suffer it to proceed. The Scholars seeing the Knight stopp'd their Procession, and fancying it was one of their own Gang, who had arm'd and disguis'd himself after that manner to make Sport, Five or Six of them stepp'd out of their Rank, and drawing near him, one of them said, Pray, Mr. Li-

centiate, be pleas'd to stand aside, and let the Chariot go by. You see Night draws on, and we have no Time to spare. That is as much as to say, Scoundrels, answer'd *Don Quixote*, that you are this vile Giant's base Officers; and since you are, you shall feel the Strength of my Arm, before I fight him. So saying, he spur'd on his Horse upon one of the Scholars, designing to run him through with his Lance; but the Scholar, being nimble and active, slepp'd aside and avoided the Thrust; but the Knight's Lance dropping out of his Hand, he drew his Sword, and coming up to another Scholar, gave him such a furious Stroak on the Head, that he fell down quite stunn'd, and dangerously wounded. All the Spectators set up a dreadful Cry; the Musick ceas'd, and all the Street was in an Uproar: Some ran afoot, and others on Horseback: The Musicians leap'd off from the Chariot; and the very *Infanta's* themselves, forgetting that *Don Quixote* was fighting their Battle, had like to have sided with the rest. They all beset the Knight, who made his Sword to whistle in the Air, and lay'd about him so furiously, that no Man durst come near him; and had *Rocinante* been more mettlesome than he was, *Don Quixote* might, perhaps, have gone off Scot-free from this Adventure. But the Scholars press'd upon him, and one of the lustiest of them laying hold of the Lance, gave him such a Stroak with the But-end of it on the Right Arm, that the poor Knight dropp'd his Sword. Having no offensive Arms left him, they soon clos'd with him, and casting him from the Saddle on the Ground, trampled on him. They were all so incens'd against him, that they had certainly murder'd him upon the Spot, had not the Comedian *Peter de Moya*, and some of the Players he supp'd with the Night before, as good Luck would have it, happen'd to be present. But they understanding who he was, broke through the Crowd, crying out to the Scholars to hold their Hands, and telling them, He was a Mad-man. These Cries made the Scholars give over beating him, and yet they left him senseless with the Comedian and Players, who carried him into a House, and

and whilst they brought him to himself, the Scholar fell into their Ranks again, the Musick play'd, and the Chariot went on.

CHAP. II.

What follow'd after this Adventure, and how the beautiful Queen of the Amazons try'd Sancho's Chastity.

*S*ancho having seen the Event of the Battle from afar off, was stark mad: Yet he had the Wit to make as if he did not know *Don Quixote*, and getting into the Throng, was taken for a Country-man that came to see the Solemnity. As soon as he found the Scholars held on their Procession, he made towards the Place whither he had seen his Master carried, and finding him senseless, began to weep, saying, Alas! poor *loveless Knight*, how much you were mistaken! You thought to have kill'd the Giant, and Death sits upon your Lips. Cursed be the Scholars, and their cursed Procession. The Players comforted *Sancho*, and *Don Quixote* by their means being come to himself, the Comedian said to him, Open your Eyes, *Don Quixote*, and behold the wise *Alquife*, your Friend. I am come to your Assistance in this imminent Danger. The Knight, looking on the Comedian, and knowing him again, cry'd out, O my Protector, and my faithful Historian, what a Satisfaction is it to me to see you. I knew you would not forsake me in this dangerous Adventure; and I must own, that, were it not for you, I should have lost my Life there, through *Rocinante's* Fault, whose Mettle fail'd him this Time. Give me another Horse quickly, and let me renew the Combat. Permit me to flie after those Traitors, and take such Vengeance on them, as may make future Generations quake. Yes, I swear by the Order of Knighthood I have receiv'd, that I will put no Bounds to my Rage. I will scour the Streets, and put to the Sword all the Men and Wo-

men in the Town; I will kill the very Dogs and Cats. In a Word, I will destroy every thing that has Life in it. The wise *Alquife* was too conscientious to consent to so bloody a Resolution, and therefore put the Knight off from it, saying, *Don Quixote*, let us think of nothing now but your Cure: Let us see your Wounds. Then they disarm'd and search'd the Knight, who having only been trampled under Foot, had no Need of a Surgeon; which the Comedian observing, he said, Cheer up, *Don Quixote*, all this will be nothing; I'll set you right again with one Draught of a Sovereign Balsam I'll give you by and by. Next he desir'd Two of the Players to go seek out all that the Knight had lost in the Scuffle, viz. His Horse, his Head-piece, his Lance and his Sword. They obey'd their Orders so exactly, that none of these Things were lost. When it was dark, the Comedian and his Companions held up *Don Quixote* under the Arms, and so led him to the Inn, where *Sancho* told him *Zenobia* was. They found her in the same Room *Don Quixote* had left her in: She was all alone, and very impatient to see the Knight again, believing some great Adventure stay'd him. When she saw him come supported by Two Men, she said to him, Good God, *Don Quixote*, who has put you into this Condition? Dear Princess, answer'd the Knight, the Fortune of War is doubtful. I alone attack'd a numerous Army, and the same Fate has attended me to Day, as did formerly *Orlando* in the Plain of *Roncesvalles*. I slew so many Enemies, I lay'd about me, till being no longer able to support my self, through Weariness, meer Weakness made me drop down in the Field of Battle, where I do not question but I must have perish'd, had not the wise *Alquife*, my great Friend, return'd on purpose from *Constantinople* to carry me off by his Enchantments. It is true, quoth the Comedian; but, if you please, Sir, let us lose no Time; it is requisite that I cure you, and put you in a Condition to set out to Morrow for *Madrid*, where, if Heaven so pleases, you are to receive more dangerous Wounds than these, and to finish more important Adventures. Having so spoken, he caus'd a Fire to be lighted, and a Bed to be made.

made. The lovely Queen of the *Amazons* disarm'd the Knight, undress'd him, and rubb'd him all over with Brandy. The Reader, who does not well understand the Laws of Knight Errantry, must not imagine, that in so doing the Princess transgress'd the Rules of Modesty. When Knights bore *Infanta's* Company, if they came off wounded from any Combat, the Ladies generally dress'd their Wounds. Most of them understood Surgery, and learnt it a purpose to dress Knights; and what is most to be admir'd is, they were so skilful, that never Knight died under their Hands, though he had receiv'd never so many mortal Wounds. The Host brought some good strong Broth, which the Comedian made *Don Quixote* take down, saying, Sir Knight, take this Porringer of Balsam, which is much better than that of *Fierabras*: Nay, I dare vouch, it is much better than that which *Ariobarzanes*, Prince of *Tartary*, carried in a Golden Bottle, hanging at his Saddle-Bows. Then it must be the noblest of all Balsams, quoth *Don Quixote*, for that of Prince *Ariobarzanes* was wonderful. It wrought prodigious Effects, and I remember I have read, that *Don Belianis* being one Day at the Point of Death, nay, some say he was actually dead, and yet no sooner had they let fall one Drop in his Mouth, but the Knight started up perfectly cur'd of his Wounds. As for this Balsam, replied the Comedian, it is not so quick in its Operation, it is requisite to sleep peaceably after taking it, and therefore I intreat you to go to Bed immediately. The Knight did as he was directed, he was put to Bed, the Chamber-Door was shut, and he left to take his Rest, and then the Comedian and his Company withdrew.

Barbara and *Sancho* being left alone, went into another Room, where they had Supper brought them. When they were seated, *Zenobia* said to the Squire, Cheer up, *Sancho*, be merry Lad: You are still melancholy about your last Adventure. Your Master is not wounded; he has only his Ribs a little bruise'd, but that's nothing. I rubb'd him so well, that by to Morrow he'll be as brisk as a Body-Louce. Come, let us make much of our selves, Boy; let us be merry.

merry. I like the Sport well enough, said *Sancho*, but we shall be forc'd to pay for our Mirth, and that I don't like. Your Mule and your Silk Cloaths have cost us a great deal of Money already. My Mule and my Cloaths stick in your Stomach, answer'd *Hack-Face*, you have never done upbraiding me with them. Nay, Faith, replied the Squire, had we conquer'd some Kingdom, I should not mind it so much. I am none of those that love to starve in a Cook's Shop, and I would to Morrow speak to my Master to buy you a Pair of new Shooes to appear in at Court; for I see yours are worn out: But, to deal plainly, I am afraid we shall never be Emperors. We are too unlucky. When we think to bake, the Oven falls. All our Adventures end the wrong Way for Governments or Empires, and I fear we shall tumble down backwards, and break our Noses. Patience, my dear Friend, cry'd *Zenobia*, after foul Weather comes fair. In the mean while, let us taste that Wine, and see whether it is good. Tope, reply'd *Sancho*, by my Troth, I am not at all troubled with the Spirit of Contradiction, and I had rather take off Twenty Bumpers, than refuse one. This said, he laid hold of the Bottle, and fill'd *Barbara's* Glass, who made but one Gulp of it; and he having done the like, said to *Zenobia* Well, Madam Queen, how do you like this Wine? Methinks it is not amiss. In Truth, I have not drank enough to give my Opinion of it, answer'd *Barbara*; I will not tell you my Opinion till the Twentieth Glass; for I have heard say, that a good Judge ought to be full of a Cause before he decides it. Faith, quoth *Sancho*, you would agree well with my Governess at Home. She loves this Liquor better than her Honour, as you do; and I durst lay a Wager, she would take off her Three Bottles while she is spinning one Distaff of Flax. I am very well pleas'd, answer'd *Zenobia*, that I am like your Wife. To be like her, quoth *Sancho*, pray have a care of that: She has no Scar on her Cheeks, as you have. You are not at all complaisant, reply'd *Barbara*; you delight in affronting me; you hate me: But no more of it, I am resolv'd to be your Friend. They pass'd away the Supper time in such

Talk,

Talk, and when they had eaten and drank at Discretion, that is, till they were ready to burst, *Barbara*, who was one of that sort of Ladies, who grow wanton when they are full, looking on the Squire with lewd Eyes, said, By my Faith, *Sancho*, we must make Peace to Night; and from hence forwards love one another like a new marry'd Couple; but first tell me, whether you know what it is to Love? Yes sure, answer'd *Sancho*, I love my Master *D. Quixote*, my Wife, and Children, my Dapple, and Mr. Curate. That is not what I talk of, reply'd *Zenobia*; I ask whether you never play'd with the Maids? O Lord, yes, quoth *Sancho*; there is ne're a one in our Village, but what I have play'd with. Every Sunday after Even-Song we meet near the Mill, and there we divert our selves all together. *Barbara* perceiving that the Squire did not guess at her Meaning, stroak'd his Chin down gently with her Hand, saying, Good God, what a rough Beard you have, Friend. I pity the Women you kiss. I have no Women to kiss, but my Wife, answer'd *Sancho*, thrusting away *Barbara's* Hand rudely; and if any others have a mind to be kiss'd, let the Mothers that bore them kiss them, if they will. You need not thrust away my Hand so roughly, reply'd *Zenobia*, there are few Scholars in this University but would be glad of the Favour. O but I am no Scholar, quoth *Sancho*; What would you have me do with your Hand! I had rather go to Bed just now. Well, said *Barbara*, since you have such a mind to sleep, we must both lie together; for the Nights grow cold, and I am naturally very chilly. Nay, if you only want Warming, quoth the Squire, let me alone for that; I'll go ask the Host for Two or Three Blankets, which you may lay on you double. By the Lord, cry'd *Barbara*, thou art the silliest Fellow I ever beheld. Why is it possible, *Sancho*, you should not understand what I have been driving at this Hour? Don't you conceive that I design you should serve me instead of a Husband to Night, and make much of me? That I should make much of you, reply'd *Sancho*. Mother of God, what do you mean! I am not so gamesome I'faith. I should have enough to answer, for that is forbid in the Mass-Book,

Book, and your being Queen *Zenobia* would not save me broiling in the other World. This said, he left the amorous *Zenobia*, and went to Bed elsewhere.

CHAP. III.

Which proves, that Knight Errantry is the most useful Profession in the World; and gives an Account of the most commendable Action Don Quixote ever did in all his Life.

DON *Quixote* having rested well all Night, found himself much easier in the Morning; not but that he felt much Pain in several Parts of his Body; yet that did not hinder him from rising, or put him by the Belief that *Peter de Moya's* Balsam had wonderful Vertue. *Barbara* and *Sancho* coming into his Chamber, to see what Condition he was in, he said to *Hack-Face*, Beautiful Princess, God be prais'd, your white Hands and the wise *Alquise's* wonderful Balsam have cur'd my Wounds; and it must be granted, that you understand Surgery, as well as the *Persian Infanta*, who learnt it of the great Master *Lugon* himself. I have no great Skill, answer'd *Barbara*; but a Maid, who has no Fortune, must understand a little of every thing. I once serv'd a Surgeon of this Town, who had more Skill than all the *Lugo's* in the Kingdom. It was a Satisfaction to see him spread his Plaisters; they were always as round as a Juggler's Box. He trimm'd and cut Hair delicately, and it was he that cur'd all the Chief of the University. Sometimes I made the Lint for him, and attended his Prentices, who put me to do several Things. Oh, ho, Madam *Zenobia*, quoth *Sancho*, then you have been a Barber's Servant. I don't disown it, replied *Barbara*, for mean Persons must not forget what they are when in Prosperity. Master *Don Quixote*, quoth *Sancho*, you hear what the Princess says, and she is neither drunk nor asleep. I fancy Queens don't often use to work among Prentices. A

Dutchess

Dutchess could do no more, and yet she would not boast of it. O thou perfidious Enchanter *Pamphus*, said the Knight, sighing and lifting up his Eyes to Heaven; When will you cease distracting *Queen Zenobia's* Mind? Don't you perceive, *Sancho*, added he, that the Princess has not the right Use of her Reason? That it is the Traitor *Pamphus* who makes her talk such Nonsense. Right, right, Sir, answer'd the Squire, by my Faith I had forgot it. It is the malignant Regent *Pamphus* that makes her talk so madly. Nay, he is not satisfied with making her talk foolishly, but makes her act so. For last Night after Supper she would have----- Oh, the cursed Enchanter! When you had him under you the other Day, you should have thrust your Sword down his Throat, and have sent him into the other World. I should not have spar'd him, reply'd *D. Quixote*, had not *Queen Zenobia's* Compassion stopp'd my Hand; but I'll undo that Charm at the Court of *Spain*. I own it is no less difficult to dissolve than that the Enchanter *Friston* made at *Babylon* to steal away *Florisbella*. The Knight of the *Basilisks* finish'd that Adventure, and I flatter my self that this is reserv'd for me, and therefore let us away to *Madrid* this Moment. I think long till the Queen of the *Amazons* is restor'd to her own Form. Sir, said *Sancho*, we must Breakfast first, Madam *Zenobia*, will have Patience so long, and for your part I fancy the wise Skiffs Balsam has not over-loaded your Stomach. I consent, said the Knight, let us eat a Bit, and be gone immediately. They all Breakfasted together, and having paid the Host, set out for *Madrid*, *Barbara* keeping her Face so close veil'd that no Body knew her.

About a small League from *Alcala*, passing along the Side of a Wood, which border'd on the Road, they heard the Cries of a frighted Woman, and some Gun and Pistol-Shot. Tho' the Noise seem'd to be near enough to them, they could not presently see the Cause of it, because the Wood run out in an Angle just there. *Sancho*, quoth the Knight of *La Mancha*, to his Squire, here are certainly some unfortunate Persons, whom ill Fate or Injustice pursues. Let us hasten to their Relief, my Son. This, said he, spur'd

Ra.

Rocinante so home, that the fiery Creature, us'd only to a Walk, fell on a sudden, not into an Handgallop, but into a Trot, not much inferior to it. As for Dapple and the Mule, thus much must be said in their Praise, that as soon as they saw their Companion move so briskly, this Novelty, rais'd such an Emulation in them, that they both trotted after of their own accord. They soon discover'd what they were so desirous to know, and *D. Quixote* was pleasingly surpriz'd by a dismal Spectacle. He saw Two Men a Horse-back, who fought bravely with Seven or Eight Foot-Pads, Two of whom had Carabines, and the rest were only arm'd with Swords and Bayonets. A young Maid plainly dress'd, but charmingly beautiful, stood by the Combatants, and seem'd to be a forc'd Spectator of the Fight. She rent the Air with her Cries, calling upon Heaven and Man to her Assistance, and she struggled in vain to get out of the Hands of a lusty old Woman, who seeming to side with the Robbers, held her, and endeavour'd to stop her Mouth with a Handkerchief. The Two Horse-men, that were set upon, one of whom was the Master and the other the Servant, made a vigorous Defence. The First had laid one of the Robbers flat with his Pistol, and the Latter had done the same by another with his Gun, and both of them had the good Fortune to escape the first Discharge of their Enemies Carabines. They might then have avoided that unequal Combat by the Swiftneſs of their Horses; but the Danger they must leave the young Maiden in, so far prevail'd upon them, that tho' they knew her not, they rather chose to expose themselves to such Danger, than to leave her in the Hands of those Villains. Heaven gave a Blessing to their generous Resolution. One of the Robbers having charg'd his Carabine again, level'd it at the Chief of the Two Horse-men; but he, making use of his Time, rode up briskly to him, and striking down the Muzzle of the Carabine with the Pistol he had not yet fired, did double Service, saving his own Life, and killing the old Woman, for the Carabine going off that very Moment, that wicked Wretch receiv'd the Shot in her Head, and dropp'd down Stone dead. Her Blood flew upon the young Maiden's

Maiden's Face, who in that Consternation thought she had been wounded her self, and fell down in a Swoon upon the old Woman. The Horse-man having avoided the Shot, as has been said, press'd on upon the Robber, and clapping the Muzzle of his Pistol to his Forehead, made his Brains fly about. Yet his Death would not have put him out of Danger, for there were still Four or Five High-way-men, but who had no Fire-Arms, yet were ne're the less resolute; and one among them was just going to run him through with his Sword, when our brave Redresser of Wrongs, flying with his Lance couch'd to the Assistance of the weaker Side, prevented the Robber, and run him quite through the Back, leaving his Lance in the Wound. Tho' the Robber was one of the lustiest and the stoutest Rogues in the Kingdom, he could not withstand the Fury of such a Thrust from so redoubted a Hand; he fell flat on his Face, and that I may use *Homer's* Words, He made as great a Noise falling, as a sturdy Oak does in the Forest, when overthrown by the Wind, or hew'd down by the Ax. The Knight, well pleas'd with this Encounter, drew his Sword, and was going to fall upon the other Robbers; but those Villains frighted at *D. Quixote's* strange Figure, thought he had been a Devil let loose from Hell to punish them for their Crimes, and fled into the Wood.

The Gentleman and *Don Quixote* did not think fit to pursue them. Their first Care was to help the unknown Beauty. Finding her in a Swoon and all bloody, they thought at first she had been dead; but feeling her Pulse beat, the Knight hastened to fetch some Water from a little Brook that ran out of the Wood, and brought it in his Helmet. The first she cast her Eyes on was *D. Quixote*, whose Mein and Garb being such as seem'd not to promise much Security, the poor Maiden could not tell whether she might think her self out of Danger. But the Gentleman satisfied her, giving an Account of the Success of the Combat, and how the rest of the Robbers fled upon the Approach of the brave Knight in the bright Armour. In short, he recover'd the Damsel from her Fright, and she having wip'd her Face found she was not wounded,

wounded, discovering such a ravishing Beauty as abundantly paid her Deliverers for all the Pains they had taken. When she was perfectly come to herself, she return'd them Thanks suitable to the Service they had done her, and our *Arab* assures us she perform'd it with as much good Grace as Wit. Each of them answer'd for himself, but with this Difference, that our Hero stild her, Sovereign *Infanta*, and us'd such Words as made it plain that his Inside was as extravagant as his outward Appearance. The Gentleman on his Side made his Acknowledgments to *Don Quixote* for his seasonable Succour. To which the Knight of *La Mancha* made such an unusual Answer, that the Gentleman and the Lady knew not what to think of him, both of them being far enough from dreaming of the noble System of Knight Errantry. *Sancho* and the *Amazon* Queen, who had kept far enough from the Fray, perceiving the Highway-men were fled before our Knight, made haste to the Field of Battle to congratulate the Conqueror. By all the Gods and Goddesses, cry'd *Sancho* as soon as he came near, Master *Don Quixote*, this Bout we have had no Cudgelling, nor Bangs of Slings. Now this may be call'd a good Hit, I faith. Let's have Five or Six Adventures more like this, and I'll undertake for Twenty Empires, and Forty Governments, or the Devil is in them. Son *Sancho*, answer'd *Don Quixote*, trouble not your self about that. Empires and Governments will come in due Season; yet, should Fortune be so unjust as not to grant us them, the Glory we shall gain by performing the Duties of our Profession, will abundantly make Amends for all our Toils. This Dialogue between the Master and the Man only serv'd to puzzle the Gentleman and the Lady the more, as to *Don Quixote's* Character. Cudgelling and Bangs from Slings, intermix'd with Empires and Governments, were Mysteries they could not comprehend. In short, whilst *Don Quixote* was making new Tenders of his Service to the beautiful Unknown, the Gentleman went up to *Sancho*, and began to examine him. Friend, said he to him softly, what is your Master's Name? Sir, answer'd the Squire, last Year he call'd himself, *The Knight of the sorrowful Aspect*; but Man proposes, and

and God disposes. Now he is called, *The loveless Knight*, or *Don Quixote de la Mancha*. But pray tell me what Profession he is of, quoth the Gentleman? For by his rich Armour I am apt to judge he has some considerable Post in the Army. As yet, said *Sancho*, he is but a Knight Errant, and tho' he has had many a good Basting, he has not been able to make himself Emperor of any Place; but he cannot miss of a Kingdom. And I, who am his Squire *Sancho Panca*, do make as sure of some good Island, as if I had it in my Hand. And who is the Lady I see upon the Mule, ask'd the Gentleman? It is the Princess *Zenobia*, reply'd *Sancho*, who, as my Master says, is a Queen; tho' the Scar on her Face makes her look more like a Tripe-Woman of *Alcala*. And to say the Truth, a Man had need be a Knight Errant not to be mistaken in her.

C H A P. IV.

Of the wonderful Consequences of Don Quixote's Victory, which might pass for Romantick Adventures, but that our Arab delivers them for certain Truths.

DOn Cesar, for that was the Gentleman's Name, needed no more Information from *Sancho* to comprehend *Don Quixote's* Madness; being satisfied with what he had discover'd, he went up to the beautiful Unknown, who was still talking to the Knight; but as soon as he came to them, they heard they were call'd by the Highway-man, whom *Don Quixote* had run through with his Lance. 'Gentlemen, said he, with a weak and intermitting Voice, if Pity has any Place in your Hearts, do me the Favour to draw this Lance out of my Body, not to save a Life I have too well deserv'd to lose, but that before I die, I may discover to you a Secret, which troubles my Conscience, and lies heavier upon me than all my other Crimes, and I am perswaded it will be of some
P Use

‘Use to you to know it. These Words he utter’d with much Pain, and at several Times, by reason of his great Weakness. The Gentlemen were mov’d at the Wretch’s Complaints, and fancying that the Help he desir’d might give them an Opportunity of performing some charitable Act, they drew out the Lance, which stuck in his Back; but the extream Pain it put him to, and the great Loss of Blood, made him faint: Nay, they thought he had given up the Ghost, and repented that they had drawn out the Lance, when finding some Signs of Life in him, they hoped he might be brought to himself, if Care were taken to stanch the Blood, and bind up the Wound. *Sancho* immediately drew I know not how many Rolls and Bits of Linnen out of his Portmanteau, which he carried to supply the dismal Occasions of Knight Errantry. *Barbara*, who was so skilful at making of Lint, put her helping Hand to it, and the Gentleman’s Servant, who was a Piece of a Surgeon, perform’d the Operation, putting a sort of Tent into the Wound. They put the wounded Man to so much Pain, that it made him open his Eyes; but he was still senseless, and they were forc’d to use other Means to bring him to himself. Yet they were never the better, for he was so weak, that he could not speak. They believing he had something of Moment to say to them, us’d all their Endeavours to revive him; but it would have prov’d in vain, had not *Don Cesar’s* Man bethought himself, that he had a good Bottle of Brandy, which he always took care to keep full. As soon as the Robber had swallow’d Three Gulps of that rare Liquor, he recover’d his Speech, as it were miraculously, and cry’d out, ‘O Heavens! How just are thy Judgments! I receive my Death in the same Place where I once committed a horrid Murder. About Two and Twenty Years ago, near this Wood, I and another of my Companions stopp’d a rich Farmer, who was coming from *Alcala*, with a Nurse, who had a Child in her Arms. The Farmer making some Resistance, and the Nurse in the mean while crying so loud, as gave us Cause to fear she might be heard by some of the holy Brotherhood, I soon cut the Woman’s Throat. Then

‘we

‘ we kill’d the Farmer, and having taken about Six-score Ducats in Gold he had about him, we dragg’d the Two dead Bodies into the Wood, and bury’d them in a Ditch, to conceal the Murder. When we had done, we stood a good while to consider what we should do with the Infant. Tho’ so very young, he had such a magestic Look, that we fancy’d, if we spar’d his Life, he would be a Great Man; but my Companion fearing we might be discover’d by his Crying, was for killing him: I consented, I came up to the Child, and had lifted my Hand to run him through, but at the same time I felt such an Impulse of Compassion, as prevented the fatal Stroak. The little Infant, who was as yet too young to have any Sense of the Loss of his Nurse, look’d upon me with such a smiling Countenance, as must have mov’d Pity in the cruellest Barbarian. In short, I was overcome, and resolv’d to save his Life, whatever my Companion could say to me; who thereupon left me, saying, He would not stay any longer with a Man, that would venture his Undoing out of an indiscreet Compassion, which among Men of our Profession could not be counted any other than downright Folly. I took care to get the Child a Nurse; but I durst not carry him to the next Village, because the Farmer and the Nurse having been both Inhabitants there, the Miss of them would in all Likelihood give an Alarm, and cause an Enquiry to be made after them. In fine, I resolv’d to---- Here the Robber was forc’d to stop short: His Tongue fail’d him on a sudden, his Eyes began to role in his Head, and he grew so weak, that all there present thought he would have dy’d immediately. The beautiful Unknown seem’d much concern’d, and labour’d to help him. A double Dose was given him of the Medicine, which the first time prov’d so successful, and now wrought a second Miracle. The wounded Man soon recover’d his Senses, and was in a Condition to continue his Relation, which he did, after being told where he left off, for he had forgot it, and said: ‘ I resolv’d to carry the Infant to *Torresva*. It pleas’d Heaven, which seem’d to favour the Preservation of the Child, that going into a House to enquire for a

' Nurse, I met with one *Mary Ximenez*, whose Hus-
 ' band had been dead but a Fortnight, and who had
 ' just lost a Child of Fourteen Months old, to which
 ' she gave Suck. The better to engage her to take
 ' care of the Infant, I told her, She would make her
 ' Fortune by it, for it was a Child of great Quality;
 ' but that the Mother, for particular Reasons, was o-
 ' blig'd to have it brought up privately. The Rich-
 ' ness of the Infant's Mantles and Linnen gave a Re-
 ' putation to what I so confidently affirm'd. *Mary*
 ' *Ximenez* believ'd what I said, took the Child, and
 ' promis'd to be very tender of it. Since then I ne-
 ' ver knew what became of it, or ever enquir'd.
 ' Therefore, Gentlemen, I charge you to enquire at
 ' *Alcala*, whether some Woman of Quality has not
 ' lost the Child, which I left with *Mary Ximenez*, a
 ' Peasant of *Torresva*.

When the Robber had ended his Relation, both
 the Lady and the Gentleman, who had listen'd to
 him very attentively, seem'd much concern'd, tho'
 likely upon different Motives. The Lady, full of
 Trouble, told her Deliverers, It would be a great
 Satisfaction to her, if they could save the Highway-
 man's Life, because she desir'd to be better inform'd as
 to some Particulars, which extreamly concern'd her;
 and which she thought that poor Wretch might give
 an Account of. *Don Cesar*, who thought he had more
 weighty Reasons than the Lady to desire the same
 Thing, order'd his Man to set the Robber the best
 he could on his Horse, in order to carry him to the
 next Village; but *Don Quixote* said, That in the
 Condition the wounded Man was in, he could not sit
 the Horse, or be carry'd any other way than lying a-
 long, and made fast with Ropes and that uneasie Po-
 sture, together with the Jolting of the Horse, would
 be likely to kill him before he could get to the Vil-
 lage, for which Reason it were better to seek for some
 Country-People to carry him upon Boughs of Trees.
Don Cesar approv'd of his Contrivance. He sent out
 to find Four or Five of the lustiest Fellows there-
 abouts, which was easily done. The Noise of the
 Fight having brought many, who stood aloof off ga-
 zing at that dismal Sight. When the Peasants were
 come,

come, they cut some Boughs of Trees, and put them together, making a sort of a Bier, on which they lay'd the wounded Man, who desir'd them to see whether the old Woman, who lay by his dead Companions, and was his Wife, were past Recovery. It was done to please him, but when he was told she was dead, Heaven be blest'd, said he, then the Wretch who made me commit this last Crime, has receiv'd her due Reward. He said no more ; but this was enough to make it appear, that the old Woman had been the Cause of his being in that Action. The Peasants being ready, *Don Quixote* ask'd the Damsel unknown, Whether she would have the wounded Man carry'd. She said, She had some Reasons to desire he might be carry'd to *Torresva*. The Peasants made many Difficulties, alledging, that it was Two great Leagues to that Place, the Way bad, and the wounded Man very heavy. *Don Quixote*, who would have gone beyond the Kingdom of *Congo*, to serve the ugliest Servant Wench in an Inn, was amaz'd that those Men should think much to go Two Leagues for one of the finest Women in the World, and he was likely enough to compel them to go ; but *Don Cesar* promising them a considerable Reward, made the Way short and easie, and the wounded Man light. The Peasants set forward, but the beautiful Unknown being afoot, the Question was to mount her. *Don Cesar* offer'd to take her up behind him ; but *Don Quixote* urg'd it home, that the Damsel might not ride any Horse but his, because it was one of the principal Duties of Knights Errant to mount forsaken Damsels, and that only *Rocinante* was worthy to carry Princesses. It is true, that Horse had such a long Back and Rump, that he might have carry'd the Seven * *Infantes* of *Lara*, provided his Belly had been propp'd up. The Damsel had rather, perhaps, have accepted of *Don Cesar's* Offer, as liking his Person better, and being less frightful ; but she durst not follow her own Inclination, for fear of disobliging the Knight, whose Character seem'd to deserve to be comply'd with. To put an End to the Controversie,

* Seven Brothers much talk'd of in Spanish Romances and Ballads,

quoth *Sancho*, the Princess may mount my Ass, since he is a Limb of Knight Errantry, as well as *Rocinante*; he has already serv'd Princesses, and Madam *Zenobia*, who has try'd him, knows his Worth. *Sancho's* Advice was follow'd. *Don Caesar* took the Damsel up in his Arms, and set her upon Dapple. Then they made away from the Wood, and from the Place where that tragical Scene had been acted, but they mov'd slowly, being resolv'd not to stir from the Bier.

Don Caesar took much Notice of the Concern the Damsel shew'd at the Robber's Relation, and he began to look on her more earnestly than he had done before. Her Person was in all Respects so charming, that, notwithstanding her mean Habit, he took her for something Divine. Her Behaviour was so pleasing and modest, and the Trouble, which appear'd on her Face, gave her such a moving Air, that had not the Gentleman's Heart been pre-ingag'd, he could not but have been passionately in Love with her, and tho' he was devoted to another Beauty, yet such Charms could not but have some Operation on him. The Damsel on the other side seeing *Don Caesar*, felt herself drawn by a certain Sympathy, she could give no Reason for. The Gentleman having placed himself so, as he might view and discourse her, and being impatient to know her, had not the Power any longer to withstand his Curiosity. Madam, said he, the Amazement I am in to find you on the High-way, alone, afoot, and expos'd to the Insolency of wicked Men, who stick at no Villainy, confounds me, and I bless God for the Part I had in delivering you from that mighty Danger; but may not I know by what hard Turn of Fortune you was brought into that deplorable Condition? I am apt to flatter my self with the Hopes, that when I am acquainted with your Troubles and Misfortunes, I may still be so happy as to serve you further. These Words put the Damsel to a Stand, and she was silent a while, considering what Reply she should make. At length she answer'd him thus: Sir, my Obligation to you is so great, for having hazarded your Life for my sake, that I can conceal nothing from you. It would be a Wrong to your Generosity to mistrust your

your Wisdom. Since you desire it, I will unlock the Secrets of my Heart to you, and acquaint you with my dismal Fate, which is such, that I cannot promise my self so much as a Sanctuary in my Part of the World. O Sovereign *Infanta*, quoth *Don Quixote*, interrupting her, I will not suffer such Injustice. I'll be no longer call'd, *The Loveless Knight*, if I do not secure you a safe Retreat in any Kingdom in the World you shall make Choice of; and if any Emperor, or Sultan, is so discourteous, as not to honour you at his Court, as you deserve, you shall see with your own Eyes how I will overturn all his Dominions, and I will expel him, as a Prince unworthy of a Crown! Nay, by my Troth, quoth *Sancho*, who had heard the last Words his Master spoke; Lady Princess, you need not make the least Question of it; my Master, *Don Quixote* will do it, with more Ease than he says it. And pray, why should not he do it? He who is ready to do as much for nasty lowzy Princesses, that are not fit to wipe your Shooes. Hold your Tongue, Block-head, said *Don Quixote* in a Passion, do not impertinently interrupt our Discourse. Get you farther, and let me not bid you twice. The Knight spoke these Words so sternly, that the Squire fell back without making any Answer. *Don Quixote*, said *Don Cesar* to the Knight, there is no Need of overturning Empires; but if this Lady pleases to accept of my Service, I do engage to secure her, wheresoever she shall think fit, without Dethroning any Prince. Now, Madam, added he, looking on the Damsel, be pleas'd to recount to us your Misfortunes, and then assure your self, that *Don Quixote* and I will do our best for you. Then the Damsel spoke as in the next Chapter.

C H A P. V.

The beautiful Engracia's Story.

I Liv'd not long since at *Alcala*, in a Family that was very kind to me, and whose Nobility and Wealth made me be sought after by the Best. But why should I talk of the Happiness I enjoy'd; since cruel Fortune has not only robb'd me of it, but even of the Credit that might be given to what I say. Here is nothing to vouch for me, and my Tears are the only Testimony of my Sincerity. The unfortunate *D. Ferdinand*, my Father, of the Noble Family of the *Peraltas*, dy'd in the Flower of his Age in the fatal Expedition of the mighty Fleet King *Philip* fitted out against *England*. He commanded a Ship that was cast away in the Storm. My Mother being big with Child when she receiv'd this dismal News, was deliver'd before she expected. However, being near her Time, it was hoped, that the Birth might repair the Loss of the deceas'd Parent: So it prov'd. My Brother and I were the unhappy Off-spring of a dying Father, and we had all the Symptoms of a strong and hale Constitution. But alas; the Hopes that had been grounded on us, prov'd short liv'd. The Boy, who as they say, was the very Picture of our Father, and yet more like him in his Misfortunes than his Features, was lost in his Infancy, so that we could never hear any certain Tidings of him more than what I can guess by what this Man has now told us. We had each of us a Nurse, My Brothers having one Day ask'd Leave to go see a Friend of her's, that liv'd at the furthest End of the Town from us, my Mother *Eugenia*, who could not foresee the fatal Consequences, made no Difficulty to grant it her. The Nurse took her Child in her Arms, and went out; but the Day passing without any News of her, the Family began to be uneasie. She was expected a while longer, but at last my Mother, out of Patience,

sent

sent to the House where she said she was going. The Woman answer'd, that the Nurse had been there, but was gone a League from *Alcala* to see her Husband, who, she was told, lay sick, and durst not ask Leave of *Donna Eugenia* for fear of a Denial, and that she went with a Farmer of the same Village, whom she happen'd to meet going Home. This Account troubled my Mother, who was much more concern'd, when, having sent a Man on Horseback to the Nurse's Husband's, she understood they had neither seen the Child nor the Nurse, and that all the Village affirm'd the same Thing. She caus'd all possible Enquiry to be made about *Alcala* for Six Months, and all her Friends us'd their utmost Endeavours to hear some News of the Nurse, and my young Brother *D. Ferdinand*, for he had his Father's Name given him; but all in vain, and the Farmer's Parents could never hear of him. This Misfortune put all our Family into a great Consternation. My Mother *Eugenia* could not have had a greater Affliction befall her. My Uncle *Don James de Paralta* was so much concern'd, that, being before very disconsolate for his Brother's Death, he could not endure to stay any longer in *Alcala*, and whatever my Mother could do to prevent it, he went away to *Madrid*, where he had an Estate. However, he did not fail to come now and then to *Alcala* to see, and assist her with his Advice; for she repos'd such entire Confidence in him, and was so thoroughly convinc'd of his Wisdom and Probity, that she did nothing without consulting him.

Don Caesar was much discompos'd, when he heard her talk of the Loss of that young *Don Ferdinand*, and comparing this Account with what the Highway-man had said, he grew very uneasie; but being unwilling to interrupt the Damsel, he curb'd himself, and she went on as follows.

Eugenia for several Years lamented the Loss of her Husband, and Child; she could take no Comfort, but every thing seem'd to renew her Grief. *Engracia*, my dear *Engracia*, said she to me often, clasping me in her Arms, I may well make much of you, since you are all the Treasure that is left me. But, alas!

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Fortune seems to delight in robbing me of all I hold dear; and, perhaps, whilst I am fondling of you, she cruelly prepares to deprive me of you. Such tender Words she spoke, and bath'd my Cheeks with her Tears, and tho' I was but an Infant, I grew sensible of her Love and Sorrow; but I did not in those tender Years imagine, that my hard Fate would part me from my unfortunate Mother. My first Years pass'd away in this sorrowful manner. At last, Time, which mitigates the greatest Afflictions, made *Eugenia's* more easie, and my Education became her only Care. My natural Disposition, as they said, being such as deserv'd improving, I learnt all those Things that were proper for my Sex. But, above all, my Mother endeavour'd to instil into my Heart the Love of Vertue, and to bring me up with that Modesty and Discretion, that becomes a Maid of a Noble Family. I never went Abroad without covering my Face very carefully, or sitting back in a Coach so as I might not be seen. Yet all these Precautions did not protect me against the Snares of Love. A Gentleman of Birth, and graceful Presence, saw me upon a publick Festival, and tho' my Face was cover'd with a Vail, yet my Shape and Mein drew his Attention. I perceiv'd it, and observ'd that he follow'd us after the Service was done. I did not think fit to tell my Mother, who was with me, or acquaint her with the Discovery I had made; and therefore, there being no Way to give the Gentleman the Slip, or disappoint his Curiosity, he soon knew who I was. That was enough to make him resolve to follow me. From that Time he never ceas'd watching me, nor did he let pass any Opportunity of making his Intentions known to me. If I appear'd at the Window, I was sure to see him in the Street; and when I went Abroad, I never fail'd of meeting him. Yet, notwithstanding all his Endeavours, I took such Care, that for a long time he never saw my Face, and I fancy'd he would grow weary at last; but he was far enough from it. He pursu'd me so incessantly, that at length he had the Opportunity of seeing me; and this was at a Play. He seated himself very near me, and in such manner, that I could not without Affectation hinder

der him looking on me, or forbear seeing him. I perceiv'd how eagerly he view'd me, tho' my Face was still cover'd, and methinks I could discern in him a Desire to please me. I must confess, this Thought made me take the more Notice of him. I lik'd his Mein; and whether I was too busie, or that I did not take care enough of my self, my Vail flew open, and he saw my Face for a Moment. Whether he counterfeited, or whether it was real Sympathy, he seem'd to be surpriz'd, concern'd and transported. I took a private Satisfaction in it, but gave him no Opportunity to perceive it. He had gone too far to be deterr'd by any Difficulties, and tho' he had seen me but a Moment, yet my Picture remain'd so deeply imprinted in his Soul, that he redoubled his Vigilance and his Courtship. The Spies he had employ'd to observe me, having inform'd him, that I was to be at the Wedding of a Friend of mine, he found Ways to get Admittance to it. I being a Guest formally invited, had dress'd my self to the best Advantage to grace the Ceremony, and had no Vail to hide me from the Eyes of my importunate Lover. He had Leisure enough to view me at his Pleasure. He seem'd to be all transported. He was amaz'd, or, if I may so say, enchanted with my Sight. My Dress doubtless added much to his Astonishment; but, however it was, my Mother at that time was not with me, being then indispos'd. The Gentleman laying hold of this Opportunity, ventur'd to speak to me, whilst the rest were dancing. He declar'd his Love in the most passionate manner. Tho' I was convinc'd of the Truth of what he said, yet I pretended to look upon it all as meer Gallantry. One that took me out to dance, parted us. The Gentleman try'd all Ways to renew his Discourse, but I prevented him. Another Day meeting me mask'd at the *Carnaval*, he came up close to me. I endeavour'd to put him off, but he gave me to understand he knew me. Then I began to be plain, and was very severe upon him; but whether I did it with an Air that betray'd me, or whether he was too far gone to be daunted, all I could say signify'd nothing, or rather my hard Usage only serv'd to carry on the Discourse, which at length prov'd

prov'd my Ruin. What Woman can promise herself to hold out always against a Man she does not dislike? When she hears him, she pities him; when she pities, her Heart is engag'd, and this Return is not far from Love. In short, I yielded to his Constancy, and the Fierceness of his Love. I found his Expressions were too tender to proceed from less Sufferings than he describ'd. However, tho' I felt some Kindness for him, yet I fled with as much Cruelty in outward Appearance, as I felt real Compassion in my Heart. I made him despair, and perplex'd him more than if I had really hated him. But, alas! He was not the only Sufferer by my counterfeit Cruelty; I endur'd as much as he, and reveng'd him on my self. At last I thought fit to come to some Resolution, and either to put an End to his Sufferings, or render them desperate. I enquir'd into his Quality and Reputation, and understood that his Name was *Don Christopher de Luna*, that he was handsome, without valuing himself upon it; a Man of Courage, and belov'd by all Persons of Worth. I began to use him better, and allow'd him to write to me, and to appear under my Windows at Night. In fine, after several private Conferences, we promis'd one another Marriage. Our Impatience to be so happily united, made us agree, that he should be admitted one Night into my Chamber, there to take the most suitable Measures for our Design, and to contrive to bring *Don James*, my Uncle, over to our Party, thinking it necessary to secure him, before we spoke to my Mother. But, alas! What a dismal Night it prov'd! How can I think of it without dying for Grief?

Here the beautiful *Engracia* was forc'd to make a full Stop. Sighs choak'd her Words, and Streams of Tears ran down her Cheeks; which made her Audience conclude, that something extraordinary happen'd that Night. They repeated their Tenders of Service, and so far prevail'd, that, after having dry'd her Tears, she went on in this manner.

The fatal Night we had pitch'd upon being come, my Lover, hastned by his Impatience, came to the Rendezvous before the Time. I was at my Window, I saw him, and went down to tell him he was come

too soon; that I still hear'd a Noise in the House, and my Mother was not gone to Bed. *Don Christopher* went away to wait the Hour in another Street. An Hour after, supposing by the Stilness that every Body was a Bed, I went down, and open'd the Street Door. *Don Christopher* came in that Moment; I took him by the Hand, and having led him into the House, left him at the Stair-Foot, going up my self before, to see whether all was clear; but I bid him follow me, and stop at the Top of the Stairs. I went into my Chamber to light a Candle; but the Weather being damp, my Tinder would not take Fire, and I was almost a Quarter of an Hour before I could light it. When I had done, I went back to the Stairs, to light *Don Christopher* into my Apartment; but the Candle went out before I had gone half Way. However, I went on, calling him softly to lead him in. He answer'd not; I was amaz'd, and still call'd in the Dark, till stumbling at something, I fell down, and lay'd my Hand upon it, and it seem'd to me like a Man lying on the Ground, and his Cloaths very wet. I fancy'd it was some Servant that was got drunk, and had fallen asleep in that Place. However, it startled me, and I went back into my Chamber to light my Candle. You may consider what a Fright I was in, when I found my Hand all bloody. I was so distracted, that, forgetting my self, I went out with my Candle; but, Good God! What a Condition was I in, when drawing near that Body which put me into such a Fright, I spy'd the unfortunate *Don Christopher* wallowing in his Blood, pale, and dead. O Heavens, what a Sight was this for a Lover to behold! I let fall the Candle, which went out upon the Ground. A deadly Shivering seiz'd me. All my Senses fail'd me, and I dropp'd down upon that insensible bloody Body. I lay some time in a Swoon, and, if I may so say, as dead as my Lover. At length, coming to my self, I began to reflect on that dismal Adventure, to which Night seem'd to add more Terrour. I form'd all the dismal Idea's that such a Fright could suggest. I took a full View of all my ill Fortune; but amidst this Confusion of tormenting Thoughts, I could not imagine how, or by whom *Don Christopher* had been thus murder'd. However,

ever, I fix'd upon one Thought. I fancy'd, my Kindred, and perhaps my Mother, having got Intelligence of our Affignation, and concluding my Honour was lost, had committed this Outrage to punish my Lover's Presumption. This Notion soon fill'd me with many more. I guess'd, that the same Penalty, which had been inflicted on *Don Christopher*, would, perhaps, fall upon me, if I did not speedily prevent it. How powerful is the Love of Life over weak Souls, since it could make me forget my Duty to my self, and to *Don Christopher*. The Fear of Death made me resolve to go beg a Sanctuary. And, thinking that Delay still made the Danger the greater, I hastened back to light my Candle. I put up all my Jewels, and some Money I had got together, and went out of the House. Notwithstanding the Darkness of the Night, I made my Way into one of the Suburbs of the Town. I knock'd at a Door, where I saw a Light, which was the House of a poor Woman, whose Name was *Paula*, and who told me her Husband was then Abroad. She not knowing me, I told her I was a Stranger, whom Misfortunes oblig'd to lie conceal'd, and that I came to her for Shelter, supposing no Body would look for me there. She receiv'd me kindly enough; but whatever she could say to assure me of her Secrecy, I would not trust her. My Tears moving her, she us'd all her Endeavours to comfort me. I know not whether she heard of the Search my Family made after me; but she took no Notice of it to me. I durst not ask any Questions, for fear of causing a Jealousie; and perceiving she was of a covetous Temper, I began to fear she might betray me in Hopes of a good Reward. This Apprehension troubled me, but yet that was not my greatest Concern. Five Weeks were past, and I was very uneasy that I could not know what had happen'd at Home after I came away; what Construction my Mother did put upon my Flight, and, in short, what had been *Don Christopher's* Fate, whom my Love sometimes conceited living, tho' I had so much Cause to believe him dead. This Curiosity tormenting me, I could no longer withstand my Impatience to be satisfy'd, but resolv'd to go to *Madrid* to my Uncle *Don*

James.

James. I was willing to believe, that if I confess'd my Fault to him ingenuously, I should prevail upon his good Nature to grant me his Protection. I acquainted *Paula* with my Design, and made her such Promises, as prevail'd with her to bear me Company. To conclude what remains in a few Words, when I had got these poor Cloaths you see, that I might be the less observ'd, *Paula* and I set out this Morning from *Alcala* afoot, for I would not buy or hire a Litter, or Mules for fear of Discovery. But as soon as ever we came near this Wood, where you found me, I was seiz'd by Seven or Eight Men. At first I thought they had been Persons employ'd by the Magistrates, or my own Family to secure me. The wicked Woman that bore me Company so well counterfeited a Surprize and Fear, that she confirm'd me in that Belief; but it was not long before I discover'd my Mistake. The Robbers beset me, and whilst some of them search'd me, others, after gazing lewdly on me, had the Impudence to handle me indecently. I pierc'd the Air with my Cries, and call'd upon all that might protect me to defend my Honour. Then the wicked *Paula*, whom I had not before mistrusted, fearing lest my Cries might be heard by any of the Officers of the holy Brotherhood, threw off her Mask, and endeavour'd to stop my Mouth with her Hands and her Handkerchief. She egg'd on the Robbers to search me more narrowly, and told them where she had observ'd I had hid my Gold and Jewels, when Heaven, that protects Innocence, brought you to my Relief. This is, Gentlemen, what you desir'd to hear, and what I would not have told you, were I not so deeply indebted to you both, for which I can make no other Return, but by reposing an entire Confidence in you.

CHAP.

C H A P. VI.

Which gives an Account who Don Cæsar was.

AS soon as *Engracia* had concluded her Story, *Don Cæsar* spoke first, and said, Madam, tho' you do not know me, I am more deeply concern'd in your Misfortunes than you imagine. I am particularly acquainted with *Don Christopher*, and I do assure you he is not dead; nay, he is perfectly recover'd of his Wounds; but I must tell you at the same time, that the same *Don Christopher*, who on so many Accounts ow'd you an eternal Love, is a false Man, and unjust to you. Let not this News discompose you, Beautiful *Engracia*, I take your Misfortune upon me, and your Wrong is done to me. You shall know the Reason another time. In the mean while, assure your self, I will lose my Life before I will suffer *Don Christopher* to marry any Woman but you. *Engracia* was much surpriz'd to hear *Don Cæsar*, who at once comforted, and added to her Sorrow, by acquainting her with *Don Christopher's* Recovery, and his Infidelity. On the other side, she could not imagine how *Don Cæsar* should come to be concern'd in her Misfortune, or why he so passionately espous'd her Quarrel. Whilst she labour'd under these confus'd Thoughts, and was preparing to answer *Don Cæsar*, an old Gentleman passing by, stopp'd short to view *Don Quixote*. However, tho' he was amaz'd to see the Knight, his Astonishment was much greater, when *Engracia* knowing him, threw herself off the Ass, and running to him with all Speed, clasp'd one of his Knees, saying, O my dear Uncle *Don James*; I implore your Goodness! I cannot doubt, after what has happen'd, but you are incens'd against me. But notwithstanding all outward Appearances, which seem to condemn me, I dare assure you I rather deserve your Pity, than your Anger, for my Misfortune is greater than my Offence. This said, she wept so bitterly, that her Two Protectors could not but

but pity her. But *Don James* looking on her angrily answer'd. Do not think, base Woman, to impose upon my Credulity. Who can think you innocent, when your own Flight, and *Don Christopher's* Wounds, are your Accusers? Then *Don Caesar* thinking, that *Engracia's* Vertue stood in need of his Assistance to be fully clear'd, said to the old Man, You will wonder, *Don James*, that a Stranger, who has nothing about him to recommend him to you, should undertake to vouch for your Niece's Vertue; and you will think it still stranger, when I tell you, that I never knew *Engracia* before this Day. Nay, I am satisfy'd that seeing me with her, you rather look upon me as accessory to her Offence, than as a Protector and Witness of her Innocence. But be pleas'd to suspend your Judgment, and assure your self, that I am so far from designing to wrong your Honour; that it is my Duty as much as your's to maintain it, since I have all the Reason in the World to believe I am your Nephew. My Nephew, reply'd *Don James* in Amaze, and looking upon *Don Caesar* as an Impostor. I wonder at your Boldness to pretend to be of my Family, when I have never seen you. Take Notice, I have no Relations but what I know, and that I never had any other Nephew, but my Brother *Don Ferdinand's* Son. And what if I should tell you, reply'd *Don Caesar*, that I am the young *Don Ferdinand*, whose Loss you and the vertuous *Eugenia* have so much lamented, and should bring you Proofs of it? These Proofs, answer'd the old Man, will not be equivalent to the Testimony of Twenty Years, which assure us he is dead. Should we have been so long without hearing any News of him, if he had been alive? That very Ignorance, said *Don Caesar*, makes his Death the more dubious. Were it certain, some Circumstances of it might have been known. But, Sir, I would not have you rely upon what I say. Do but believe that wounded Robber we are carrying to *Torresva*. When you have heard what he has now told us, and shall be satisfy'd that I was brought up in my Infancy by that *Mary Ximenez* he talks of, you will then, perhaps, think my Conjecture likely enough to deserve to be further enquir'd into. Then *Don Caesar*

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told

told him all that the Highway-man had said. This Account amaz'd *Don James*, who then looking earnestly upon the young Gentleman, felt his very Bowels began to earn towards him; but being resolv'd to have more convincing Proofs, he said to *Don Cesar*, I must confess, young Gentleman unknown, that a Voice within speaks in your Behalf, and that in you I find my Brother's Air and Features. Yet give me Leave still to doubt of one Particular, which I heartily desire to be convinc'd of, when we shall see *Mary Ximenez*. This said, he made his Niece mount *Sancho's* Ass again, and went along with the rest towards *Torresva*, to get more certain Information of *Don Cesar's* Birth.

As soon as they came to the Village, they put the Robber into the best Bed in the Inn; then a Surgeon search'd the Wound, and finding it very dangerous, order'd all to clear the Room, and leave the Man to take some Rest. In the mean while, *Don Cesar* pay'd and dismiss'd the Peasants, and *Don James* enquir'd of the Host for *Mary Ximenez*. The Inn-Keeper told him, that Woman had liv'd in Affliction for Ten Years, because she had not in all that Time heard of her only Son. Are you sure, said *Don James*, that *Mary Ximenez* is the true Mother of that Son, whose Loss she laments. I have not liv'd long enough in the Village, answer'd the Host, to be able to give you an Account of that; but if it any way concerns you, I'll send for *Mary Ximenez*, and have her brought hither. I shall thank you for so doing, reply'd *Don James*, go to her, and tell her, there is a wounded Person in your House, who would speak to her about a Matter of great Moment, which will be to her Satisfaction. The Host ran to the Country-woman's House, and because what he had said did not clear the Truth, the old Gentleman was pleas'd that he had not been too forward in crediting the Robber's Relation; but whilst he was thus dubious, *Mary Ximenez* came into the Room, where all the Company was, except *Don Cesar*, whom the old Gentleman caus'd to withdraw, not thinking fit that the Country-woman should see him before she had been confronted with the Robber, thinking he might thus discover what he sought after the bet-

ter.

ter. The Woman was so pale, and spent with Grief, that it was a Pity to see her. She look'd all about, but not seeing what she look'd for, it encreas'd her Sorrow. Good Woman, said *Don James* to her, pray come along with me into the next Room; there you will see a Man, whom, perhaps, you may know. The poor Woman was mov'd at these Words, and follow'd the old Gentleman without speaking a Word. When she was in the Robber's Chamber, they led her to the Bed, and as soon as ever she beheld the wounded Man, tho' it was so long since she saw him, her Heart fail'd her, and she wept so bitterly, that *Don James* look'd upon it as a good Omen. At last directing her Discourse to the Robber, she said sighing, O you are certainly come to demand of me the Child you trust-ed me with Twenty Two Years ago. But, alas! Fortune has cruelly depriv'd me of him, and I lament his Death all my Days. Good Woman, said *Don James*, do not afflict your self, we do not come to demand him of you, but to bring you News of him, and to requite you for the Care you took of his Education. You shall see one, who is more concern'd in it than we. This said, he order'd *Don Cesar's* Man to call in his Master, who stood listening at the Door, and only waited to be call'd. *Mary Ximenez* was surpriz'd at his Sight, and cry'd out, O my Son! Her Joy was so excessive, that she could say no more. She turn'd pale, and fainted away in the Arms of *Don James* and *Don Cesar*, who ran in to hold her. *Don Cesar* was much mov'd at his Nurse's Concern for him, *Engracia* wept, and the old Gentleman relented. They all made Haste to bring her to herself; and as soon as it was done, she clasp'd her Arms about *Don Cesar's* Neck, and hugging him closely, cry'd, O my Son, how many Tears have I shed for you! Mother, reply'd the Gentleman, kissing her lovingly, compose your self, I beseech you, for my sake. I fear this Disorder may be prejudicial to you. In short, *Mary Ximenez* growing more calm after the first Transports, confirm'd all that the Robber had said; and *Don James* no longer doubting but *Don Cesar* was his Nephew *Don Ferdinand*, was full of Joy. He drew near the young Man, and said, My dear *Don Ferdinand*, I

neither can nor ought any longer to oppose Nature and Reason, I own you as my Nephew, and my Brother's Son. This said, he embrac'd, and express'd all possible Kindness for him. *Engracia* was no less pleasingly surpriz'd, to find in her Deliverer, a Brother worthy her Affection, and both of them gave each other Testimonies of their Love.

Don Quixote and his Squire were very attentive to this extraordinary Passage, which they admir'd in Silence. The Knight looking upon it as an Effect of Chivalry, applauded himself for having taken to a Profession so beneficial to Mankind, and so fruitful in Wonders, *Sancho* took so much Part in the Affairs of all Parties, that the Tears stood in his Eyes. However, *Don James*, after he had given way to all the Transports of Joy, which Nature could inspire, thought it requisite to make a further Enquiry to clear the Honour of his Family. He ask'd his Nephew, What Certainty he had, that nothing scandalous had pass'd between *Engracia* and *Don Christopher*, since he had never known her before that Day? To remove all your Doubts, answer'd *Don Cesar*, I must inform you, that for some time I was *Don Christopher's* best Friend, that he conceal'd nothing from me, and that he entrusted me with Secrets relating to my Sister, which I have no Cause to be asham'd of. If you mistrust what I say, I will further tell you what I have of my own Knowledge concerning the sad Accident, which was the Cause of *Engracia's* Flight, and will acquaint you with such Circumstances as no Man knows. In the mean while, you may rely upon me. If that be not enough, *Don James*, said *Don Quixote*, and that you stand in Need of a Knight Errant's Testimony to satisfy you. I am ready to answer for the beautiful *Engracia's* Honour, and to challenge all Knights that shall dare to maintain, she had any dishonourable Affection for *Don Christopher*. *Don James* was strangely surpriz'd to hear *Don Quixote* talk at that rate, having at first been sufficiently amaz'd at his Mein and Garb, but the finding of his Niece and Nephew had wholly taken him off from that Object. *Don Ferdinand* perceiving his Amazement, told him the Knight's Name, and how much his Sister and he

he were beholding to him. This Account serv'd but to encrease *Don James's* Astonishment; for, till then, he had look'd upon that renown'd Person's History, the First Part whereof he had read, as a Piece of the *Arab Benengeli's* Wit, rather than as true Adventures. Yet, notwithstanding his Gravity, he lov'd to make himself Sport, and was glad to meet with the real Hero those Annals treated of. It is true, he made less Account of his Testimony, than of *Don Ferdinand's*; however, he thought himself oblig'd to make the Knight think otherwise, and to seem to give all the Honour of the Adventure to him, and therefore turning to him, he said, Great *Don Quixote*, that you may be sensible how much I regard the Word of a Knight Errant, so renowned as your self, I am willing for your sake to restore *Engracia* to my Favour and Friendship. This said, he embrac'd his Niece, assuring her of his good Offices with her Mother. Then making Haste to be gone, he said to *Don Ferdinand*, Two Things make me impatient to be at *Alcala*. The one is the Desire of comforting your Mother, by carrying her such pleasing News; and the other *Engracia's* Concerns; for I have been inform'd, that the false *Don Christopher* is within these Two Days to marry *Donna Anna de Montoya*. It is true, that Marriage is concerting, answer'd *Don Ferdinand*, but it is not yet concluded on, and, I hope, *Don Christopher*, when he is convinc'd of my Sister's Innocence, will do her Justice; or, if he does not, he shall give me Satisfaction. *Engracia* could not hear that Marriage mention'd without being much concern'd; but she saw her Uncle and her Brother so set upon opposing it, that she could not but hope they would break it off; and she had been less troubled, had she known all the Reasons her Brother had to cross it. They hir'd a Mule for *Mary Ximenez*, *Don James*, and *Don Ferdinand*, resolving to carry her to *Eugenia*, to be rewarded, as she deserv'd. When they were ready to set out, they desir'd the Knight and his Lady to bear them Company, being willing to give their Friends at *Alcala* some Diversion. But the Knight said, He was sorry he could not grant their Request, being oblig'd to repair speedily to *Madrid*, upon Business of great Consequence; but to

make some Amends, he promis'd to go visit them at his Return. They were satisfy'd with his Promise, and set out for *Alcala*. *Don Quixote*, *Sancho* and *Zenobia* continu'd their Journey towards *Madrid*. The Highway-man was left in the Inn, where he dy'd of his Wounds Two Days after. And thus says our *Arab*, he disprov'd the Astrologers, who by his Stars foretold he was to die of a Suffocation in the Throat.

C H A P. VII.

*Of Don Quixote's Arrival at Madrid, and
the Scuffle he had in the Prado.*

OUR Knight and his Companions were too full of this Adventure to pass it over in Silence. Is not this very wonderful, said *Don Quixote*? A Damsel falls into the Hands of Robbers, and a Gentleman, who knows her not comes in accidentally, and saves his Life and Honour. She tells him her Story, as if it did not concern him, and at last by her Discourse he is inform'd she is his own Sister. O wonderful Accident! There is no Question but that such Things occur in Knight Errantry, as are not usual in the common Course of Life; and therefore it is, doubtless, that the noblest Adventures of ancient Knights Errant are at present look'd upon as Fables. How do you mean Fables, cry'd *Sancho*, I dare take my Oath that all that has happen'd to us is true. You did Wonders in the Fight, and run the Robber through the Back, and at a Time when he least thought of it; and whoever says the contrary, lyes. What a Comfort will it be to *Eugenia*, quoth *Don Quixote*, to see her Two Children! What Thanks will she return to Heaven. I don't question it, said the Squire. Methinks I see her hug first one, and then the other; then this again, and then that once more. In short, I fancy see her pull out great Handfuls of Gold and Silver out of her Cubbord, and give them to *Mary Ximenez*, who

who pockets it up, as well pleas'd as I was, when I put up *Cardenio's* Crown-pieces in *Sierra Morena*. I'll warrant her, *Eugenia* will be ready to throw the House out at the Windows. There will be nothing but Feasting and Merry-making in her House. The Deuce take me, Sir, it is a considerable Loss to us that we did not follow *Don James*. We should have been treated like Archbishops, and I dare answer for it, that the Princess *Zenobia* would desire no better. They held on this Discourse till they came in Sight of *Madrid*. Then *Don Quixote* calling a new Cause, said to his Squire. At length, *Sancho*, you see *Madrid*, the happy Residence of our Kings, the most famous Town in *Spain*; but I know not whether I ought to enter into it, till I have signaliz'd myself by some notable Exploit. For the most renowned Knights Errant, before they would enter the Cities, where Emperors kept their Courts, always perform'd some glorious Action, the Fame whereof went before them to the Palace, and dispos'd the Emperor, the Empress and the *Infanta* to give them a more favourable Reception. *Rosclair* did not enter *Constantinople*, till he had slain the Giant *Mandrake*; and the Knight of the Rich-Figure would not go into *Persepolis*, till he had finish'd the Adventure of the Unhappy Bridge. I wish there were such another Bridge here, defended by Four valiant Knights, and Two dreadful Giants. God deliver us, Sir, cry'd the Squire, we should never get over the Bridge without broken Bones. And in short, this Day's Combat is enough to carry you not only into *Madrid*, but into *Rome*, if you had a mind to it, and I assure you, the Pope would be satisfy'd with it. You are in the Right, *Sancho*, reply'd the Knight, and I believe my last Combat is enough to gain me a favourable Reception from the King, the Queen, and the *Infanta*. I must own the Action had been more glorious, if I had fought Knights; but we are not to chuse our Adventures, my Friend, but to take them as Fortune throws them in our Way. So let us say no more of it, but make haste into the Town. This said, he clapt Spurs to *Rocinante*; *Barbara* and *Sancho* did the like, and thus they soon

came to St. Jerom's Meadow, commonly call'd *El Prado*.

O Mirror of Knights Errant, cries the *Arabian* Author in this Place! Incomparable *Don Quixote*, give Thanks to Heaven that has brought you to this Place. You are here talk'd of, more than ever the Knight of the *Basilisks* was in *Babylon*. Your unheard-of Exploits are here in Print, and every Body reads them with so much Admiration, that they can scarce believe any Mortal was able to perform them. Appear your self in Person to justify them. Shew your self. Make it appear that you are no imaginary Hero. Nothing but your Presence can make out the Truth of your Heroick Actions. The Sun was set, and consequently People were walking in the *Prado*; for the Pleasantness of the Place, and the many Assignations made in it, draws abundance of People to it every Night. *Don Quixote* put on a stern Countenance, holding his Lance in one Hand, and his Buckler in the other. As soon as he appear'd, all that saw him stood amaz'd at his strange Figure, and ask'd one another, what it could mean: But not being able to satisfy themselves, they drew near to view him the better. His Mein and his Device seem'd so ridiculous, that they could not forbear laughing. O my God, said a merry Fellow, there's a genteel Knight. I'll lay a Wager it is the Knight of the *Rich-Figure*, who conducted the *Infanta Aurora* to the Sultan of *Babylon*. No, cry'd another, I'll lay it is the Knight of the Chariot, who comes to defend the *Scythian* Princess's Beauty. Our Adventurer hearing what the Two Men said, halted, and said to them very gravely. Gentlemen, If you would know my Name, you may ask it of my Squire, who follows me. That Account belongs to him. By the Lord, cry'd one of the Lookers-on, this must certainly be that *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, whose History was lately printed in this Town. I know him by his Horse. Right, said another, for that is a perfect *Rocinante*. Besides, here is *Sancho* and his Ass, and this Damsel that hides her Face, is certainly the famous *Dulcinea del Toboso*. Gentlemen, quoth *Sancho*, you are in the Right, as far as

re-

regards *Rocinante*, my Master *Don Quixote*, my Dapple, and my self. We are the very same, God be prais'd, and here we are all Four before you in Soul and Body: But as for Madam *Dulcinea*, she is at this time at *Toboso*, and, perhaps, a filling a Pair of Panniers with Dung in her Father's Stable; and if so, befhrew the Squires that carry her any Love-Letters. She has play'd the Devil with us so long, till we have e'en left her to herself, and we had rather the Devil had taken her, than that we had made, I will not say an *Infanta*, but so much as a plain Countess of her. As for the Lady on the Mule, it is Queen *Zenobia*, whom an Enchanter has converted into a Tripe-woman. *Barbara* took care to keep her Face cover'd all this while, and tho' all the Company desir'd her to unvail, she was too modest to grant their Request. Beautiful Princess, said a Gentleman waggishly, be pleas'd to let us see your Lillies and Roses. Let your fair Hands, tho' but for one Moment, remove the Vail, which hides your Charms. Gentlemen, quoth *Don Quixote*, pray be satisfy'd without desiring Queen *Zenobia* to unvail. She is still enchanted, and you can make but an ill Judgment of her Beauty at present. These Words only serv'd to heighten the Spectators Curiosity. They so earnestly intreated the Knight to prevail with the Queen to discover herself, that at last he turn'd to her, and said, Madam, I join with these Gentlemen, to beg you will suffer your Face to be seen. Perhaps, you may not appear so beautiful to them, as you do to me, who see you as you really are; but I protest your Beauty is matchless, and they may rely upon my Word. *Barbara*, fearing the Spectators would rather believe their own Eyes than the Knight, had no Mind to discover herself. She stood out a long time; but was forc'd at last to submit, and expose her scarify'd Countenance. All that beheld her burst out a laughing, shrugg'd their Shoulders, and some young Fellows had the Presumption to speak disrespectfully of the Tripe-woman. Among the rest, a Gentleman of *Galicia*, lifting up his Hands, cry'd out, Bless us, what a Princess! She is as like an old Mule I have in my Stable, as one Egg is like another. It is easie to imagine what Effect these Words had on

Don

Don Quixote; his Eyes sparkled with Fury, and brandishing his Lance in dreadful manner, he said to the *Galician*, Stay, rash Man, and I will chastize thy Insolence. I here challenge thee to single Combat, and at the same time I challenge all those that have insulted Queen *Zenobia*, who, I do maintain, surpasses in Beauty the Princess *Materosa*, and even King *Olivier's* Daughter. All the whole Company burst out a laughing at these Words, and the *Galician*, being a jocular Fellow, he answer'd *Don Quixote*, Sir Knight, tho' you are in Armour up to your Chin, and mounted on a haughty Courser, more lofty than that of *Alexander the Great*, I will not refuse your Challenge. I will fight you with only my Sword, as I am afoot and unarm'd, and defend the Beauty of my Mule, which I would not give for your *Zenobia*. Since you are afoot and unarm'd, reply'd *Don Quixote*, it is but reason that I alight, and lay by my Armour; for Knights are not to take any Advantage in Fight. This said, he alighted. *Sancho* did the like, and running to disarm his Master, said, You were wishing for an Adventure before you came to the Court, and I think you have met with one. Go to, defend the Princess *Zenobia's* Beauty bravely, and make that Scoundrel Knight own that she is handsomer than his Mule. If you have the ill Fate to be overcome, I may very well fight him after you in Defence of my Dapple, which I do maintain to be handsomer than his Mule, tho' she were more beautiful than Master *Valentine's* Mare; which is reckon'd at *Ateca* the fattest Beast belonging to the Chapter. *Don Quixote* was so far from taking any Advantage, that he stripp'd to his very Shirt and Drawers, to remove all Cause of Suspicion. Some sober Persons seeing the Knight was preparing for the Combat in good Earnest, endeavour'd to dissuade the *Galician*, telling him, that such Jest for the most part end in Earnest; but the *Galician*, relying on his Strength and Skill, laugh'd at what they said, and drawing one of the longest Swords that ever *Spaniard* wore, stood upon his Guard, stretching such a Distance from his Left Foot to the Point of his Sword, that they were at least Two Fathom asunder. *Don Quixote* in the same

man-

manner drew his dreadful Sword, and they made a Thousand Sparks of Fire fly in a Moment from their furious Blades. The *Galician*, when he had a while try'd his Adversary's Skill, with a Jerk threw his Sword over his Head, and dropping his own, clos'd with him, took him by the Collar, and shook him so furiously, and with so much Ease, that the ancient Poets would have compar'd *Don Quixote*, in that Condition, to a Shrub, that plays in the Wind. The Knight was sensible he had not the feeble Defender of *Mambrino's* Helmet to deal with; and the Dread of being vanquish'd before Queen *Zenobia* put him into such a Rage, as is not to be express'd. He rally'd all his Strength, and gave the *Galician* such a terrible Blow under the Ear with his Gantlet, which he had forgot to take off, that he lay'd him flat on the Ground, senseless, and much hurt. Every Body was concern'd; but the *Galician* having, by his Indiscretion, brought this Misfortune upon himself, his Friends could not think themselves oblig'd to revenge his Quarrel upon a Mad-man, and therefore only thought of taking care of him. As soon as *Sancho* saw the *Galician* down, he cry'd out with great Joy, Courage, Master *Don Quixote*, follow the Laws of Chivalry to the utmost. Take up your Sword, and thrust it down that Knight's Throat, if he refuses to own, that Madam *Zenobia* is more beautiful than his Mule. The Knight approv'd of the Advice, lay'd hold of his Sword, and made towards the *Galician*; but several came in and held him, telling him, He ought to be satisfy'd, that he had overthrown the best Knight in *Galicia*. Let him then confess, said *Don Quixote*, that all the World cannot match Queen *Zenobia's* Beauty. He shall own it another time, said one of the Company; for, by my Troth, at this time he is not in a Condition to confess his Sins. Well, cry'd *Sancho*, then let him say, He owns himself conquer'd. Methinks that is not very hard to be said. *Don Quixote* would fain have had the *Galician* own his Defeat; but at length, overcome by Reason, he look'd upon his Combat as a perfect Victory, and went away to put on his Cloaths and Armour. Whilst he was fixing himself, Two of *Don Alvaro Tarfe's*

Tarfe's Pages happen'd to come into the *Prado*, and knowing the Knight, drew near to salute him. *Don Quixote* and *Sancho* receiv'd them with smiling Countenances, and enquir'd after *Don Alvaro*. *Don Carlos* and he, said one of the Pages, have been here some Days, and expect you with Impatience. I am very desirous to embrace them both, answer'd *Don Quixote*. That you may soon do, reply'd the Page; for, if you please, we will conduct you to *Don Alvaro's* Lodgings. These Words made *Sancho* leap for Joy; he was full of the Thoughts of Pleasure and good Eating, and as soon as his Master was arm'd, they follow'd the Pages, with Queen *Zenobia*, leaving the *Galician* among his Friends, who took care to carry him Home, and see him dress'd.

C H A P. VIII.

How Don Alvaro and Don Carlos receiv'd the Knight, and his Princess; and how Sancho rejoyc'd, when he saw his little bandy-legg'd Cook again.

IT was dark, as the History tells us, when our Adventurers came to *Don Alvaro's* Lodgings, which was the Reason the People had not the Satisfaction of seeing him. They did not find the *Granadine* at Home; but, however, his Servants receiv'd them kindly; and whilst one of the Pages went to give him an Account of their Coming, the Steward conducted them into a good Apartment. *Sancho*, when he had seen the Beasts into the Stable, went directly to the Kitchen, where he had enough to do to embrace all his Friends. But as soon as he spy'd the little bandy-legg'd Cook, that dear Friend above the rest, he ran to him with open Arms, and kissing both his Cheeks in a Rapture, said, O my dear little Bandy, how glad am I to see you once more before I die; for, to deal ingenuously, I love you almost as well as I do my

my Dapple. I shall never forget the good Bits you gave me at *Zaragoza*. You gave me the Carkasses of Turkies, and such Leavings of Sawce, as had been fit for an Emperor ; and I remember, at Night you would give me a sort of Wine to drink, which was sweeter than Honey : Hang me, if I could not feel it warm at my Heart all Night. Let me die, if that be not rare Wine for one's Health. Friend *Sancho*, answer'd the Cook, this Country Wine is better still than that at *Zaragoza*. I can't believe that, reply'd the Squire, nor shall any Man perswade me to it, till I have tasted it. Well then, quoth Bandy, you must drink immediately. I am sure you'll be of my Opinion. So much the better, said *Sancho*, and you may be satisfy'd in my Judgment, for I am not enchanted for Wine, as I am for Things that relate to Knight Errantry. What is that, *Sancho*, cry'd one of the Pages, have the Enchanters put some Trick upon you since you left *Zaragoza* ? That's a good one, quoth *Sancho*, do we ever escape a Day without some Knavery being put upon us by them ? I find you don't know them. If they miss doing us a Mischief an Hour, they think they have been too kind to us. In short, all I can tell you is, that they have so bewitch'd my Sight, that I see every thing quite contrary to what my Master does. They impose upon me every Moment, and it is not above Two Days since they made me take the Prince of *Cordova*'s Garter for a Mule's Crupper. The Servants would needs know that Adventure, which *Sancho* very freely told them ; but he made several Halts ; for the Cook having brought some Wine, made him wet his Lips every now and then.

At length *Don Alvaro* came Home, with *Don Carlos*, and a young Earl, who was to be the latter's Brother-in-Law. They went up to *Don Quixote*'s Apartment, and found him talking with *Barbara* and the Steward of the Household. The Knight embrac'd the *Granadine* and *Don Carlos*, and presented *Hackface* to them, saying, Gentlemen, behold here the Great Queen of the *Amazons*, the Princess *Zenobia*, whom good Fortune cast into my Way, and whose Beauty I now come to defend publickly in the Court of

of Spain. The Princess's Face suited so little with what the Knight said, that the Gentlemen had enough to do to hold their Countenances. However, they did, and Tarfe made *Don Quixote* this Answer, Sir Knight, you have done me the greatest Honour in taking up your Lodging in my House with that Queen, whose Merit must be very extraordinary, since you undertake to protect her; but tho' the Value you put upon her were not Commendation enough, a Man needs but look upon her to give a near Guess at what she is. She has such a Physiognomy as soon makes her known, and I can assure you, that the more I look on her, the worthier I judge her of the great Enterprize you have undertaken for her sake. Then the *Granadine* and *Don Carlos* presented the Earl to the Knight, and acquainted him that was the young Lord the Princess *Trebasina* was design'd for, and that they were to be marry'd out of hand. This was enough to put *Don Quixote* upon making the Earl a long Harangue, who on his side muster'd up all the common Places in Rhetorick he could think of to answer the Knight. *Don Carlos* and *Tarfe* took that Opportunity to talk to *Barbara* apart. Madam Queen *Zenobia*, said *Don Alvaro* to her, do us the Favour as to tell us truly what Country-woman, and who you are. Gentlemen, reply'd open-hearted *Barbara*, you may believe me if you please; I swear to you I am none of Queen *Zenobia*. I am but a poor Woman of *Alcala*, who live by my Labour, and my honest Trade of a Tripe-woman. My Name is *Barbara Villalobos*, a Name left me by a Grand-mother that was very fond of me. My Life has been all Ups and Downs, like the Land in *Galicia*. I am now old, but I know the Time when I was young, and I have been as much made of as another. I am now good for nothing, but to dress Meat; for I can make a Soup and fry Tripe with any Body, and I defie any Body to season Sawce better than I can. However, a Scholar of *Alcala* made me sell all my Goods, drew me out of *Alcala*, carry'd me into a Wood, ty'd me to a Tree in my Smock, and then ran away with all my Money and Cloaths. By good Luck *Don Quixote*, on whom Heaven has bestow'd more Charity than Sense, passing

sing by, heard my Cries, and unbound me, calling me Queen *Zenobia*. I told him I was no such, but he would not believe me, and he bought me a Mule, and these Cloaths you see. In short, when we came to *Alcala*, I begg'd of him to leave me there; but I could not prevail, and was forc'd to come along with him. He has promis'd to give me Fifty Ducats, when he has defended my Beauty at Court. I am come to be as good as my Word, and when he has perform'd his, I'll return to my own Country, where I'll set up my Shop again, an't please the Lord, and let me die if ever I trust a Scholar again, tho' he promis'd me the Philosopher's Stone.

At this time *Sancho* came into the Room, and being in a merry Humour, cry'd, A good Day to you, Gentlemen, I wish you a good Stomach, and a merry Heart, which Two Things will keep you in Health, as Master *Nicholas*, our Barber, says. O my Friend *Sancho*, said *Don Alvaro*, giving him his Hand, I am very glad to see you again in Health and good Humour. God reward you, answer'd the Squire, and bless you, and make you merry. And don't you know me, my dear *Sancho*, said *Don Carlos*, or am I not of the Number of your Friends. Excuse me, Sir, quoth *Sancho*, making up to him, I must kiss your Hands too, with your Leave, tho' sometimes Men kiss those Hands they could wish cut off. O Heavens! quoth *Don Carlos*, what is that you say? What have I done to you, that you should wish me so much Harm? By my Troth, I beg your Pardon, answer'd the Squire. That Proverb slipt from me, before I thought of it. Just so I us'd to let them fly last Year. As fast as they came up, I us'd to spit them out, and the Dog of the *Arab* that writ our History has not left out one of them. He has done like one that sells Small-Nuts, who throws in Good and Bad to fill up the Measure the sooner. Therefore let me tell you, *Don Carlos*, I do not wish to see your Hands cut off; I had rather see them full of that delicate white Meat, and of those Force-Meat-Balls you know of. By *Jove*, I can never think of them, but my Mouth waters. The *Granadine* perceiving, that *Don Quixote* was not pleas'd to hear his Squire talk so, broke off the Discourse,

course, and said to the Knight, *Don Quixote*, the great Concern we have for all that relates to you, and that tends to the Glory of Knight Errantry, makes us very desirous to know what Adventures you have met with since you left *Zaragoza*. *Don Tarfe*, quoth the Squire, it is my Business to tell you all that, as I am Squire to my Master *Don Quixote*. Well then, *Sancho*, reply'd *Don Alvaro*, give us a true Relation. The Squire comply'd; he began at the Scuffle he had with *Bracamonte* the Soldier, and ended with the Combat of the *Galician*. The Three Gentlemen were mightily pleas'd, but above all with the Adventure of the Players, and the Batchelors Ceremony for Disenchanted of *Sancho*. *Don Carlos* and the *Granadine* were extreamly delighted; for *Barbara*, who sat between them Two, whisper'd to them all the Circumstances *Sancho* forgot, or did not know. Supper-time drew on, and the Gentleman-Sewer came to tell them all was ready. Then the Three Gentlemen, *Don Quixote* and *Zenobia*, went into another large Room, where they sat down to Table, and *Sancho* return'd into the Kitchen, where, whilst he supp'd, he was oblig'd to repeat all his Master's Exploits.

The grave Knight of *La Mancha*, whose Head always ran on his mighty Projects, ask'd the Gentlemen, Whether *Bramarbas* was at *Madrid*? He is not yet come, answer'd *Don Carlos*, he is gone to *Cyprus*, to carry several young Damsels, he has stole, to his *Serraglio*; but he will soon be here, before we dream of him; for the wise *Silfenus* favours him, and will transport him hither in the Twinkling of an Eye. On my Word, that Giant is a great Ravisher of Maidens, and I assure you that I should be much afraid of my Sister, if *Don Quixote* were not here, and I could not but fear as much for the Earl that is present; for you know, Gentlemen, how he designs to use the Earls and Barons of this Court. Let not that trouble you, said *Don Quixote*. Marry off your Sister, and let the Earl fear nothing; I'll protect him, and will answer he shall have a numerous Issue. The Earl could not forbear laughing at the Prediction; but tho' he thought himself able to make it good, yet he omitted not to return him Thanks for his Protection.

tection. Then *Don Quixote* told them of the Combat he was to have with the Prince of *Cordova*, and at last after Supper, the Discourse changing to Queen *Zenobia*, *Don Carlos* and the Earl told *Don Quixote*, they highly approv'd of his Design of maintaining that Princess's Beauty, for she well deserv'd it. But the *Granadine* being somewhat nicer in Points of Knight Errantry, said, Gentlemen, I am not of your Opinion; I do not altogether approve of *Don Quixote's* Resolution. I wonder he will assert the Beauty of a Lady he is not in Love with. Can the Knight of *La Mancha* think of doing any thing that is contrary to the Rules of Knight Errantry, which he has always so strictly observ'd? *Don Alvaro Tanse*, reply'd *Don Quixote*, I own I have not rightly consider'd that Affair; and yet I think I shall not in it do any thing blame-worthy, or unpresidential. Nay, I must say, answer'd the *Granadine*, I question whether you can find any Examples of that Nature among the Ancients: We know that others have bore Princesses Company, whom they have disenchant'd, or deliver'd from some mighty Danger, as you do; they show'd them about the World, restor'd them to their Parents, or re-install'd them in their Rights; but they never went about to maintain their Beauty. Pox of the Devil, that is quite another Story, cry'd *Don Carlos*, it is a very nice Point; but what looks to me most irregular in the whole Matter, is that a Lady's Beauty should be assert'd by a Knight, whose Name and Device reflect on the Fair-Sex. I grant, answer'd *Don Quixote*, that my Name of *The Loveless Knight* seems opposite to my Design; but my Intention reconciles those Contradictions, I only maintain the Princess is beautiful, because being enchanted she seems deform'd. I will have Justice done her Beauty, in Spight of her Enchantment. This is all I aim at, and consequently I perform an Act of Justice, and not of Love. Take heed, *Don Quixote*, reply'd *Don Alvaro*; take heed you do not impose upon your self. Our severe Grand-children will not make that Distinction, but will flatly condemn your Proceeding. Then he must not be guilty of it, said the Earl, *Don Quixote* ought not to do any thing that may bear a double Con-

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struction, for no Man ought to take more Care than he to be in favour with Posterity. Let us consider of some *Medium*. D'ye think it were amiss for him to change his Name, and make choice of another *Dulcinea*? For my part, I must make bold to own, that I look upon his Contempt of Ladies as a great Fault; and I cannot conceive how he dares to continue without a Mistress; and especially he, who, as his History informs us, us'd to say last Year, That a Knight without a Lady was like a Body without a Soul; and that it were better to be in Love with an imaginary Object, than not to love at all. *Don Quixote*, not knowing what Answer to make to such convincing Reasons, fell into a deep Study. *Don Alvaro* seeing he was put to a *Nonplus*, said, Gentlemen, enough for this time. Let us give *Don Quixote* Time to consider this Point seriously. He has a sound Judgment, and will know how to chuse that which shall be most for his Glory. Let us consider he has gain'd Two Victories this Day, and must needs want Rest, as well as Queen *Zenobia*. This said, he call'd to his Servants, and whilst *Barbara* was conducted into a Chamber altogether inaccessible to Coach-men, he himself convey'd *Don Quixote* to another, leaving a Page to undress and disarm him, *Sanecho* being still in the Kitchen. *Don Carlos* went away with his Brother-in-Law, at whose House he and his Sister were entertain'd.

The End of the Fourth Book.

THE
HISTORY

OF THE

Most Ingenious KNIGHT,

D. Quixote de la Mancha.

BOOK V.

CHAP. I.

Of the weighty Considerations that perplex'd Don Quixote ; Of the Resolution he came to for the sake of his Honour ; and, Of the Discourse he had with his Squire upon that Subject.

WHEN the Page had disarm'd the Knight, he went out of the Room, and shut the Door after him, as his Master had order'd. *Don Quixote*, being perplex'd with the Difficulties those Gentlemen had started, was glad to be alone, as wanting an Opportunity to consult with himself what was best to be done, and therefore went to

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Bed

Bed to consider on it with more Ease. Good God ! said he, tumbling from Side to Side, is it possible I may not be allow'd to maintain a Lady's Beauty without being in Love. Let us call to mind the Actions of the most famous Knights Errant ; and let us see whether what I think to do was not done before. This said, he call'd over all the Adventures of the Two *Amadis's*, of *Esplandian*, of *Palmerin of England*, and of *Palmerin de Oliva* ; and not finding what he sought for in those Books, he run over the Mirror of Chivalry, *Don Belianis of Greece*, *Tirante the White*, *Aquilant the Black*, *Don Florismarte of Hircania*, and *Don Olivante de Laura*. But, alas ! the poor Knight labour'd in vain, and he perceiv'd he could not maintain the Queen of the *Amazons* Beauty, without doing a Thing never heard of in Knight Errantry. Well then, cry'd he, what is it you are about, unhappy Innovator ? Will you, who never transgress'd the least Rule of your Profession, give your self the Lye ? Perhaps, you imagine your Fame will justify your Fault, or, at least, that Posterity, astonish'd at your mighty Feats, will forgive it ; but do not deceive your self, the base Actions *Alexander the Great* did in Heat of Wine or Passion are not yet forgot. Heroes must not deceive themselves, they must not think the Glory of their Lawrels will serve to shrowd their Failings. If their Faults escape the Censure of one Age, another will follow that may expose them to the whole World. I must observe the Laws of Knight Errantry inviolably, if I design to transmit my Fame pure and untainted to Posterity. On the other hand, must I abandon the Queen to her ill Fortune ! Shall I leave her in the wretched Condition she now is ? Shall I grant the Malice of Enchanters that Satisfaction ? No, it is better I change my Device, and that I fall in Love with this same Peerless Princess. It shall be so, and certainly Heaven has inspir'd this Thought into me, for a Blessing to my Life, and for the Glory of my Memory. O thou beautiful *Dalci-nea del Toboso*, first Sovereign Lady of my Soul, who now seest me submit my self Captive again, do not complain of me. I had still been thine, hadst not thou oblig'd me to shake off thy Yoke. The Hero

of *La Mancha* having thus resolv'd to become the most humble Slave to the rare Perfections of Queen *Zenobia*, spent the rest of the Night in forming Projects worthy both of the Person belov'd, and of the Lover.

When it was Day, *Sancho*, being impatient to see his Master again, came into the Room, saying, Up, *Don Quixote*, up. Knights Errant are very lazy to Day. You went to Bed last Night with the Hens, and they have skimm'd the Pots by this time; come, get up. Are you not weary of sleeping so long? You upbraid me without Reason, Friend *Sancho*, answer'd *Don Quixote*. I have not slept one Wink all this Night. Perhaps, you eat too much Supper last Night, quoth the Squire. I am like you, for when I have eaten Two or Three Pounds more than ordinary, I do not sleep so well as at other Times. Glutton, cry'd *Don Quixote*, do you think that every Body eats unreasonably, as you do. You need not wonder I could not lay my Eyes together all this Night. True Knights Errant are not born to Rest. Their Nicety touching the Duties and Decencies of Chivalry always finds them some Matter of Disquiet. You saw me justly provok'd by *Dulcinea's* Scorn, resolutely break my Chains, and revolting from the Ladies, fiercely take the Name of *The Loveless Knight*; now you see me quite otherwise dispos'd. I will again offer Incense on the Altars of that irresistible God, who, as the Poets say, dips the Points of his Arrows in Gall. That is to say, *Sancho*, I will love; for, besides that I am of a very gentle Disposition, I am of Opinion, that a Mistress is so essential a Part of a Knight Errant, that I much fear I shall be blam'd for all the Time I have not been in Love. I'll not swear for it, said the Squire; for we ought not to swear at all, and the World often condemns that which it ought to praise. Mr. *Curate* is much found fault with for making his Sermons too long, and yet he is never above Two Hours in the Pulpit. But pray tell me, Sir, who is the Lady you are resolv'd to love? Where is she? She is in this Palace, answer'd *Don Quixote*, and is Queen *Zenobia*. Out upon it, reply'd *Sancho* abruptly, what do you think to do with Madam Bar-

bara Zenobia ? What ! I'll warrant you would call upon her in your Battles. Pox take me, an excellent confounded Invocation. I would as soon call upon *Antichrist*. Take my Advice for once, Sir, let us shake off that Gypsie. Let the Scholar that ran away with her Money become her Knight, if he will ; it is his Business, and none of ours, since he has got the Child, let him rock it. It is a strange Thing, answer'd *Don Quixote*, that you cannot beat it into your Head, that Queen *Zenobia* is enchanted. I have told you a Hundred times, that tho' to you she seems frightful, yet she is certainly the most beautiful Princess in the World. Remember this, Blockhead, and do not give me the Trouble of repeating it to you again. I am in the wrong, Sir, I am in the wrong, quoth the Squire, a Plague on it, I always mind my own Way of seeing, without thinking of your's. See what it is to have an ill Habit ; but, Patience, sure after all I shall mend, or it will not be in my Power : I have made Choice, as I tell you, reply'd the Knight, of the Queen of the *Amazons* for my Sovereign Lady. All I fear is lest she be deeply in Love with *Hiperborean* of the *Floating-Islands*, my Rival. That is likely enough, answer'd *Sancho*, for the Princess is a Lady, that will exchange Commodities with any one that pleases, that will stroke down a Chin very dexterously, and drink Bumpers ----- But I'll say no more ; for you will be sure to tell me I did not see what I have seen ; that my Eyes are enchanted, and the rest of that usual Story. However, God knows the Truth of all Things. But to return to that *Hyperborean* of the Island you talk of, if the Queen's Ladyship is in Love with him, you must not take her for your Mistress ; you had better send her to those Islands. It is not certain she is in Love with *Hyperborean*, reply'd *Don Quixote* ; but tho' I knew it for certain, that would not hinder me loving her. The Laws of Knight Errantry do not forbid me loving a Lady, who is before engaged to another Knight. And tho' I tell you, I fear *Hiperborean* is belov'd, do not think that Fear is any Trouble to me. I rather look upon it as a Satisfaction, since it gives me an excellent Subject to complain. The Knight, who has no Rival, never tastes
of

the Sweets of Love. If he is satisfy'd of his good Fortune, his Life is too much of a Piece. Hope and Despair ought to distract him by Turns; Jealousie, Fear and Restlessness must continually disturb his Repose. Nay, it is good he should sometimes think his Lady hates him, that this Thought may rouse him up to perform immortal Actions. Being very nice, I must own it, I should be sorry to enjoy Queen *Zenobia's* Heart peaceably. I have before me a perfect Idea of what she will make me endure, and I warn you, that when you hear me sigh and groan, you do not indiscreetly come to interrupt me, under Pretence of comforting of me; for you must understand there is a secret Pleasure in the fiercest Pains of Love, which makes them pleasing. I do not question but *Amadis de Gaule* found a Thousand Sweets in the rigid Penance he perform'd on the poor Rock, and I can assure you my Soul was plung'd in Joy, when I gave all those dangerous Skips in *Sierra Morena*. Amorous Pains have abundance of Charms for those Knights who know how to love. One while I will take a Lute from thy Hands, and playing on it more harmoniously than *Orpheus* did, I'll sing to it so sweetly, as shall ravish the King and all his Court; and composing an Hundred Verses *Ex tempore*, I will express an Anguish and secret Pains so cunningly, that none, but my Princess, shall understand one Word. Another while, when I am Sad, Jealous, and in Despair, I will leave the Palace at Night, to retire into a thick Wood, whence I will send forth a plaintiff Voice. I will tell the Trees and Eccho's, that I am the most unfortunate of created Beings, since my Ingrate, more beautiful than *Helen*, prefers another Knight before me. Then will I make the Woods ring with my Complaints, calling upon Death to relieve me. Then will I lay my self on the Grass, and giving way to my deadly Grief, will shed so many Tears, and breath out so many Sighs, till I faint away. In short, I shall be ready to give up the Ghost, when the pitiful *Aurora*, having heard my doleful Cries at the Bottom of the Waves, shall hasten to open the Sky-lights of Day, and come to call me to Life. Then shall I start up nimbly, and discover one of the va-

liantest Knights in the World, who comes in Quest of me, and who hearing of my Name, shall come from the farthest Part of *Tartary* to fight me. I shall overcome him with much Difficulty, and shall then return to the Palace, cover'd with Blood and Wounds. Ah, *Sancho*, what a Pleasure is this for an amorous Knight! What a Happiness! By my Faith, Sir, quoth *Sancho*, if it be so great a Happiness for a Knight to despair, and not to be belov'd by his Lady, there was no Need of forsaking *Madam Dulcinea*. She hated you as she did the Devil, and she'd have given you Cause enough to hang your self at last. I would not have left her, answer'd *Don Quixote*, tho' she repay'd all my Services with Cruelty; but she plainly made me see she despis'd me; and you must understand, my Son, that Contempt provokes a Knight, and consequently extinguishes his Passion; whereas Cruelty being no Affront or Provocation, he must be constant even to Insensibility. *Perianeus of Persia*, that perfect Model of unfortunate Lovers, had never lov'd *Floribella* so constantly, had she despis'd him; but tho' she mortally hated that Prince, she was so far from despising him, that she sometimes pity'd his unhappy Love, which pay'd him with Interest for all his Sufferings. But, Sir, quoth *Sancho*, methinks now you are in Love with *Madam Zenobia*, the Name of *The Loveless Knight* does not at all become you. No sure, answer'd *Don Quixote*, I must change my Name and Device, and I will consider of it this Moment. Hold a little, Sir, reply'd the Squire; as I gave you the Name of *The Knight of the sorrowful Aspect* last Year, so will I endeavour to find another for you now. This said, he was silent, and began to study, scratching his Head. *Don Quixote* was not idle; but tho' he was quicker than any other at that sort of Thoughts, yet *Sancho* was too quick for him, and cry'd, By St. *Crispin*, I have hit the Nail on the Head. God take me, if a Man has but a good Memory, he may invent what he pleases. I have found one of the bravest Names for a Knight that e're was hatch'd. You must call your self, *The Knight of the Robbers*, in Remembrance of him you ran thro' the Back. I don't like that Name, said *Don Quixote*. I will have one

one that may express the Sentiments of my Heart: You have not succeeded this Time so well as you did the last, tho' you have taken more Pains about it. I wonder how you could hit it off hand last Year so exactly. This makes me think, that most curious Inventions, most extraordinary Discoveries, and most surprizing Thoughts in Authors, are rather meer Flights and accidental Productions, than the Work of much Study and Labour. Well then, Sir, answer'd the Squire, call your self, *The Knight of the Enchanted Lady*, since Madam *Zenobia* is so. On my Conscience, that is a rare Name to be found off hand; Is it not? That is not amiss, reply'd *Don Quixote*; but I have a wonderful Fancy come into my Head, and which I think I must follow. I will cause Queen *Zenobia* to be painted on my Buckler, holding out one of her delicate Hands to me, which I shall lovingly kiss, and several little *Cupids* shall appear, some skipping about her, and others binding me in Chains. As for my Name, I will take it from my Buckler, according to the usual Practice of Knights Errant, and will be call'd, *The Knight of the Cupids*. A Name I like the better, because it will make some Amends for that I bear at present. For Goodness Sake, quoth *Sancho*, where do you meet with all that Stuff? You must needs be a great Scholar to find out such a Device. By my Troth, I desire all the Fryars in *Rome* and *Constantinople* to find out a better.

CHAP.

C H A P. II.

Which contains as much Folly as any of the rest.

WHilst the Squire was extolling his Master's Device, *Don Alvaro* came into the Room. Dear *Tarfe*, cry'd *Don Quixote*, going forward to meet him, how infinitely am I oblig'd to you? Had it not been for you, I had transgress'd the Laws of Knight Errantry, and laid an eternal Blemish upon my Reputation; but, God be prais'd, it is now out of Danger, and in Compliance to our sacred Rules, I am resolv'd to love the Queen of the *Amazons*. My Name and my Device will no longer offend your nice Taste, for from hence forward I will be call'd, *The Knight of the Cupids*. Then he told him, how he would cause himself to be painted on his Buckler, with Queen *Zenobia*, which the *Granadine* highly approv'd of. I am overjoy'd, said he to the Knight, that you are in Love, and that you have made so good a Choice. But, *Don Quixote*, added he, will not you go immediately to wait on Queen *Zenobia*, to let her know your Mind? I shall take care how I do that, answer'd the Knight; a regular and discreet Knight must not discover his Love so soon. The gallant *Don Brianel* of *Macedon* did not declare his Love, till he had plac'd his Mistress on the Throne of *Antioch*. And therefore I will conceal my Passion, till I have disenchant-ed my Princess, and caus'd her to be crown'd Queen of the Island of *Cyprus*. Yet in the mean while, I may do all that belongs to an amorous Knight. I will this Moment change my Name and Device. You are in the Right, answer'd *Don Alvaro*, and a Painter must be sent for out of hand. Then he call'd one of his Pages, and bid him in his Ear go bring the next Painter he could meet with. Whilst he was giving his Orders, *Don Carlos*, the Earl, and another Gentleman came in. *Don Alvaro*, said the Earl to the *Granadine*; *Don Carlos* and I have brought

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Don Peter de Luna with us, and come to dine with you ; but upon Condition, that the Great *Don Quixote* and his Peerless Lady will be pleas'd to sup with me to Night, where there are several fine Ladies very impatient to see them. The Knight having accepted of the Invitation, *Don Carlos* said, I was very well satisfy'd, that *Don Quixote* would not deny Ladies that Favour ; for tho' he will be call'd, *The Loveless Knight*, yet he is nevertheless the most accomplish'd Knight in the World. *Don Carlos*, quoth *Sancho*, interrupting him, with your Leave, my Master is no longer *The Loveless Knight* ; he is now call'd, *The Knight of the Cupids*, for he is in Love with *Madam Zenobia*. *Don Quixote* confirm'd what his Squire said, and whilst *Don Carlos* and the Earl were congratulating with him upon that Account, the Page that was sent to call the Painter, return'd. Well, have you found a Painter, said his Master ? I have, Sir, answer'd the Page, and I can assure you he is the best Master in *Spain* at drawing by the Life. Such a one we would have, quoth *Don Alvaro*, bid him come up. The Painter, who was instructed by the Page, and had Wit enough for a Dauber, came up, and when he had saluted the Company, said, Gentlemen, What is your Will with me ? Sir, quoth *Don Alvaro*, you must now exert the utmost of your Art ; for you are now to paint the matchless *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, who is here present, and his Peerless Mistress, who will soon appear. Gentlemen, answer'd the Painter, you know it does not look well in a Man to praise himself, and therefore I will not extol my Skill ; but only must tell you, that I draw like *Michael Angelo*, and that I paint like *Titian*, and have all *Raphael's* Graces. I will use my utmost Endeavours to be call'd for the future, *The Hero of La Mancha's Apelles*. Gentlemen, said the Count, *Don Quixote* is fallen into good Hands. I am acquainted with this famous Painter, and can assure you his Skill is not inferior to his Modesty. He has such a wonderful quick Hand, that I dare undertake, in Three Hours time he will paint *Don Quixote* and *Queen Zenobia*, with all their Adventures. which is no small Piece of Work. That's most certain, quoth

quoth the Painter, and you need only put me upon the Trial whensoever you please. *Don Quixote*, said *Don Alvaro*, you know these Great Men have no Time to lose; we must send to desire Queen *Zenobia* to come into this Room, which is fitter for the Purpose than her's. Well, *Sancho*, said *Don Quixote*, go see whether it be Day with the Queen, and tell her an excellent Painter expects her here. Yes, yes, Sir, answer'd the Squire; I know where she lies, and I'll go fetch her to rights. Accordingly he went, and knock'd at the Chamber-Door, crying, Soho, Madam *Zenobia*, awake, if you please. The Princess, who had not spent the Night like her Lover, was then getting up. She knew the Squire by his Voice, and opening the Door, said, My dear Friend *Sancho*, is it you? What Wind blew you hither this Morning? Can I do you any Service? No, I thank God, answer'd the Squire, I only come to bid you dress yourself quickly, and go down. There is a Painter below that asks for you. A Painter, cry'd *Barbara*, Lord, what would he have with me? There is a great deal of News, answer'd *Sancho*, my Master has invented a new Device, fit for the Three Kings of the *East*. He will have you and himself painted on his Buckler, with other comical Figures; and all this, because he fell in Love with you last Night. It is impossible, cry'd *Barbara*. Yes Faith, quoth the Squire, for all your Scar, there is nothing more certain. You would never have thought it, I'll warrant you. You are very fortunate to be Mistress to such an ancient Knight as my Master *Don Quixote*. I'Gad, when the Scholar left you in the Wood, and gave you so many Kicks on the Guts, you did not think it was for your Good. To tell you the Truth, *Sancho*, reply'd the Tripe-woman, I cannot believe all that you say. Had your Master fallen in Love with me last Night, he would have come himself and told me so. Oh, you are out there, quoth *Sancho*, Knights Errant don't do like other Men; they don't discover their Secrets so soon. Before they come to that they must play on the Lute, they must sing, they must weep their Belly full, and must despair in the Woods; and, in short, they begin by Penance, which is quite con-

contrary with others. But I will tell you no more; for my Master *Don Quixote* will not have you know that he is in Love with you as yet; and since Squires are not to tell what relates to their Masters, I am glad I only let slip a Word by the by. Dress your self quickly, and follow me down.

When *Barbara* was dress'd, she went down, and the Squire conducted her into the Room where the Company was. Gentlemen, said he, here I bring you Queen *Zenobia* ready saddled and bridled. *Don Quixote* did not hear these Words, for he had just then done acquainting the Painter with his Design. When every Body had saluted the Princess, the Painter looking on her, seem'd so surpriz'd, that our Knight perceiv'd it, and said to him, Master Painter, I perceive you are astonish'd that you cannot discover that Divine Beauty in the Queen which I describ'd to you. But you must understand, this Princess is enchanted, and consequently not in her natural Shape. And therefore I desire you to paint her, not as she now appears, but as she will be after her Disenchantment. If you would draw a Picture extraordinary like her, you need only add to *Venus's* Beauty the Majesty and lofty Air of *Pallas*, and then you cannot miss. Never fear it, quoth the Painter, I'll do it nicely. We draw such Pictures every Day. It is very rare that we draw the Ladies as they are. Queen *Zenobia*, said *D. Quixote*, does not need to be flatter'd; and, if you don't believe me, ask *Don Alvaro*, who being dubb'd a Knight, has the Privilege, as well as I, of seeing the Queen as she really is. On the Word of a Knight Errant, reply'd the *Granadine*, that is a beautiful Princess. Her Hair, which looks half black, half gray, is the most beautiful bright Fair in the World. That wrinkled Forehead is as smooth as Glass. That Scar looks like a Rainbow, and, in short, all her Face is a Wonder of Nature. Happy a Thousand times the Knight who shall have the Pleasure to die for Love, when he sees her lovely little Foot. Nay, as for her little Foot, quoth *Sancho*, in Troth I will never allow of that. I have seen the Princess's Foot, and I don't think the Great *Turk* has such another. I grant you, answer'd *Don Alvaro*, that the Queen may have a very great

great Foot, but it must be observ'd, that she is an *Amazon*, and not so tenderly bred as other Princesses are. She is an *Infanta*, enur'd to the most laborious Exercises, and, in short, a Heroine, bred in the *Corps de Garde*, and in the Camp. Besides, said *Don Carlos*, that is rather a Perfection than a Fault; for there are Local Beauties, and I have been told, that great Feet are in as much Request in *Cappadocia*, as little ones are in *Spain*. That may very well be, quoth the Painter, for Nations differ in Fancy; but to return to Queen *Zenobia*, I must tell you the Truth, that being no Knight Errant, she looks to me most dreadfully. Yet I must allow, that even under that Deformity, methinks I see something that is curious, but it is so little, that it is scarce worth the speaking of. *Barbara*, a little concern'd at all this Discourse, could not forbear showing her Simplicity, and said, Gentlemen, I know I am now old and ugly, but I was not always so. I once had no gray Hair, nor Scar on my Face, and in my younger Days, as simply as I look here, I have receiv'd as many *Bille doux* as a Lady Abbess. But every one that would could not come at me. I was so reserv'd, that of about Fifty Scholars that courted me, I turn'd off almost half. This made all the Gentlemen burst out a laughing; but *Don Quixote*, putting on a double Show of Gravity, said, Pray, Gentlemen, take Notice that the Queen is disorder'd in her Intellects, and that it is an Enchanter that makes her talk so. Master Painter, added he, can you fall to Work immediately. I can, Sir, reply'd the Painter, I have all Things ready; but if you would have me draw a Picture very like, Queen *Zenobia* must be pleas'd to withdraw, for the Sight of her would spoil all. Only my Fancy must furnish me with Features. Well, Gentlemen, said *Don Alvaro*, let us leave the Painter to his Work here, and let us go down to Dinner, for I believe it is ready. Then they all went out, and the Painter, having *Don Quixote's* Buckler brought him, fell to Work.

C H A P. III.

Which ought to be read without Prejudice.

AT Dinner the Gentlemen discours'd of our Knight's great Adventures, whereupon the Earl, as it were astonish'd, cry'd out, O Gentlemen, What a wonderful Story will this be to after Ages! With what Amazement will they read the incredible Account of such Heroick Actions? Provided some wise Enchanter, a Friend to *Don Quixote*, delivers them more faithfully than the *Arab Cid Hamet Benengeli* has done. That Author, said *Don Quixote*, is my mortal Enemy, and his Work a whole Series of Falshoods. Why, have you read it, quoth *Don Carlos*? I have seen it, answer'd the Knight, but I did not vouchsafe to read it all out. It is true, said the Earl, he ridicules most of your Actions. Sometimes he makes you take Mills for Giants, and sometimes Flocks of Sheep for Armies. In short, according to him, you are a meer Whim, and, if a Man may credit him, there never were any Enchanters, nor Knights Errant in the World, whatever the *Palmerins* and the *Amadis* can say to the contrary. That shows, answer'd *Don Quixote*, that he is an Author of no Credit, who regards nothing, tho' never so sacred, since he does not regard such Authentick Books. That is it I can never forgive him, said the Earl; but laying that aside, and allowing his Work to be no better than a comical Romance, I can assure you it is very diverting. Nay, I look upon it to be a Master-piece in its Kind. I cannot allow that, said *Don Pedro de Luna*. I have found several Faults in it; for I am unhappy, that I cannot read without making my Reflections; and that is the Reason I cannot laugh, as others do, at several Things, that are not coherent, or judicious. As for your part, answer'd the Earl, I know you do not like that sort of Books. You only delight in serious Works. So far from it, reply'd *Don Pedro*, that I am very fond of good Raillery, and nothing dis-
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pleases me more, than the serious Discourses I frequently meet with in that Book, and, for the most part, nothing to the Purpose. I admire the Diversity of Tastes, said the Earl, and I know some, who like none, but those very Passages in the Book. I am not of their Opinion, quoth *Don Pedro*. I would not have a comical Romance full of idle Dissertations, and serious moral Reflections. *Benengeli*, with his Leave, sets up too much for a Politician. He does not at all apprehend tiring the Reader's Patience. For Instance, when he makes *Don Quixote* talk for an Hour together of the Use of Arms and Letters, what is all that to the Purpose? How tedious it is. A meer Run of Rhetorick, scarce fit to credit a Scholar. However, said the Earl, that very Book is now all the Diversion of the Town and Court. That does not save it, quoth *Don Pedro*, from being full of Faults in point of Judgment, of contradictory Adventures, and of Defects in Nature or Probability. I will convince you of it whenever you please. You will oblige me, answer'd the Earl; for I must confess I have not observ'd any Absurdity in it. For my part, said *Don Carlos*, I read it since I came to *Madrid*, but I was so wholly taken up with the base Reflections I found in it upon *Don Quixote*, that I did not mind any of the rest. I have read it too, quoth *Don Alvaro*, and I must own, I made the same Judgment on it as *Don Pedro* has done. Methinks, *Benengeli* makes his Hero too much a moral Philosopher. Besides, he has so little Regard for Probability, that is, Nature and Reason, that there is scarce an Adventure in the whole Work which has not some Circumstance added to it, that makes it impossible. Besides, I find he is too fond of making Sport, and that he chuses rather to forget his Characters, than to lose the Opportunity of breaking a Jest. This he does in some of his very first Chapters, when he makes the Peasant, that carries *Don Quixote* Home, say, *Open the Doors to Lord Valdovinos, and to the Lord Marquess of Mantua, who comes very sore wounded and hurt, and to the Lord Moor Abindarraez, whom the valorous, &c.* I don't remember the rest. I must confess, my Memory is bad; for tho' I have read these odd Names several times, I cannot

not remember them so well as the Peasant, who yet never heard them but once, and that confusely amidst abundance of mad Talk. I think, that is well observ'd, said *Don Carlos*, the Peasant ought to have murder'd those Names, which would have no ways lost the Jest, and the Character of a Peasant had been more closely follow'd. The Author commits the same Fault again, quoth *Don Pedro de Luna*, when *Don Quixote* and his Squire discover'd the Fulling-Mills. Then *Sancho* in Raillery repeats Word for Word all his Master said to him the Night before, when he resolv'd to try that dreadful Adventure. Sure the Peasants of *Toboso* must have good Memories. In Troth, quoth *Sancho*, the Dog of an Arab ly'd when he said so. How would the Whelp have me repeat a long Speech from one End to the other? How should I do't above all Men, who could not remember one Word of the Letter my Master *Don Quixote* writ in *Sierra Morena* to Madam *Dulcinea del Toboso*; and yet he read it to me several times, that I might have it in my Noddle, in case I happen'd to lose *Cardenio's* Pocket-Book. There, Gentlemen, said the Earl, you criticize without Reason. That Place must be taken in the most favourable Sense. And tho' *Benengeli* says, that *Sancho* repeated all his Master spoke Word for Word, it is plain he only meant the Sense of it. That's good, answer'd *Don Pedro*, the Author tells us an unlucky Story, and you would lay the Blame on the Readers, as if they were bound to supply his Defects, and to believe he did not mean as he says. But what do I talk of Meaning? Does he not make *Sancho* use the very same Words his Master had done before? Let us not insist on those Trifles. Let us proceed to the Adventures. Hold, Gentlemen, said *Don Alvaro*, we must first examine the Chapter, which gives an Account how *Don Quixote* was Knighted. It would not be proper to pass that over in Silence. *Don Quixote* kneels down before the Host, and begs he will Knight him, that he may be capable of seeking Adventures in all Parts of the World, relieving the Distress'd, and punishing wicked Persons, according to the Laws of Knight Errantry. Pray, do but observe what Answer the Host makes *Don Quixote*. He commends him for his noble

Resolution; says, he once follow'd that honourable Exercise himself, and to convince him, adds, he has been in several Parts of the World, gallanting Widows, debauching Maidens, imposing on Fools, and, in a Word, doing the worst he could. Pray, my Lord, are not those Jest's very ill placed there, and wholly nonsensical? And would not such an Account startle a Man so well vers'd in the Laws of Knight Errantry, as *Don Quixote* is, and yet *Don Quixote* takes no Notice of it. *Benengeli* is an Impostor, answer'd *Don Quixote*. The Castellan that Knighted me said no such Thing, and had he said it, I would never have receiv'd the glorious Character of a Knight Errant at his Hands. Since we are got into that Chapter, said *Don Carlos*, pray, Gentlemen, don't you admire the Temper of the Mule-Drivers that were in the Inn? *Don Quixote* wounds Two of their Companions dangerously, and they in Revenge fall a throwing of Stones at him; the Host bids them hold their Hands, telling them he is a Mad-man, and they presently give over. I fancy those People, when once provok'd, do not so easily hearken to Reason. Is it not true, Friend *Sancho*? No truly, *Don Carlos*, answer'd the Squire, you need not break those People's Heads to heat their Blood; I am as well acquainted with those Sparks as any Man, and I can assure you they are very free of their Cudgels.

Let us come to the Adventures, said *Don Pedro*, and to begin with that of the *Biscainer*, I find one Circumstance in it which perplexes me. The Author says, that at the same time *Don Quixote* made at the *Biscainer* with his Arm lifted up, the said *Biscainer* snatch'd a Cushion out of the Coach, and made use of it instead of a Buckler. I must confess I cannot comprehend that. I'll grant it might not be so large as those generally us'd for the Seats of Coaches are, and that it was not made fast with Leather-Straps, as is usual; but still the Ladies are sitting on it; the Coach was full, *Don Quixote* press'd on; now how could he get out the Cushion so soon? I would fain make it out, and endeavour with the Author it should seem possible, but I cannot do it. In the Adventure of the Monks of St. *Benedict*, said *Don Alvaro*, can you perceive how they could tear off *Sancho's* Beard, with-

without leaving one Hair behind. But my Lord here will say, that *Benengeli* design'd to make us laugh, and I must own, that it is a very pleasant Story. You are wonderful at Observation, answer'd the Earl, if you have nothing more material to urge, you may be sure, that the merry Companions, who laugh at it, will not side with you. Have a little Patience, reply'd the *Granadine*, the Author says, that *Sancho* was mounted on an Ass, and had no Sword; and in another Place *Don Quixote* bids his Squire be sure not to draw his Sword to assist him, whatever Danger he is in. Is not this a Contradiction? I grant it, quoth the Earl, but these are very poor Objections. Show me one Adventure that wants the least Show of Probability in the Relation, and which contains any palpable Contradictions, or Absurdities. I will, answer'd *Don Pedro*, it is easie to give you that Satisfaction. For Instance, let us examine the Story of the Galley-Slaves, perhaps, we may there find very great Want of Judgment. *The Chain of Galley Slaves*, says *Benengeli*, was convoy'd by Four Men, Two on Horseback, and Two a-foot. *The Horse-men had Firelocks, and those a-foot had Swords and Half-Pikes*. We who are acquainted with the Knight of *La Mancha's* Strength and Valour, must not wonder that he should put these Conductors of the Slaves to Flight; but I admire that the Author, who describes him in old Armour, with a Coat over it, a scurvy Lance, made of the Bough of a Tree, in his Hand, a Barber's Basen on his Head, mounted on a very poor Horse, and follow'd only by an unarm'd Peasant, did not take Notice, that in such an Equipage *Don Quixote* was not likely to fright Four Men so well arm'd. You are too nice, said the Earl, that Book was not intended to be so strictly examin'd, but only for Diversion. It would be a pity, answer'd *Don Pedro*, to give you a perfect Work to read; and if all the World were like you, it would be needless to take so much Pains to write what is proper and judicious. If you can find nothing else in the Adventure, said the Count, to displease you, that is not worth speaking of. It will not come off so easily, reply'd *Don Pedro*. The Author says, *The Galley-Slaves had Chains about their Necks, and Hand-Bolts on their Wrists*; and he adds, *That Gines de Passamonte had,*

over and above all the rest, such a Chain at his Heels, that it was wound about his Body: Two Collars about his Neck, one of them made fast to the Chain, and the other had Two Irons fix'd to it, which reach'd down to his Waste, and had Two large Hand-Bolts to them, secur'd by Two heavy Padlocks; so that he could neither lift his Hands to his Mouth, nor bowe down his Head to his Hands. I cannot conceive how those Galley-Slaves could knock off their Chains so soon, and especially *Gines de Passamonte*, who was loaded with so many Irons and Padlocks. I would fain know how such a difficult Matter was so soon perform'd. But *Sancho*, you may inform us, since the Author says it was by your Assistance that *Gines* got loose. Tell us what Art you had, or rather what Miracle you wrought to compass it? What Tools did you make use of? Had you any Files? Files, quoth *Sancho*, by my Troth, if all those Chains must have been fil'd, I should have had Work enough till *Christmas*. I'll be hang'd, if a Lock-Smith, with all his Tools, could have done it under a Week. Tell us then how it was, said *Don Pedro*. I'll tell you, answer'd the Squire, here before my Master *Don Quixote*, who may disprove me, if I don't speak the Truth. You must understand, that Two of the Galley-Slaves, who were not so fast as the rest, contriving to break loose, whilst my Master attack'd the Commissary, began to throw Stones at the other Guards so thick, and so smartly, that they put them to Flight. Then they stripp'd the Commissary, and taking from him the Keys of all those Padlocks, which he carry'd about him, they let him go after his Companions, and then we went into *Sierra Morena*, where with the Keys we set loose all the Galley-Slaves. *Sancho* says nothing, but what is very true, said *Don Quixote*. All the Slaves, except those Two he tells you of were deliver'd from their Irons in *Sierra Morena*, and especially *Gines de Passamonte*, whom we had much ado to rid of his Chains, tho' we were Masters of the Keys. The Thing is likely now, reply'd *Don Pedro*, but *Benengeli* tells it after another manner; for first he tells us, the Slaves were fast bound, and then he says, they got loose without showing us how. There is still another Thing which does not look likely in my Opinion. He says, the Galley-Slaves gather'd about

about *Don Quixote*, to listen to a long Speech he made them ; and methinks, when they were once free, they should have thought of nothing but making their Escape. Do you think, that Men, who stood in dread of the Holy Brotherhood, would stand so patiently to hear an Harangue? No, Faith, cry'd *Sancho*, but, with the *Arab's* Leave, he ly'd ; I can assure you, they had not the Manners to hear my Master out ; for as fast as they were let loose, whip, they fled into the Wood like so many Bucks, so great was the Fear they were in of the Holy Brotherhood. Since we are upon this Adventure, said *Don Alvaro*, and I am so much concern'd for every thing that relates to my Friend *Sancho*, I would fain know of him whether the Galley-Slaves stole his Cloak, or not ; for *Benengeli* talks *Pro* and *Con*. He says, Friend *Sancho*, that you had made a Wallet of your Cloak, in which you carry'd the Provisions you had taken from the Clergymen that accompany'd the dead Body ; which, says he, the Slaves did not mind to steal. And yet afterwards he says, they stole your Cloak. What a Contradiction this is ! Pox take him, quoth *Sancho*, what a downright Knave of an Author is that, to blow hot and cold all with one Breath. There is no doubt, Gentlemen, but that if the Galley-Slaves had got the least Scent of our Provisions, there had been an End of them ; and, Faith, my Cloak is indebted a good Candle to the Church. However, I have it still, in spite of all the *Arabs* that pretend to write Histories, and when I have worn it Ten or Twelve Years longer, I'll send it to my little Daughter *Sancha*, to make her a Wedding-Jerkin. Gentlemen, I grant your Observations are good, said the Earl ; yet, after all, you criticize upon Trifles. I grant it, answer'd *Don Alvaro* ; but what is it you would have us criticize ? Is there any thing in the Book but Trifles ? Trifles, reply'd the Earl, I'll maintain it there are very solid Matters. Tho' there were nothing but the Curate's and the Barber's Trial of *Don Quixote's* Books, that must be allow'd for a Piece of very pleasant, very nice, and very judicious Criticism. I grant it is pleasant, answer'd *Don Pedro*, but not nice. What Nicety is it to say, that one Book is good, and another naught ? What is that you say, reply'd the

Earl? The Curate criticizes upon every Book, and speaks well or ill of it very pleasantly and judiciously. Right, quoth *Don Pedro*, smiling, and to make good what you say, I remember, that the Barber taking up a Book, and opening it, says, *This is the Mirror of Chivalry. I have the Honour to be acquainted with it,* says the Curate, *and if my Advice may be follow'd, it shall only be condemn'd to perpetual Banishment, because it has something of Boyardo's Invention, from whom the chaste Ariosto had his.* As for that Ariosto, adds the Curate, *if I meet with him in any Language, but his own, he must expect no Mercy. To say the Truth, I have a great Esteem for him in his own Language. I have him in Italian,* quoth the Barber, *but I understand him not.* So much the better for you, answers the Curate, *it is ne'er the worse for you.* Is this now the Curate's wonderful Judgment? He thinks *Ariosto* excellent in *Italian*, and yet he congratulates with the Barber for his not understanding him. You see the Curate contradicts himself, and I would not advise to boast of his Decisions any more. For my part, I make no great Account of him, especially since he is so favourable to *Galatea*. He ought to have condemn'd her to the Flames, if he would be thought an impartial and judicious Critick.

Well, for all that, Gentlemen, said the Earl, *Benengeli's Don Quixote* is an incomparable Book. All Men of Wit have approv'd of it; and you had best not to make your self singular. I don't question it, answer'd *Don Pedro*, few Men are so judicious, as to own they were in the Wrong, and that they made a false Judgment on a Piece of Wit. That is the Reason why many ancient Authors are still in Vogue; none will disown their first Sentiments. I perceive, quoth the Earl, you read these Books with too much Application, and I'll undertake there is scarce an Adventure in this Book, but what you will find some Fault in. But at least own that the Novels are excellent, and above your Criticizing. I shall not own that, answer'd *Don Pedro*, and you cannot but grant your self, that the Story of the Shepherdess *Marcella* is of a tiresome Length. Yet it has nothing surprizing in it, and all the whole Matter of it is, that the said

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Marcella had many Lovers; that she rejected them all, and that her Cruelty was the Death of the Shepherd *Chrysoftom*. Every Creature is sensible of the Meanness of that Story. But now you talk of the amorous *Chrysoftom*, pray let us say something of the fine Verses that were read at his Funeral. What do you think of them, Gentlemen? Have not you been mightily taken with them? O now you put me in mind of them, cry'd *Don Carlos*, O good God, they are---; but I will not say what they are, since they are under the Earl's Protection. Nay, as for the Verses, reply'd the Earl, I leave them to you. *Benengeli* is a very scurvy Poet, I could ne'er fancy any of his Poetry. But to return to the Novels in *Don Quixote*, that of the *Curious Impertinent*, pleases me well. It is well writ, quoth *Don Pedro*, but it is a loose Piece, foisted in, and not to the Purpose. That is true, answer'd the Earl; but you know there are sometimes Digressions in Books, which are better than the Books themselves. No Matter for that, said *Don Pedro*, it is a Fault, and *Benengeli* ought to have avoided it, which might easily have been done, without much straining his Brain. As for the Story of the beautiful *Zoraida*, and the Captive Captain, it is too verbose; but that is the Author's Style. Let us on to that of *Dorothy*. It is that I would be at, quoth the Earl, I desire you to make the least Criticism upon it. There you are mistaken again, reply'd *Don Pedro*. Do but hear me without Prepossession. *Dorothy* tells her Story to the Curate and his Company. She gives them a particular Account of her Misfortunes, in such Words as perswade them she is as full of Affliction as her Condition deserves. And yet for all this, no sooner does the Curate acquaint her, that he designs to disguise the Barber like a Princess, to get *Don Quixote* back to his Village; but she of her own Accord offers to play that Part, assuring him she can do it better than the Barber. I would fain know of you, whether *Dorothy*, under all her Misfortunes, was then fit to act a comical Part. When you would have me excuse the Author for these Errors in Judgment, you put me in mind of those Admirers of ancient Pieces, If you tell them, Methinks this Piece has no good

Colouring; they answer, That was not the Master's Talent. Ay but, say you again, this Posture is strain'd, this Figure looks uneasie, this Piece answers Two several Lights. It is true, say they, but that is a Liberty they take, the greatest Masters have done the same. Such Pieces as this are not to be consider'd after this manner; we must consider the Connexion, the whole together, and a sort of I know not what to call it, which is altogether Divine. There is no answering what you say, reply'd *Don Alvaro*, and to tell you my Opinion of *Dorothy's* Story, to me it seems almost all of it remote from Probability. I cannot believe, that a young Maid genteely bred can have the Courage and Resolution to put on Mens Cloaths, and go serve a Peasant in a frightful Mountain; nor can I believe, that *Dorothy* could live Three Months with the Peasant, without being discover'd. Tho' her Beauty had not betray'd her, yet she had very long Hair, and a great deal of it; and how could she hide it under her Cap? Nor is this all; we never see any Body talk all alone in a Desert; much less, to talk so loud, as to be heard Thirty or Forty Paces off. And yet *Dorothy* does all this. She talks by herself in the Wood, and the Curate and his Company, tho' at a great Distance from her, don't lose one Word of all she says. That may pass in Heroick Romances, where such Wonders are allow'd of; but not in the Comical, where all the Actions of Life are to be naturally represented. I should ne'er have done, should I go about to tell you all that displeases me in that Story. And what do you think of *Cardenio's*, said the Earl? It has more of Probability, answer'd the *Granadine*. *Cardenio* does nothing but what is possible. You are in the Right, quoth *Don Pedro*, his Madness is well contriv'd, and excellently describ'd; but, however, when I find all on a sudden that he is no longer mad, without telling me how he came to his Wits again; that, indeed, is a Wonder I do not understand. I see him run mad as soon as *Don Quixote* talks to him of Romances, and presently after, when he sees the Comedy of the Princess *Micomicona* acted, and bears a Part in it himself, he is not moved at all. Methinks the Author ought to have taken some Notice

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tice of this sudden Change ; for nothing had happen'd to *Cardenio* to restore him to his right Senses. He had not yet found his *Lucinda*. On the contrary, *Dorothy's* Adventures, the Account whereof he had heard, and which had great Relation to his, should have caus'd a great Commotion in him ; and then again, when he sees *Don Ferdinand*, his mortal Enemy, and the Cause of all his Sufferings, should not he in all Likelihood fall into his mad Fit ? What was it that had so perfectly cur'd him ? I cannot imagine why *Benengeli* forgot to give us an Account of that. I am willing to forgive him all the impertinent Circumstances he generally thrusts into the Relation of every Adventure, provided he does not omit those that are necessary. Gentlemen, said the Earl, I am almost perswaded you are in the Right ; and perceive that Books without Faults are scarcer than I imagin'd. I protest from this time forwards, I will read witty Books with more Attention, and will not be so hasty in giving my Approbation of them. The Discourse being ended, they all arose from Table, and went up into the Room where the Painter was. *Sancho* follow'd *Don Alvaro's* Pages, and went to Dinner with them.

CHAP. IV.

Of Queen Zenobia's Picture, and what set Sancho a laughing.

THE daubing Painter had not been above Two Hours at Work, and yet he had laid about him with his Pencil so lustily, that he had not only painted *Don Quixote* and his *Hackt-Face* Lady, but all the little *Cupids* too. And to say the Truth, it was as curiously done, as if it had been design'd for a Country Sign. All the Figures were lame. The Knight had one Leg Four times as big as the other ; and besides that *Queen Zenobia's* Head stood all a-wry, her Nose, Mouth and Chin all met. She was dress'd in her

her Hair, but after such a manner, that she look'd exactly like a Fury. The *Cupids* were not quite so ill painted; but they held Links of Saucidges and Puddings, knotted at Distances with Lawrel-Leaves in the Shape of Garlands, which the Painter thought became the Tripe-Woman of *Alcala* better than Garlands of Flowers. The *Granadine* and his Company who did not expect to find the Princess's Picture so richly adorn'd, had much ado to hold their Countenances. The Painter himself had as good a mind to laugh as any of them. Gentlemen, said he, I desire you will view my Work nicely; I fancy you will like it. I am amaz'd, answer'd *Don Carlos*, that you could perform so rarely in so short a time. You must not wonder at that, reply'd the Painter; when a Man has so much Liberty of Thought allow'd him, the Performance is the least. The boldest and most lively Strokes are for the most part the Work of a Moment. But, Gentlemen, what say you to *Don Quixote*? Do you think I have express'd him with that noble Mien, and that austere Look, for which Men respect, and Ladies love him? You have certainly, answer'd *D. Carlos*; and indeed, seeing him thus arm'd at all Points, and kneeling before the young and beautiful *Zenobia*, a Man would be apt to take him for the God of War, making humble Sute to the Goddess *Citherea*. Gentlemen, quoth *D. Quixote*, let us rather admire the Queen's Picture. How brisk and lively that Colouring looks? What a noble Air there is in that Head? How graceful is that Face? I do not think that among all the Antiquities of *Rome*, there is a Piece of Painting to compare to this, which quite puts down *Raphael's Galatea*, the *Medici's Venus*, and even that of *Titian*. I declare Master Painter, your Pencil has happily express'd all the Beauties and Perfections the Imagination can conceive. Sir, said the Painter, you having assur'd me that Queen *Zenobia* is a perfect Beauty, I have put together all the Excellencies of ancient Princesses to express her. I have given her *Helen's* Brow, *Penelope's* Nose and Mouth, *Andromache's* Chin, *Angelica's* Eyes, *Nichea's* Complexion, and *Dido's* Neck. By putting all that together, said *D. Quixote*, you have represented the Queen, as she

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will be, when I have disenchantred her. God be prais'd, answer'd the Painter; pray do you look to it Sir Knight, for if she should happen not to be so beautiful as I have painted her, take Notice you shall answer for it your self, since I took your Word for it; and I declare I wash my Hands of it. Don't you trouble your self for that, reply'd *D. Alvaro*, you'll never suffer any Discredit upon that Account. The *Infanta* of the *Amazons*, when disenchantred, will be still more beautiful than her Picture; for she will then be as charming as she is now frightful. He had no sooner spoke these Words, but in came the Squire of *The Knight of the Cupids*, to whom he said, Come hither, *Sancho*, and tell us what you think of these Pictures. The Squire drew near, and began to gaze on them with all the Eyes he had; but when he had view'd all Parts, the Garlands pleas'd him so well, that he burst out a laughing. Friend *Sancho*, said the Earl, may we know what it is you laugh at so heartily? The Squire made no other Answer, but laugh'd on, holding his Sides as if they would crack. Tell us, thou Brute, quoth *Don Quixote*, what it is thou laughest at so like a Mad-man? Pray, Sir, be not angry, answer'd *Sancho*, I can assure you at this time I neither laugh at you, nor at the Princess. It is at those Fancies the *Cupids* hold in their Hands. The Garlands, you mean, said *Don Quixote*. What the Devil is there in them so ridiculous, as to cause such immoderate Laughter. By my Troth, Sir, answer'd the Squire, there is my plaguy cheating Sight come in Play again. You will never guess at what I see. Faith, the Enchanters are meer Wags; instead of those Garlands you see, they look to me like Black-Puddings and Saucidges. These Words made all the Company burst out a laughing. *Sancho, Sancho*, cry'd *Don Carlos*, put on your Spectacles. Can you rake the Garlands of Myrtle and Lawrel for Black Puddings and Saucidges? Nay, pray Sir, reply'd the Squire, when a Man is enchanted, he does not see as he would, I can assure you. If you should tell me they are Garlands never so often, I cannot help it, for my part I see nothing but Black-Puddings; and Puddings so well painted, that a Body would think they could speak.

ſpeak. Gentlemen, ſaid *Don Quixote*, I am glad you are Witneſſes your ſelves of this ſurprizing Prodigy. Now let *Benengeli* talk on, and ſay there are neither Enchanters nor Enchantments. Is it natural, that what to all us looks like Garlands, ſhould appear quite otherwiſe to my Squire; all the Gentlemen allow'd, that *Don Quixote* was in the Right, and began to make Sport with *Sancho's* Enchantment. The Knight would have had his Portmanteau brought, to give the Dauber ſome Ducats, but the generous Painter, whom *Don Alvaro* had paid privately, utterly reſus'd, and went away, telling *Don Quixote*, That the Honour of having painted the greateſt Knight and moſt beautiful Princeſs in the World, was a ſufficient Reward for him. When Night drew on, Two Coaches were made ready. The Earl and his Brother-in-Law went into one Coach, with *Don Quixote* and his Lady; *Don Alvaro*, *Don Pedro* and *Sancho* got into the other, and went all to the Earl's Houſe.

C H A P. V.

Of what happen'd at the Earl's Houſe; Of the Coming of the Black Squire; and, Of the conſiderable Conqueſt Sancho made of the Iſland of the Force-Meat-Balls.

AS ſoon as the Earl came home, he led *Don Quixote* and *Zenobia* into his Siſter's Apartment, where ſeveral Ladies expected them with all the Impatience that is natural to Women, who deſign to make themſelves merry at their Neighbour's Coſt. At length, Ladies, ſaid the Earl to them, I have brought you the Hero of *La Mancha*, that great and gallant Knight, of whom you have been told ſo many Wonders. The Ladies made their profound Obeifance to *Don Quixote*, and receiv'd him in the moſt ſerious manner they were able; but when they ſpy'd the ſcarrify'd Tripe-woman, with her gawdy Cloaths, her irregular Shape, and her hideous Face, they could not poſſibly with-
ſtand

stand an Object so ridiculous. They all burst out a laughing, and set the Gentlemen and Pages into such a violent Fit, that *The Knight of the Cupids* was not at all pleas'd with the Harmony. It scandaliz'd him very much, and tho' he profess'd himself the Ladies Servant, I cannot tell but he might have laid aside the profound Respect he bore them, if *Don Carlos*, who was apprehensive of it, had not wisely said to him, *Don Quixote*, you see these fair Ladies have not been inform'd that Queen *Zenobia* is enchanted; and they make their Judgment of the outward Appearance. The Ladies hearing these Words, put on serious Countenances, and made their Excuse to the Knight, who told them, that the next Day he intended to begin to maintain the Queen of the *Amazons* Beauty, against all the Knights of the Court. But pray, Sir Knight, said one of the Ladies, had you not better stay till the Princess is disenchant'd? Methinks she would be then in a better Condition to make good the Assertion? No, Madam, answer'd *Don Quixote*; for after her Disenchantment, she will appear so full of all sorts of Perfections, that no Knight will presume to set his Mistress against her: The Sight of her, like that of the beautiful *Nichea*, will overcome Sense and Reason, and I shall not then have the Satisfaction of fighting for her Beauty, which I can assure you is a very poignant Pleasure. And therefore I lay hold of the Opportunity, whilst Queen *Zenobia* is in such a Condition as does not rob me of the Hopes of finding some Knight that will combat with me. Nay, by my Troth, cry'd *Sancho*, let those Knights come before us. My Master *Don Quixote* will, by down-right Dint of Cuffs with his Gantlet, make them all own, that Madam *Zenobia* outstrips all the Court Ladies, as well as the Mules. This sudden Flight set them all a laughing, and *Don Carlos*, to put the Squire's Hand in, said to him, Friend *Sancho*, with your Master's Leave, pray tell these Ladies all that befel you since you left *Zaragoza*. With all my Heart, quoth *Sancho*, for I am in a very good Humour to give the Ladies any Satisfaction. Take heed then, said *Don Quixote*; mind what you say, and do not talk madly. Nay Faith, Sir, reply'd the Squire.

I must tell your Adventures. Let me alone; I will go talk like an Apothecary; all my Sentences shall be Words. Then he fell to telling of all his Master's Exploits and his own, with such a voluble Tongue and in such Words, as much diverted the Ladies. He had not yet done, for he never gave over himself, when a Page came in, and said aloud, that there was a Man in the Anti-Chamber in a strange Dress, and as black as the Devil, who desir'd to speak to all that Company. Let him come in, said the Earl; let us see what he is, and what he would have. The Door was open'd, and in came *Don Carlos's* Secretary disguis'd much after the same manner as he was when at *Zaragoza* he acted the Embassador. He had black'd his Face with Soot, had on a long Robe of black Velvet, a tall Cap, adorn'd with Feathers, great Pendants at his Ears, and about his Neck a vast Ruff, painted of all the Colours in the Rainbow, with several Chains of Gold and Silver, to which hung a prodigious Number of Medals and Steel-Plates. He had no Sword on, but only a great Dagger hung by his Side. He did not pull off his Cap when he came in, and, without paying the least Respect to any Body, when he was in the midst of the Room, he said, Princes and Princesses here present, you see here before you *Halimet Salducian Micronsfa Cordovan the Smoaky*, Tyrannical Governour of the Island of the *Force-Meat-Balls*, discreet, and only Squire to the haughty Giant *Bramarbas Ironsides*, King of *Cyprus*, Overseer of his Pleasures, &c. I come to seek the arrogant Knight of *La Mancha*. Here he is, cry'd *Don Quixote*, what would you have with him? I come to tell you, said the Black Squire, that my Master is at present at *Valladolid*, where in a Tilting he has kill'd above Two Thousand Knights with a Steel Club the *Moorish* Enchanter his Friend gave him, and is the same the dreadful Giant *Brumaleon* formerly us'd, when in one Battle he slew Eight Thousand Knights Errant. He impatiently longs to knock out your Brains, and he will do it whensoever you please. Go back to your Master, answer'd *Don Quixote*. Bid him come to this Town immediately. That Wretch has too long sully'd the Light of the Sun

Sun by his execrable Life. Be gon without making any Stay, and tell him he may appear before me with his fatal Club, which I fear as little as *Don Lucidanor* of *Thessaly* did *Grindalaso's*. Before I go back, reply'd *Cordovan*, I must be reveng'd of your Squire *Sancho Panca*. I have let it slip from me, that he sawcily boasts he is a braver Fellow than I. If he is in this Company, I challenge him to single Combat. I will tear his Body into a Thousand Bits, and cast them to be devour'd by the Birds of the Air.

Sancho making no Answer to all these Threats, and seeming rather to hide himself behind *Don Quixote*, the Earl said to him, How now, *Sancho*, do not you answer these Threats. I am not here at present, quoth *Sancho*, let Mr. *Cordovan* come another time, and, perhaps, I may be here. He may knock at another Door, for this is not like to be open'd. O are you there, cry'd the Black Squire. You are a Hen-hearted Fellow to say you are not here. And you are a Woodcock, answer'd *Sancho*, to say I am here, whether I will or no. By Thunder and Lightning, if you put me into a Passion, and I once lay my Talons on that Hell-Cook-Face, you may have Cause to remember me the longest Day you have to live. Take my Word for it, Drunkards do not love Raisons. I don't love Fooling, and when an old Dog shows his Teeth, the best way is to keep off. Great Talkers are commonly little Doers, answer'd *Cordovan*, and I am mistaken if you accept of my Challenge. If he did not accept of it, reply'd *Don Quixote*, would he be worthy to be my Squire. Cheer up, *Sancho*, let these Ladies see you are not inferior in Valour to any Squire in the Universe. Very good, Sir, quoth *Sancho*, I knew you would not forbear meddling in this Business. Why the Plague must I fight to humour every Body? Was it for that I list'd my self again in Knight-Errantry? No, pray Sir, I came to be your Squire, to receive my Wages, and to look to *Rocinante* and your self. And, after all, what do we get by our Combats? Why, broken Heads, Teeth knock'd out, and that is all. Well, said the Smoaky Squire, since your Valour is mercenary, and you don't care for fighting but for Gain, I will propose that

that which ought to be very acceptable to you. If you overcome me, I'll yield up to you the Government of the Island of the *Force-Meat-Balls*. All the Company approv'd of the Prize, and *Sancho*, encourag'd by the Hopes of gaining it, said to the Black Squire, Master *Cordovan*, upon those Terms I am ready to fight you, provided it be not with a Sword; for the Devil is mischievous, and we may chance, when we least think of it, to run the Point into our Eyes. That is to say, cry'd *Cordovan*, that you are afraid of a Sword. Well then, we'll say no more of it, neither ought we to make use of it, because we are not yet dubb'd Knights. If so, answer'd the Squire of *La Mancha*, we ought not to go against the Laws of Chivalry. Heaven forbid, quoth the Smoaky Squire, I have observ'd them as inviolably as I do my Grandmother's Instructions. And so we may fight with Bayonets. No, no, cry'd *Sancho*, that won't do neither: Bayonets are too like Swords, and ill Accidents may happen. What Weapons will you fight with then, said *Cordovan*? What better Weapons than our Caps, answer'd *Sancho*, we will stand at a good Distance, and throw them at one another, and then it will be bad Luck, if we have much need of Lint, or Plaisters, when the Combat is ended. You don't mind what you said, reply'd the Black Squire, People would think we were in Jest, and we are not now talking of making Sport, but of fighting in good Earnest. Stay till next Winter, quoth the Squire of *La Mancha*, and we will then pelt one another with Snow-Balls; or else let us now fall to Fisticuffs. Be it at Fisticuffs, answer'd *Cordovan*, I am content our Difference be so decided. The Government of my Island is well enough worth a Bout at Fisticuffs. But before we come to Blows, we must agree all Points, and settle the Conditions of the Combat. If I am overcome, as I told you, my Island is yours; but if I conquer you, I will shut you up in a Tower, where you shall be allow'd but a Pound of Bread a Week. If so, I am off again, quoth *Sancho*. Why so, Monster, said *Don Quixote*? Did you ever hear that the Conditions of the Combat hinder'd any from Fighting? Do not all Men fight, as if they were sure to over-

come?

come, without regarding the Conditions, tho' never so hard? It is a Custom generally receiv'd in Knight Errantry. So much the worse Sir, answer'd *Sancho*, it is good to look before one leaps. A Man must think he may loose, when he sits down to Play. But especially we, who have such ill Luck, that for the most part we come off but lamely. D'ye see Sir, tho' my Hands are as good as another's. I can assure you I am not too sure of the Victory, that I am not. And for ought I know the Battle might end in the Tower, and the Pound of Bread. And hang me, I had rather the Devil had taken the Island and all the Governours it has had, since the Two Thieves dy'd. Go to, fear nothing, my Son, said *Don Quixote*. If you have the ill Fortune to be overcome, I swear to you before all the Princesses here present, that I'll force the King of *Cyprus* to restore you to me safe and sound. That shall be the first Condition of my Combat. *Sancho* encourag'd by this Promise, at length resolv'd to fight. Then the Two Squires divided the Field of Battle betwixt them, and running together began to give one another some Bangs; but the Victory did not long continue dubious, the Squire of *La Mancha* had soon the better; for the Secretary being a tender Youth, was more sensible of the Blows than his Adversary, who was strong and hardy. Therefore choosing rather to lose his Island than to stand more Buffeting, after Four or Five Thumps, he demanded a Cessation, which being granted. I perceive, said he, that the Immortal Gods favour my Enemy. I was in Hopes he would have fallen by my Valour; and I thought to have kept him to a Sort of Diet that would have brought him to a delicate Shape; but since the Gods will have him to continue round, and fat, that he may die of an Apoplexy, it would be to no Purpose to oppose the Divine Will. Therefore I give over the Battle. and own my self conquer'd. Then your Island is mine, cry'd *Sancho*. It belongs of Right to you, answer'd the Black Squire, and you may go take Possession of it, when you please; I only desire Time to remove my Effects. What the Devil is the Meaning of all this, said the victorious Squire? Is an Island to be won at the first Cast of the Dice? Does

a Man become a Governour in the Twinkling of an Eye? Am I drunk, or asleep. I am sensible I have not supp'd yet, and that I have receiv'd some Cuffs. You need not be surpriz'd at that, Son *Sancho*, cry'd *Don Quixote*, Islands and Empires are gain'd no otherwise in Knight Errantry. Don't you remember, when the Hardships and Fatigues of this Profession caus'd you to mutter, that I us'd to bid you have Patience, that you would one Day reap the Fruits of your Labours. The Day is come at last. You are a Governour. Now you cannot but own, that when Knights promise their Squires Islands, they do not promise more than they can perform. Nay, pray Sir, reply'd *Sancho*, do not mistake your self. It was not you that gave me this Government; I have earn'd it by my own Industry, and you have contributed nothing towards it, unless you mumbled over some short Prayer for my Intention. But who the Duce would have thought that I should make my Fortune at Fisticuffs. I have given above a Thousand in my Time that never turn'd to any more Account, than if I had thrown them into the Water. I find by my Hand a Man must know on whom he bestows them. There lies all the Cunning. What was I the Better the other Night for giving the Mule-driver Two Bangs, I was ne'er the Richer for it; but this Bout I have thrash'd good Corn. Come of it what will, *Sancho Panca* is a Governour. Well I'll e'en make much of my self, tumble about the Ducats with a Shovel, and laugh at poor Fellows. He spoke these Words with the greatest Demonstrations of Joy. Every Body congratulated his Conquest, and they call'd him nothing but Mr. Governour.

When it was Supper-time, and the Company was in the Room where the Cloth was laid, the Earl said to the Ladies. I believe, fair Princesses, you will not refuse our new Governour *Sancho* to eat with us. You know we are bound to honour him, and it would not be good Manners to send him to eat with our Servants. No indeed, answer'd one of the Ladies; and the more to honour him, I am of Opinion that he sup apart with the beautifullest and the greatest Lady in the Company, that is, the *Amazon Queen*; for all the

the Ladies here know themselves too well to equal themselves with a such a Princess. This Contrivance was generally approv'd of, especially by the Ladies, for tho' all they did was but for Sport, yet they could not endure to suffer such a mean Creature as *Barbara* to sit by them. *Don Quixote* took the Thing as it was spoke, and look'd upon that Preference they gave to his Tripe-woman, as a Piece of Justice they could not refuse her. A little Table was brought accordingly with Two Plates, which *Sancho* perceiving; Come, Madam Queen, said he to *Zenobia*, let us sit down without any Ceremony. We shall be better pleas'd to sup together than with all those Gentlemen, and Ladies; for we shall not be oblig'd to eat little Bits, and to drink by Rule and Measure. *Barbara*, tho' naturally impudent enough, could not but be a little out of Countenance to see herself made the Laughing-stock of the Company. But she was not come so far to recant, and therefore following *Sancho's* Example, she sat down at the little Table. *Don Quixote*, the Gentlemen, and the Ladies sat about the great One; and when they were all seated, the Black Squire, who was still there, said to *Don Quixote*. Farewel Sir Knight, I am going back to *Valladolid*, to carry my Master your Answer. Stay Mr. *Cordovan*, cry'd *Sancho*, give me some Account of my Island, before you go. I must be inform'd how the People live there. That is but reasonable, answer'd the Black Squire; and to satisfy your Curiosity, I must tell you in the first place, that learning Flourishes in your Island. There are Great Men, who understand *Greek*, *Arabick*, *Hebrew*, *Syriack*, and *High-Dutch*. There are rare Astrologers, who in the Night-time put on their Spectacles to Star-gaze, and know exactly when it is Night and when it is Day. There are curious Persons, who have so far div'd into Nature, that they have discover'd the Secret of reducing Four Ounces of Gold to Two, and to convert considerable Revenues into Smoak and Coals. Besides, you have abundance of Poets in your Island, who write Elegies, Ballads, Songs, Sonnets, Satyrs, Roundo's, and Tragedies in Rhyme. As for the Poets, said the Squire of *La Mancha*. I'll give them whole Handfuls of

Gold and Silver to write Verses for me, I love them so dearly. Take heed what you design to do, said *Don Quixote*, be moderate in your Presents. Poets must be fed, but not fat'ned; for Wealth lays the Muses to sleep instead of rousing them. Sir, reply'd the Squire, when you are King of Cyprus, or Emperor of *Trabizond*, you may do as you please. For my part, I will pay down upon the Nail for what I bespeak, that it may not be said in my Island that I do not pay Labourers their Hire. I should be very sorry to get that ill Name; Governours have bad ones enough besides. In short, had you paid the *Arab*, who writ your History, he would not have told so many foolish Tales of you. I do not value his Impostures, answer'd *Don Quixote*, they are too gross to make any Impression upon Men of Sense. Ay, but *Sancho*, said *Don Alvaro*, you don't consider that if you reward the Poets, they will hide your Faults, and will say nothing but the Best of you. Nay Faith, quoth *Sancho*, I do not design to pay them for speaking ill of me. By your Talk, Gentlemen, one would think that Poets were never to write but to abuse Folks. Why pray, are not they bound, as well as others to conceal their Neighbours Faults, rather than to scandalize them. The Ladies were wonderfully pleas'd with this Discourse, and could not but admire *Sancho's* Simplicity, and his Master's Judgment; for he would talk so politely, that they could not conceive how a Man that discours'd so well should be the greatest Mad-man in *Spain*. The new Governour whilst he satisfy'd his Curiosity, fail'd not to stuff his Carkass; and it was pleasant to see him, ask Questions, with his Chops cramm'd full. Mr. *Cordovan*, said he, pray tell, what sort of humour'd Women are they in my Island. Are they always at Work? O no, answer'd the Black Squire, they love their Pleasure too well to take so much Pains. They are not kept up, as the Fashion is in this Country. They enjoy an unbounded Liberty. But to give them their Due, they make very good Use of it. Every Body commends their Behaviour, only the Husbands find fault with it. Why do they complain, quoth *Sancho*? Don't they find their Dinner ready when they come Home? Or do they

they look fowre on them? Quite contrary, reply'd *Cordovan*, it is because they find the Cloth laid, and their Wives in too good a Humour: It is that vexes them. Madam's good Humour, puts Master out of Humour. Those are meer Block-heads of Husbands, cry'd the Squire of *La Mancha*, to be angry at what they ought to be pleas'd. You are in the Right, reply'd the smoaky Squire; and the Worst of it is, that these block-headed Husbands have no more Wit than to make their Complaints to the Courts of Justice; and the Judges are so barbarous as to lock up their Wives. Oh ho, quoth *Sancho*, then there are Judges in my Government too? That there are, I can assure you, answer'd *Cordovan*, and very learned Ones. Why they understand their Business so well, that they try Causes fast asleep; and as fast asleep as they are, they know how to ruine whole Families. O the Knaves, cry'd our Governour, don't they think they shall pay for't when they are dead. Not at all, said the Black Squire, that does not at all disturb their Consciences. Nay, 'tis true, quoth *Sancho*, after all there is no great Harm in that. For I have heard the Prior of *Toboso* say, that all the Harm we do in our Sleep is forgiven us. And yet the Families are ne'er the less ruin'd. O those cursed Vermine of Judges, cannot I drive them all out of my Island? Why would you banish them, said *Don Carlos*? Ads curse, cry'd *Sancho*, don't you see the Reason, as well as I. When I am grown rich with long governing in my Government, those Sparks need only fall a Snoaring, and my Family goes a Begging. By my Faith, it is not worth while, to lie whole Nights in Woods, to endure Heat and Cold, and to dance in a Blanket to gain Islands, if the Governours must walk out again with only a Staff in their Hand. Who the Devil would desire to be a Governour at that rate? I am sure my Ass would not. Mr. Governour, said the Black Squire, you put your self into a Heat without a Cause. The Governour is above all the Judges. Whatever Wealth he has, and howsoever he got it, he is only accountable in the other World; and the Judges cannot take one Cross from him, tho' they snor'd all the Days of their Life. Why did not you tell me so then, answer'd the Squire of *La*

Mancha ; provided the Judges and I have no Controversie, we shall agree well enough. Diamond cuts Diamond. They need only let me govern as I please, and I'll let them snore their Belly-full. The Earl's Sister who had not spoke before, said ; Mr. Governour I don't hear you ask whether there are any Physicians in your Island. Ay Faith, quoth *Sancho*, I had like to have forgot the Best. Tell me, Mr. *Cordovan*, whether there are any good Physicians in my Government, for I shall want them to trim my Beard and Hair. I expected you would be there, answer'd the Black Squire ; I can assure you it is a Pleasure to be sick in your Island. The Physicians there are all *Ma-chaeons*, *Esculapius's* and *Galens*. There is one of them has most divine Medicines, and talks like an Oracle of all Distempers. I must needs tell you a wonderful Cure of his. A President falling one Day into a Pleurisie, as he was giving Judgment, Six Physicians were sent for. This wonderful Man was one of them. They saw the Patient, prescrib'd their Medicines, he took them, his Distemper increas'd, and he was at Death's Door. Well, what came of it ? Five of the Physicians gave him over, and concluded he would not out-live *Sunday*. Our great Man was left alone, and by his wonderful Skill the President did not die till *Munday*. Pox take it, quoth *Sancho*, you have made a Fool of me. I would have sworn that great Physician had quite cur'd the President. Nay, that's another Matter, said *Cordovan*. God take me ! If the Physicians cou'd work such Cures as those, I would never make a Jest again of their bad Medicines, nor their good *Latin*. *Sancho* put several other Questions to the Secretary, which the wise *Alisolan* does not mention in his Memoirs, perhaps because he did not know them ; or else it may be because he did not think them fit to be inserted in such a grave History as this is.

C H A P. VI.

Of the Resolution that was taken concerning Queen Zenobia, unknown to Don Quixote, and of the Adventure of the Serenade.

WHEN the Company had supp'd, the Black Squire vanish'd, and the Ladies being desirous to hear the *Amazon* Princess talk, stood about her. Madam Queen *Zenobia*, said the Earl's Sister, pray inform us why you are so silent. You have not spoke one Word all this Supper time. Is your Enchantment the Cause of it? Or do the *Amazons* use to eat like *Carthusians*. Madam, quoth *Barbara*, when I am among People of my own Rank, I talk as well as another; but little Ones must be silent before the great Ones; for I have always heard it said, that the best Thing a mean Person can say, is not so good as the worst that comes from Quality. By my Faith cry'd *Don Carlos*, the Princess is in the Right. A scurvy Pun, or an old Quibble from a great Lord is admir'd, when at the same time keen Wit in an ordinary Man is not taken notice of. That is true, said *Don Pedro de Luna*, it fares with great Lords and indifferent People, just as it does with ancient and modern Authors. All the Ancients have writ is cry'd up, and their very Faults pass for Beauties. All the Moderns write is damn'd, and their Beauties are look'd upon as Faults. Gentlemen, said *Don Carlos's* Sister, pray let us lay aside Morality, if you please. Will you allow us the Liberty to talk a while with Queen *Zenobia* in private? We have something of Moment to say to her. The Gentlemen immediately retir'd with *Don Quixote* and *Sancho* to the other End, where they fell into discourse of *Bramarbas*. Then the Ladies desir'd *Barbara* to give them an Account of her Misfortunes, which she did in such Language as was very diverting to them; but when they had made Sport enough with the poor Creature, they began to pity her; and the Earl's Si-

ster being charitably inclin'd, said to her; Well, good Woman, by what you have told us, we find you are like the Players, who wish the Play over that they may go take their Money. I perceive you only wait for the Fifty Ducats *Don Quixote* has promis'd you, and you'll go back to *Alcala*; and it being the same thing to you whether you have them from him, or from another, I will give them you this Moment, upon Condition you will be gone to Morrow Morning, before *Don Quixote* or *Sancho* are awake. I desire no better, quoth *Barbara*; for tho' I have been a Queen but Five or Six Days, I can assure you I am as weary of it, as if I had been so all the Days of my Life. All Heads will not fit one Cap I find. I am fitter to fry Tripe for the Scholars of our University, than to come to Court to strut and trick my self up. The Earl's Sister took out her Purse, and clapping it into *Barbara's* Hand, without being seen by *Don Quixote*, or his Squire, said to her. Here, good Woman, there are Sixty Ducats in it, I give them you, but be sure you be gone to Morrow Morning. I promise you I will. Madam, answer'd *Hacket-Face*, and that is enough, for, God be prais'd, I was never worse than my Word to any Body. Then the Earl's Sister call'd *Don Alvaro*, and privately told him the Agreement she had made with *Zenobia*. The *Granadine* who was willing to get rid of the *Amazon*, undertook to see her gone privately. Bed-time drawing on *Don Pedro*, the Earl and *Don Carlos* went to wait on the Ladies Home, that were not of the House, *Don Alvaro* went Home in a Coach with *Zenobia*, *Don Quixote*, and *Sancho*. They were not above Half Way, when they heard a confuse Noise of *Guitars*, and *Theorboes*. They made the Coach stop to enquire what it meant, and looking out the better to listen, distinctly heard the following Words, sung by a tolerable good Voice, with sweet Musick.

The God of Love forsakes the Skies

To fix his dwelling in my Heart,

And takes his standing in your Eyes

Into my Breast himself to dart.

Like

*Like Venus proud, and like her fair,
 You've all her conq'ring Arts and Charms,
 He'd take you for her by your Air,
 But that you're Proof against his Arms.*

When the Gentleman had done singing, the Instruments ceas'd, which made the *Granadine*, and the Knight conclude the Serenade was ended. It is pity, said *Don Alvaro* that we came so late, and miss'd of the Beginning. This was a good Concert, and well perform'd, Truly, answer'd *Don Quixote*, the Musick was excellently fitted to the Words, which are nice and sprightly, and have the true Spirit of the Ancients. Let us listen a while, quoth *Tarfe*, I hear the Instruments tuning. They will sing again. Accordingly the same Voice began again as follows.

*Tho' you frown on each am'rous Creature,
 Yet my Love by your Scorn is inspir'd ;
 For the beautifull'st Object in Nature
 Can never be too much admir'd.*

The beautifull'st Object in Nature, cry'd *Don Quixote* in a Fury ! What then will become of Queen *Zenobia* ? That said, he threw open the Coach, and leaping out, whatever *Don Alvaro* could do to hold him, drew his Sword, and ran at the Serenaders. Where is that rash Man, cry'd he, who dares say his Mistress is the beautifull'st Object in Nature. Know, Knight, that there is not a Princess in the World to compare with Queen *Zenobia*, who is the Phoenix of Beauty, and the most perfect Creature in the World, since her Sovereign Power has made me her Captive, and subdu'd all the Faculties of my Soul by her Royal Perfections. Grant then, that your Lady is inferior to her, or expect to receive the Punishment due to your Presumption. All the Mulicians, who came not thither to fight, were in a Fright, and ran away with their Theorboes and Guitars. The Gentleman, who gave the Serenade, was left alone, and drew his Sword, without taking any Notice of the mad Words he had heard. He was too much concern'd at the Disappointing of this Concert, to parley with our Knight,
 and

and was just going to thrust at him, when he perceiv'd, that *Don Quixote*, instead of standing upon his Guard, made up close, with his Arm lifted up, to cleave him down, and therefore he thought better to fight retiring ; but at the same time he warded off the Cuts, he made such home Thrusts, that had not the Knight been in Armour, he had soon put an End to his Adventures. *Don Alvaro*, who had follow'd *Don Quixote*, did all he could to part them, but in vain. At length the Serenading Gentleman perceiving he made so many home Thrusts, to no Purpose, and that his Sword met with Resistance, cry'd out, Coward, thou art certainly in Armour, or I had long since reach'd thy Heart. *Don Quixote* hearing these Words, stopp'd short, and answer'd, Why then have you, Knight, indiscreetly left your Armour behind you ? Truly I thought you were in Armour as well as my self. The Darkness of the Night may excuse me. Stay, I will disarm, and we will then put an End to our Combat, according to the Rules of Chivalry. *Don Quixote de la Mancha* never yet fought with Odds. I should be ashamed of a Victory, were it not entirely due to my Valour. The Serenading Gentleman hearing *Don Quixote's* Name, was surpriz'd, and ask'd the *Granadine*, Whether that was really the same *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, whose History was then so much in Vogue ? It is himself in Person, answer'd *Don Alvaro*, the very true Original. He is come to the Court of Spain, there to defend Queen *Zenobia's* Beauty, for he is fallen in Love with it. And therefore you must not think it strange that he cannot endure to hear you say, your Lady is the most beautiful Object in Nature. For tho' you only said so in singing, you know very well, that Knights Errant will not allow of such Songs. Nay, since it is *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, said the Serenader, I forgive him for spoiling my Concert, which I should not easily do to another. That is not enough, answer'd *Don Quixote*, you must own that Queen *Zenobia* is a more accomplish'd Beauty than your Lady. I am content, reply'd the Serenading Gentleman ; but then you must grant, that next to your Mistress, mine outdoes all the Ladies in the World. That will satisfy

us both. What you require of me is very extraordinary, said *Don Quixote*, but no matter, I may grant it without any Offence to my Princess. Besides, since you durst fight me without Armour, I take you for one of the valiantest Knights in the Universe; and consequently your Mistress must be surprizing beautiful. And therefore, in Honour to your extraordinary Valour, I own that your Lady is the most beautiful Person in the World, next to Queen *Zenobia*, who is not to be compar'd with. And I in Return confess, answer'd the Serenader, that my Mistress is not so beautiful as Queen *Zenobia*, to whom I wish all Happiness, tho' I have not the Honour to know her. After this reciprocal Acknowledgment, the Swords were put up, and several Compliments pass'd betwixt them; then the Serenading Knight went Home, and *Don Quixote* and the *Granadine* returning to the Coach, did the same.

C H A P. VII.

Of Queen Zenobia's Departure, and Don Ferdinand de Peralta's Coming to Madrid.

THE bright *Aurora* was getting out of her Watry Bed, and her Light had dispell'd the Darknes of the Night, when the beautiful Queen of the *Amazons* got up, being very impatient to return into her own Country to fry Tripe. Whilst she was dressing, *Don Alvaro* came himself in his Night-Gown to tell her, it was time to depart. She went down into the Court, where finding her Mule ready, she mounted, and set out for *Alcala*, before *Don Quixote* and his Squire were awake. O unfortunate Knight of the *Cupids*, where are your Thoughts at this Time! Whilst you indulge your self in Sleep, cruel Fortune robs you of the dear Object of your Love! What dismal Affliction attends you when you awake! What a desperate Condition will you be in! *Menelaus* was not so much griev'd at the Loss of *Helen*, as you will be at the
Miss

Miss of your Princess. *Don Alvaro* went to Bed again, and having rested some Hours, sent to acquaint *Don Carlos*, the Earl, and *Don Pedro*, that he expected them with a new Scene of Pleasure. They soon came, and he said to them, Gentlemen, you must understand, that *Barbara* is gone. I sent her away privately this Morning; we shall now see our Knight in great Disorder. I am sure he will give us good Diversion. He had scarce spoke the Words before he spy'd *Sancho* coming from his Master's Chamber. Good Morrow, Mr. Governour, said he, what News have you for us? How does *Don Quixote* to Day? He is very well, answer'd the Squire, and by the same Token, designs this Day, after Dinner, to defend Madam *Zenobia's* Beauty before the Court. He says, There shall be a high Pillar rais'd in the great Square, to which the Queen's Picture shall hang, and then there shall be a Challenge posted up, and then this Thing, and t'other Thing; but, hold Gentlemen, here he comes: He'll tell you the rest himself; for I am going to the Kitchin to find out the little bandy-legg'd Cook, my very good Friend, who waits to give me my Breakfast. The Gentlemen saluted *Don Quixote*, and when he had return'd their Salute, he said, Gentlemen, I came to ask *Don Alvaro's* Advice; but since I find you here, I will consult with you all. I know not whether I ought to begin this Day to defend Queen *Zenobia's* Beauty, or whether I had better stay till I have overcome the King of *Cyprus*. Pray tell me your Opinion upon this. The Gentlemen, contrary to the Custom of Councils, all agreed, that *Bramarbas* ought to be overcome first. Whilst they were giving the Reasons for their Opinion, one of the *Granadine's* Pages came and told *Don Pedro*, that a young Gentleman, whose Name was *Don Cesar*, enquir'd for him. Gentlemen, said *Don Pedro*, I beg Leave to bring you acquainted with this young Man, who is my Pupil in Martial Affairs, the King has given him a Post at the Head of his Army against the Moors, under me, and at Two and Twenty Years of Age he is a General Officer, and has gain'd the Reputation of an excellent Commander. *Don Alvaro*, will you give me leave to introduce him? *Tarfe* declar'd he

he should be proud of his Acquaintance, and then he was brought up. *Don Cesar* having embrac'd all the Gentlemen, at last went up to the Knight. and opening his Arms to receive him, said; *Don Quixote*, I am heartily glad to see you. How now *Don Cesar*, cry'd *Don Pedro*, are you acquainted with the Knight of *La Mancha*? Do I know him, answer'd *D. Cesar*; I owe him the greatest Obligations in the World. It is not above Two Days since he sav'd my Life, and he is the Occasion that I have found out my Original, which but for him, perhaps, I had never done. *Don Quixote* observing, that *Don Pedro* was surpriz'd at those Words, said to him. Yes, *Don Pedro*, it was I who had the good Fortune to prevent the fatal Stroak, a Murderer aim'd at this young Gentleman, whom you are no longer to call *Don Cesar*, but *Don Ferdinand de Peralta*, as being Brother to the beautiful *Engracia*, and Son to the unfortunate *Don Ferdinand*, who perish'd in the mighty Fleet, King *Philip* set out against *England*. O Heavens, cry'd *Don Pedro* what is it you tell us, *Don Quixote*? Is it possible this young Peasant to whom I have been a Father is of the Illustrious Family of the *Peralta's*? And that we can no longer blame Heaven for not giving a noble Birth to a Person so deserving for his Valour and brave Actions? But pray, added he, turning to *Don Cesar*, tell us how you came to discover your Birth? My Friendship requires this Relation of you, and it will be a great Satisfaction to all the Gentlemen here. Then *Don Ferdinand* told them the Story of the Robbers; what, he whom *Don Quixote* wound-ed had discover'd, *Engracia's* Story, and in short, all that happen'd at *Torresva*. All the Gentlemen gave great Attention to him, but he only relating what has been already mention'd, they began to ask him other Questions. Some enquir'd, who it was that could wound *Don Christopher*; and *Don Quixote*, as the Revenger of forsaken Beauties, desir'd to hear of *Engracia's* Success. *Don Ferdinand* said he, pray inform me whether *Don Christopher* has done your Sister Right? I would also know whether you have prevented that Gentlemans tying the Indissoluble Knot as he intend-ed with *Donna Anna de Montoya*. When your Uncle

Don

Don James de Peralta talk'd to you about that Match, I remember you were concern'd ; and if I mistake not, Love had as great a Share in your Disorder as Honour. You are not mistaken, Sir Knight, reply'd *Don Ferdinand* ; I have been long in Love with that Lady. O good God, cry'd *Don Pedro*, what do I hear ? How can I learn so many surprizing Accidents in one Day ? Could you be in Love, *Don Ferdinand*, with the Daughter of *Don Bertrand de Montoya*, my intimate Friend, and conceal your Passion from me ? Do not take it ill of me, answer'd *Don Ferdinand* ; the Thoughts that I was Son to *Mary Ximenez* confounded me ; and I fancy'd I could never sufficiently conceal such presumptuous Love, and that you would be the first that should condemn me. No, no, reply'd *Don Pedro*, I should not have condemn'd you. Tho' you were the Son of a Peasant, *Don Bertrand* might without any lessening to himself, have given you his Daughter, considering the Wonders you did in *Flanders*. I must say it, you deserve the Best. This great Commendation from a Person of Sincerity had very much Influence on the Earl, *Don Carlos*, and the *Granadine*, to make them conceive highly of *Don Ferdinand*. They desir'd him to give them a Relation of his Life, and *Don Quixote* no less curious seconded them. He granted their Request, and perceiving they were all seated and attentive to him, began his Story as follows.

C H A P. VIII.

The Story of Don Ferdinand de Peralta.

THE Robber that murder'd my Nurse, having left me at *Torresva*, as I told you, with *Mary Ximenez*, the good Woman giving me suck by Degrees, grew wonderful fond of me. She was so far from desiring any Reward for Nursing me, that she fear'd nothing so much, as that some Body would come take me from her, and therefore she gave out that I was her Son, and made me believe the same ; for unless it were some par-

particular Persons, who knew her Family, and whom she had earnestly intreated to keep the Secret, all the Village was under the same Mistake. Not knowing my true Name, she gave me the same her Son had that dy'd. Which perhaps she did to deceive herself, and if possible to believe what she impos'd upon others. But whatever she could do to debase my Spirit to her Condition, and breed me up like a Peasant, Nature was above all her Endeavours, and my generous Inclinations discover'd the Nobility of my Birth. I was better pleas'd to see a Sword than a Shepherd's Hook. In short, I hated all Country Employments, and as soon as I came to Fourteen Years of Age, no longer able to endure that wretched Life, I resolv'd to run away from *Mary Ximenez*, and to wipe off the Meanness of my Birth by my Courage in the Army. Accordingly I left the Village privately one Night, and went away to *Alcala*, where the better to disappoint the Search *Mary Ximenez* would make after me, I chang'd the Name of *Antony*, I then bore, for *Cesar*. I made Choice of that Name, because in the Village I had often heard them, talking of any brave Man, say he was another *Cesar*. At *Alcala* I was inform'd that a Gentleman, being this same *Don Pedro de Luna*, was raising a Regiment, and was lately come to the Town to make Levies there. I laid hold of the Opportunity, I offer'd my self to him, and in the best Manner my Years and Education would permit, signify'd the earnest Desire I had to go into the Service, which I did after such a Manner that he could not but take Notice of me. He lik'd my Looks and Resolution, and took a Kindness to me; but being yet too young to serve, he would not carry me with him into *Flanders*, whither his Regiment was commanded. He left me with his Brother at *Alcala* to accompany his Nephew *Don Christopher*, who was about my Age, and order'd me to be brought up with him. My Country Habit was taken from me, and I was taught every thing that young Gentlemen learnt, as if I had been his Equal. Our Masters were astonish'd to see me advance so fast in my Exercises. But I show'd the greatest Ability in Riding, and Fencing, and knowing how necessary it was for a Soldier to understand Fortification, I apply'd
my

my self earnestly to that Study. I soon became a new Man, and forgot all my Country Behaviour, such is the Force of Education in Youth. Every Body lov'd me, because, to make some Amends for the Meanness of my Birth, I labour'd to be courteous, and well-behav'd. Above all I paid great respect to *Don Christopher*, as Nephew to the Person to whom I ow'd all I was; and I must say this in Praise of him, that as young as he was, instead of taking upon him, or improving the Obligations I ow'd him to his own Advantage, he lov'd me so entirely that he would have all Things to be in common between us. He was never well, but when we were together, he would have me share in all his Pleasures, and gave me an equal Part of what little Money he had to dispose of at that Age. I must add, that he did not take the least Dislike to me, through Envy; because I sometimes out-did him at our Exercises, as is usual in Youth.

As eager as I was to be gone to *Flanders* to *Don Pedro*, I was forc'd to spend Three Years to make my self perfect at my Exercises. Then I was detain'd no longer, but fitted out for the Army. *Don Christopher* would fain have gone with me, and ask'd Leave of his Father *Don Luis de Luna*; but the good old Man, who design'd to dispose of him otherwise, would not grant it. Thus *Don Christopher* and I were forc'd to part, we both wept, but he much more, because his Father obstructed his going to seek Honour. I went away to *Cadiz*, where I embark'd with some Gentlemen of *Andaluzia*, who were going to serve under the Arch-Duke *Albertus*, call'd the Cardinal *Infante*, then Governour of the Catholick Low-Countries, for the King of Spain. At *Dunkirk* I was inform'd that *Don Pedro* was then with his Regiment in Garrison at *Antwerp*, whither I went with all possible Expedition. He was glad to see me, and courteously told me, that as favourable an Opinion as he conceiv'd of me at first Sight, he now hop'd still better from the Progress I had made in my Exercises. I would have answer'd him, and made an Acknowledgment for the Favours receiv'd; but he interrupted me, and changing the Discourse, said smiling; I am sensible, *Cesar*, you are not come hither to be idle; but be not too hasty; we shall soon see what you

you can do for the Honour of the Regiment, and the King's Service. He was as good as his Word; for Arch-Duke *Albertus* having laid Siege to *Hulst*, our Regiment was sent thither. As soon as we came, the Besieged made a Salley, supported by some Horse. They beat off our Work-men, and press'd hard upon our Foot, but we repuls'd and pursu'd them at their Heels to the very Covert-Way. This I can say, that I was none of the last that came up with them, nor the first that retir'd, and for my Entrance, I took a Standard, killing the Trooper that carry'd it. All the Officers of the Regiment commended me. This Beginning pleas'd me; and not being able to endure Idleness, when the Regiment was not upon Duty, I would slip away, and go every Night to see what was doing in the Trenches; where, if any thing was carry'd on, I put my helping Hand. I had special Success, and going out upon Parties, seldom return'd without some Advantage, or some good Intelligence. The Success of my little Expeditions, soon made a Noise in the Army, and I was look'd upon as one of the most resolute Partizans; but about the latter End of the ensuing Year, our Regiment being then in Garrison at *Bruges*, I perform'd an Action that gain'd me Reputation, and procur'd me a Commission. *Don Melchior de Sandoval*, a Spanish Officer, having been wrong'd by those that govern'd the Spanish Netherlands, before the Coming of the Arch-Duke, took it so to Heart, that he deserted to the Dutch, who being acquainted with his Experience in Martial Affairs, gave him the Government of the Town of *Dam*, whence he harass'd the Spaniards, making Excursions up to the Gates of *Antwerp*, *Bruges* and *Gant*. Being abroad one Day upon a Party, I was inform'd that *Don Melchior* was about marrying his Daughter to a considerable Dutch Officer, and that the Wedding was kept in a House that Governour had under the Cannon of the Place, a little without the Glacis. I undertook to go thither, and bring away *Don Melchior* and his Family. I will now tell you how I contriv'd it, and what Success I had. I disguis'd my self like a Peasant to view the Avenues to the House, and when I had got a perfect Knowledge of them, I gather'd Twen-

ty Horse of our Regiment. We set out about Night-fall, that the Enemy might have no Intelligence of our March, and we might get thither when they were all dead asleep. I knew the Way perfectly well, and the Darknes did not hinder us coming to the House at the intended Hour. There is a great Canal between *Bruges* and *Dam*, which secures the Enemy against our Incursions, and was the Reason they stood not upon their Guard, as they would have done but for that. But it being then frozen, we pass'd it without any Difficulty. I had observ'd the Day before, that there was a little Wood, which reach'd from the Canal to *D. Melchior's* House, and came up to a Corner of the Garden, being a Part of it little frequented, and overgrown with Briers and Brambles on both Sides of the Wall. We came to this Place about Two in the Morning; and leaving our Horses in the Wood, with Five or Six Men to look after them, we threw down the Wall with Tools we had brought for that End, and made a large Breach. The Distance of the Place from the House, and the Noise and Confusion of the Wedding, were the Cause they could not hear us. We entred the Garden with our Swords, and each of us a Brace of Pistols, and went on in the Dark, till by the Light of his Match we spy'd a Centinel posted at the Door that parted the Garden from the Court. I slipp'd along the Palisade, and before the Centinel could fire at me, I laid him flat with a Brace of Bullets. The Noise of the Shot would have alarm'd a *Corps de Garde* they had posted in the Court for the Security of the House, but that they were so dead drunk, that we soon put them all to the Sword. My principal Design being to carry off the Governour, his Daughter, and his Son-in-Law, we made all the Haste we could into the House. At the Stair-Foot I met one of *Don Melchior's* Servants, who was come down, hearing the Noise. I clapp'd a Pistol to his Head, and made him show me his Master's Apartment; and whilst he led me to it, a Party of our Men made to the Nuptial Chamber. It was my ill Fortune that *Don Melchior*, having Notice given him of our Coming by a Serjeant of the Guard, who was not so drunk as the rest, made his Escape down the
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Back-Stairs. His Escape made me conclude we had no Time to lose, and that he would immediately send out Parties after us, and therefore I made haste to the rest of our Party, whom I found in the Wedding-Room, having broken open the Door. The new marry'd Couple were just going to Bed, and you may easily imagine how they were surpriz'd, when they saw our Men rush in, enough to daunt the fiercest Lovers. They had scarce Time allow'd them to put on their Morning Gowns, but were forc'd away almost naked. I could not but pity them, but in War Compassion is useless. We return'd to our Horses in the Wood, repass'd the Canal with the same Ease we came over, and got Home without any Molestation. When we came to *Bruges*, I presented my Prisoners to *Don Pedro de Luna*, who entertain'd them very courteously, and carry'd them to the Governour, of whom he obtain'd that they might have the Liberty of the Town upon their Parole. Some Days after this Expedition, *Don Melchior* sent a Trumpet to *Bruges*, to enquire after his Daughter and Son-in-Law, and writ to them to treat about their Ransom; but that Affair held them long, there being no Cartel as yet settled betwixt the *Dutch* and the *Spaniards*, and Ransoms at that Time were as Arbitrary, as they are now at *Tripoli*, or *Argiers*. However, it was drawing to a Conclusion, and the Sum was almost agreed on, when the Arch-Duke came to *Bruges*.

He came from visiting all the Sea-Coasts upon Advice he had receiv'd, that *England* was preparing to succour the Rebels. He was very much pleas'd with my little Expedition, gave me more Commendation than I deserv'd, and very courteously told me, he would take Care to advance me, as I perform'd any notable Actions; and for the present, till he could better reward my last Enterprize, he added the Title of *Don* to the Name of *Cesar* I then bore. I was extremely pleas'd with that Title of Honour; it inflam'd my Courage, and resolving in some measure to deserve the good Opinion he had conceiv'd of me, I continu'd my Excursions. Scarce a Day pass'd but I did something beneficial, or honourable for our Nation. Sometimes I brought home considerable

Prisoners, and sometimes Hostages for Contributions I exacted. In short, I omitted no Opportunity of disturbing the Enemy. They often sent out great Parties to catch me; but still I either defeated, or cunningly avoided them. It is true, I paid the Country People that brought me Intelligence so generously, that I had always Notice of their March. The Arch-Duke, extremely pleas'd with my Undertakings, did not fail to gratifie me with considerable Sums, out of the Contributions I rais'd, and loaded me in publick with Praises, which I valu'd above his Money. However, having hitherto been but a Voluntier Adventurer, I thought it long till I had a Commission; but the Arch-Duke's Generosity soon satisfy'd my Longing. He granted me a Commission to raise a Troop of Light-Horse, which he incorporated into *Don Pedro de Luna's* Regiment; and what was still more peculiar, he gave me Leave to undertake whatsoever Enterprizes I should think fit for the publick Service, excepting only when the Regiment was upon Duty. This great Trust repos'd in me, contrary to the known Rules, did so encourage me, that I thought of nothing but forming greater Designs. Being inform'd one Day by certain Peasants, that the Garrison of *Sas-van-Gant* kept not strict Guards, and seem'd to neglect those Precautions that are usual in time of War, and that the Gates of the Town were open all the Day, I began to conceit, that with good Conduct and Secrecy it might not be impracticable to surprize that Place. I acquainted *Don Pedro* with my Intention, who at first look'd upon it as a Chymera; but when I had given him a true Account of the Place, and Country about it, and told him we might make our Advantage of a hollow Way, which on one Side of the Place goes up to the Foot of the Glacis of the Covert-Way, and would facilitate our Approach, he no longer question'd the Feasableness of the Attempt. He spoke to the Arch-Duke, who approv'd of it, and left the whole Management to him. *Don Pedro* would not take any more than Two Thousand Horse, and a Thousand Foot with him, lest too great a Number should retard the March, and endanger a Discovery. Having made choice of such Troops as we best lik'd,

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we march'd all Night, and came to the hollow Way a while before Day. One of our Men drew near the Town, disguis'd like a Peasant, with Orders to make a Signal when the Gate was open'd, and I was order'd to be in a Readiness with Sixty Troopers, and each a Foot-Soldier behind him, to set out upon the Signal. What shall I say, Gentlemen! The Enemy had not the least Thought of our Design, and accordingly I made my self Master of a Gate without the least Difficulty. The Garrison offer'd to make some Resistance, but *Don Pedro* was so close at my Heels, that, after a very considerable Fight, they begg'd Quarter. Thus a strong and regular Place cost us scarce any thing. We lost but Ten Soldiers, one Officer of a *Neapolitan* Regiment, and the Lieutenant-Colonel of our own. The Arch-Duke look'd upon the Taking of *Sas-van-Gant* as a very considerable Advantage gain'd, because it shut up the Enemy in their Fens. He gave Thanks to *Don Pedro*, who generously gave me all the Honour of the Action, saying, I had a greater Share in it than he, both in the Contrivance and the Execution. The Cardinal thought it not enough to commend, but he gave me the Post of Lieutenant-Colonel of our Regiment.

Tho' Princes endeavour to be never so private, yet their Actions cannot be hid from the Eyes of the *Argos's* that swarm in all Courts. It was discover'd that the Arch-Duke admir'd *Don Melchior's* Daughter's Beauty. He being sensible that young Folks are fond of Grandeur, took care to exert all his Magnificence in splendid Entertainments to the Ladies; yet so as it sufficiently appear'd the beautiful *Spaniard* was the Object of his Thoughts; but tho' he spar'd nothing to please her, it was visible she did not receive his Addresses as he would have hop'd. The *Dutch* Officer was none of the last that discover'd the Prince's Affection, and was so much disturb'd at it, that as soon as ever he had paid his Ransom, he made all possible Haste out of *Bruges*, to save his Honour from the Danger that threatned it. The Arch-Duke was much troubled at the beautiful *Spaniard's* Departure, but his Grief lasted not long, and these Idea's were soon dis-

pell'd by the Hopes he conceiv'd of marrying the Infanta *Elizabeth Clare Eugenia*, Daughter to King *Philip* the Second, then living. The Conditions of that Match were very advantageous to the Arch-Duke, for it was talk'd that the Princess was to have the *Low-Countries* and *Franche Comte* in Dower for her and her Heirs. *Albertus* had an Envoy at *Madrid*, who manag'd that Affair; but because it went not on fast enough to his Mind, and he well knew, that King *Philip* was slow in all his Deliberations, he thought fit to send some Person of known Ability, whom he could confide in, to be his Agent. He made Choice of *Don Pedro* for this Business, and having given him his Instructions, order'd him to be gone as soon as possible, and without any Retinue, for as much as the Matter requir'd Secrecy and Expedition. All that *Don Pedro* could obtain of him was, that I should go with him. We embark'd at *Dunkirk*, and landed at *Coruna*. Thence we travell'd to *Segovia*, where we parted, because *Don Pedro* would go through *Avila*, where he had some Business to do before he went to Court. I took the Way to *Alcala* to carry the News of his Arrival to his Brother and his Nephew.

The Nearness of my Native Country brought a Thousand Thoughts into my Head concerning my unhappy Extraction. I could not reconcile my great Spirit with the Meanness of my Birth; and when I examin'd my Affection to *Mary Ximenez*, who had bred me as her Son, methought it did not feel like that which Nature and Blood inspire. In short, I only felt a Sense of Gratitude towards her, and being satisfy'd with my Resolution to requite her with a Sum of Money, I was not hasty to see her, nor concern'd that I had lost her so long, without the least Account what was become of me. Sometimes I fancy'd she was not my Mother, and the more to root my self in this Opinion, I look'd back to my very Infancy, and call'd to mind all that could strengthen it in me. In fine, I endeavour'd to conceal from my own self an Original so unworthy of my Courage, and which was a Bar to me against Love; for I thought not my self fit to love a Woman of Quality, and was loth to give any such an Occasion ever to be asham'd of having given Ear to me; but I soon found, that to love, or to forbear,

is not in our own Choice. I had now travell'd about Five or Six Leagues, and the Heat of the Sun began to be troublesome, when I came to the Edge of a Wood, where the full headed Trees afforded a pleasant Shade. I alighted to walk in it, leaving my Horse and my *Valet de Chambre*. A long Path I trod giving me the Curiosity to see where it ended, I came to a great Iron-Grate at the End of it, which look'd into a curious Garden, and a stately Castle within it. By the Iron-Grate I spy'd a Door, which was only put to, I went into the Garden, and following a Walk of Orange-Trees, came to a little Wilderness shut up by an Iron-Gate. The Noise of the Fountains I heard within it as I drew near, made me conclude that was some pleasant Enclosure, that us'd to be lock'd up when any Body was within, to avoid Disturbance. Yet this Door was only shut too, like the other, I thrust it open, and tho' it was an indiscreet Action, Curiosity prevail'd, and I went along a Walk pal'd in Breast high with Grass-Banks, on the Sides set with Yew and Orange-Trees; and along both Sides of the Pales, at certain Distances, there were Statues of white Marble, on Pedestals of the same Colour. At the End of this Walk was a large Summer-House, rais'd Three Steps from the Ground, and opening on Two Sides with arch'd Glass Doors. I had gone too far to turn back without seeing the rest. I went into a great magnificent Hall I saw before me; but what I most admir'd in it, was a Statue of *Venus*. That Goddess was represented lying on a Bed of black Marble; an unpolish'd Rock of the same Marble serv'd for a Pillow to rest her Head on, and spouted out abundance of little Streams, which washing her Body, fell into an Oval Bason, the Brims whereof were of a curious Marble of divers Colours. I thought I could never be weary of admiring that Figure, but whilst I gaz'd on it, I heard a Voice, which drew away my Attention. I made to the Place whence it seem'd to come. How was I surpriz'd, when I discover'd a young Heavenly Creature, much more charming than the *Venus* I had so much admir'd in the Hall, in the middle of a Green House, and in a Fountain of running Water, enclos'd with Green-Sod. She was all alone, and her Bathing.

Smock was so fine, that it was easie to judgethro' it of the Whiteness of her Skin. She was near enough to me, and so conveniently seated, that I could easily see all the Features of her Face. The Nymph *Arcthusa* did not expose more Charms to the Eyes of the amorous *Alpheus*. I cannot give you any lively Idea of what I felt at that Time. My dazzled Eyes, and my vanquish'd Reason, put my Heart past all Resistance. Love took Possession, without giving me Time to dispute his Admission. Yet what to do I knew not; for, tho' it was a Madness to think she would hearken to me, yet I could not prevail with my self to be gone from her, without acquainting her with the Passion I had conceiv'd for her. I resolv'd to speak to her; but considering she was in a Posture, which in Modesty must oblige her to make me a severe Return, I thought to get back into the great Hall, and to wait her Coming out of the Bath. It was my Misfortune to be too long a considering; as I drew back, she cast her Eyes upon me, and cry'd out. However, I went into the Hall, whilst she got out of the Water, that her Modesty might have no fresh Cause of Offence, and looking thro' the Glasses, I observ'd she had slip't on a Morning Gown, which I saw before lying on the Grass, and made away hastily towards the Castle. I run to intercept, and soon came up with her. But what a mighty Confusion was I in when I drew near her? I accosted her with such a Trembling, that it lessen'd her Fear. What Insolence is this, said she, of yours, thus to surprize one of my Sex in this Place? She utter'd these Words in such a Tone, as quite put me beside my self. Madam, answer'd I, in great Disorder, Chance was the Cause of my Crime, and you are more than sufficiently reveng'd on my Presumption, since you have inspir'd me with a Passion, which cannot chuse but prove unfortunate. What, said she, looking on me with Anger and Scorn, is it not enough that you intrude into a Place, where Modesty thinks it self safe? but to add to that Offence, you pretend to make Love? Be gone immediately, and do not oblige me to call those who will punish your Presumption. Madam, reply'd I, now somewhat recover'd, perhaps those People you threaten me

me with may give little Satisfaction to your Resentment; for I can fear nothing, but your Anger. Once more I say be gone, answer'd she austerely; ease me of the Trouble of blushing any longer at the Posture you have seen me in, and at what you now have the Boldness to say to me. This said, she left me full of Confusion, and a Thousand distracting Thoughts.

I went out of that fatal Place, whether Fortune seem'd to have led me for my Ruin. I return'd to my Servant, and we both mounted. Then did I give a full Loose to my Thoughts. And must one Moment, said I, decide the Fate of all my future Life? Shall I, who have not been mov'd with the beautifullest Ladies in *Flanders*, in a Moment become the most amorous, or rather the maddest of all Men? And for whom? For one, whom I know not so much as by Name, and who will never allow me to see her again. What a Weakness is it to be overcome by a Look! I will call up all my Reason. Is it so hard to crush a Passion in its first Rise, and to oppose Love, when it only promises Pain? These Thoughts made me resolve to forget the Lady unknown; but an Accident I never could foresee, broke all my Resolutions. I spy'd Three Horse-men in the Plain, riding a full Speed, and he that was best mounted among them carry'd away a Woman by Force, who struggled in his Arms, and cry'd out as loud as she was able for Help. Consider what my Thoughts were, when by the Colour of the Gown she had on, I perceiv'd that was my beautiful Unknown. Hearing these Cries, which rent my Heart rather than my Ears, I order'd my Servant, who was a Man of Courage, to follow me, and make ready his Arms, and thus we flew to her Relief. Our Horses being swifter than those Gentlemen, we had soon come up with them, but that the Ravisher, guessing at my Design, detach'd his Two Followers to stop us, whilst he endeavour'd to carry off his Prey into a Wood, which appear'd at a Distance on the other Side of the Plain. I would willingly have shunn'd them, that I might the sooner come up with their Master; but they cross'd me, and I was forc'd to attack them. I rode up with my

my Arm stretch'd out to him that made towards me, we cross'd our Pistols, and my Arm being stronger than his, his Shot flew under my Arm; but mine being better levell'd, broke his Skull, and he dropp'd down. My Servant at the same time dispatch'd his Man with his Firelock; so that there being nothing now to stop us, we made after the Ravisher, and overtook him a Quarter of a League short of the Wood, where he was going to hide himself. I press'd so hard upon him, that he had scarce Time to set her down, and stand upon his Guard. I still rush'd on upon him, and made such a strong Pass, that he could not put it by, and I run my Sword up to the very Hilt into his Body, so that he dropp'd Stone dead under his Horse's Belly. I presently alighted, and drawing near the Lady Unknown, cast my self at her Feet, saying, I am a happy Man, Madam, if this Service I have done you can atone for the Offence I committed. She made me no Answer, for she was still all disorder'd with the Fright of being stollen, and the Death of her Ravisher. But at length coming to herself, and looking upon me now without that dreadful Anger I saw in her Eyes before, she said, She was willing to pardon my Indiscretion in Consideration of what I had done for her; but that nothing less than so considerable a Service could have expiated my Crime. Then I may flatter my self, said I in a Transport of Passion, that I am no longer the Object of your Hatred and Aversion. Then, Madam, that I may quite blot out the Guilt of having displeas'd you, give me Leave to express the Respect and Adoration I pay you. Let me beg of you, answer'd she, to talk of something else; you lose the Merit of saving my Honour, by giving me fresh Cause of Complaint. Madam, reply'd I, what is it that is so offensive in my Words? My Love is so pure, that it can't wrong your Vertue. Let me entreat you to give over, said she, consider that Decency will not allow me to be here alone with you. Besides, I must confess I cannot look upon this bloody Body without Horror. Let us remove from that unhappy Man, whose Misfortune I cannot but pity, as little Cause as I have to be troubled at his Death. I offer'd

to carry her back to the Castle; but she would not consent to it, and said, It was enough if I would bear her Company to a Village, which was about Two or Three Hundred Paces from us, and whence she would be safely convey'd to the Castle. I would have had her got upon my Horse, but she excusing herself, by showing how short the Distance was, I gave her my Hand, and we took a long Path that led to the Village. Madam, said I to her as I led her, since you deny me the Satisfaction of waiting on you to the Castle, do not refuse me the Comfort of knowing who the wonderful Person is, that at first Sight has such mighty Influence over Hearts? What you desire, answer'd the Lady, is so little worthy your Curiosity, that you must grant me the Request I make you, which is, to excuse me from giving you that Account. How, Madam, said I in a Surprise, can you desire any thing so unreasonable of me? Nay, more than that, reply'd she again, you must promise me that you will not use any Means to enquire into it. Good God, cry'd I in a sort of Anger I could not master, Do you consider, Madam, what it is you require of me? No, Madam, that Law is too severe, and you make me desperate, if you impose it on me. That will never make you desperate, answer'd she, such poor Features as mine do not make such powerful Impressions, and when you have been a few Days without seeing me, you'll not remember any thing of this Adventure, but on Occasion of the Valour you have shown in it? Ah, Madam, said I, why do you distract me with your Words? Will you destroy me? Will you deprive me of my Reason? Do not tell me who you are. Conceal your self from my wretched Eyes, since you make their good Fortune an Offence. But to forbid me looking after you, and doing all that Love can inspire me to know you; that, Madam, is an unparallell'd Piece of Inhumanity. I am not so blind, but I can see, that if I do not make use of this Opportunity of knowing your Name, I must never hope to see you more. Alas! Do you think I can lay aside all Hopes, and can you be so barbarous as to be displeas'd at me, because I seek Relief? No, generous Stranger, answer'd the Lady, Heaven knows I do

not

not take Offence at you. But, believe me, and do not refuse what I ask you : The Motive I have to ask is more obliging than you can imagine. But, be it a Humour, or a Nicety, I cannot depart from it; and if you advance one Step towards knowing of me, you set your self at a Distance from me for ever. Madam, said I, the Laws you prescribe are hard. You remove me from you under Penalty of losing you for ever. And is it not losing you for ever to grant what you require of me? No, reply'd the Lady Unknown, if you perform what I desire, you shall see me again; but I will first make Trial of your Discretion. If I like your Proceeding, I will make my self known to you. Only tell me your Name, and rely upon the Assurance I give you, that you have not serv'd an ungrateful Person. My Name is *Don Cesar*, said I, and you may hear of me at *Alcala*, at *Don Luis de Luna's*. I desire to know no more, reply'd the Unknown, I will in time make use of the Information you have given me, provided you deserve it. Be gone, *Don Cesar*, leave it to my Gratitude to plead for you with me, and assure your self you'll gain more upon my Heart by your Obedience, than you could do by many Years Service. I was so full of Grief, that I could not return one Word of Answer; but my Disorder spoke for me. It mov'd her, and holding out her Hand to me, she said, Farewel, *Cesar*, be gone, do not forget one that will always remember you, if you do not make your self unworthy of her Remembrance. I put my Lips to her Hand, and bath'd it with Tears, holding it so long, till she pull'd it away blushing. I also perceiv'd her charming Eyes were ready to weep, but she left me abruptly, to conceal her Tears from me, and give free Way to them when I was gone. In short, she went into the Village, and I lost Sight of her, returning to the High-way that leads to *Alcala* in the most violent Commotion that ever Lover felt. I durst not satisfy my Curiosity, but resolv'd punctually to obey my Mistress Unknown, to the end that if I was so unhappy as never to see her again, I should not have Cause to blame my self for having contributed to my own Misfortune.

The

The next Day I came to *Alcala*, and went to pay my Respects to *Don Christopher*, and to his Father, who receiv'd me with all the Expressions of Joy I could wish. Particularly *Don Christopher* show'd me all possible Tokens of true Friendship. His Friends and he endeavour'd to make all the time I was to stay with them as delightful as might be; yet all the Diversions of Youth, and the most attracting Pleasures, could not prevent my falling into a deep Melancholy. *Don Christopher* us'd all Means to divert it; sometimes he would upbraid the finest Ladies of the Town, telling them, they had not Charms enough to ease me of my Heaviness, and when he found that all his Care was ineffectual, he press'd me to reveal to him what I had in my Heart. Tho' I entirely confided in him, I was so exact in the Performance of what my Mistress Unknown had requir'd of me, that I durst not acquaint him with my Adventure, for fear lest he, either out of Friendship or Curiosity, should go about to make some Enquiry; which would not fail to be charg'd upon me, and could not be any Advantage to me. Nevertheless, being oblig'd to give a Friend some Reason why I conceal'd any thing from him, I told him, That I had such Reasons as no less than my future Happiness depended on to conceal the Cause of my Trouble, at least for some time, from all Mankind; and that it was a great Affliction to me that I could not impart that Matter to him, and therefore I begg'd of him not to insist upon it. He being fully convinc'd, that I lov'd him, and that I would not have conceal'd the Cause of my Grief from him, if it had been proper for me to disclose it; he pity'd me, and left me at Liberty to devote my self entirely to my Love. I was so full of it, that nothing could draw my Thoughts away. My Unknown Mistress was continually before my Eyes. Sometimes she appear'd to me, as when taking our last Farewel, mov'd at my piercing Sorrow; sometimes I fancy'd I saw her in the Bath, and I call'd to Mind all that charming Whiteness which had ravish'd my Senses; but the more beautiful Shapes I represented her in to my self, the more I increas'd my Torment. A considerable time being pass'd, without the least News of her,

her, my Heart was wholly seiz'd with Sorrow. The most dreadful Torments cannot be compar'd to the Distractions that then consum'd me. I repented a Thousand times that I had let slip the Opportunity of knowing her, and that I was so weak as to trust to a Woman's Word. To add to my Sorrow *Don Pedro*, writ to me from *Madrid*, That he had concluded his Negotiation with Success, and would in a few Days come to me to *Alcala* in order to return to *Flanders*. I thought I should have run mad; for tho' I had all the Reason in the World to believe I should never hear of my Mistress unknown, yet I could not forget her, and I was inconsolable, when I consider'd that my Departure destroy'd the small Hopes I had left of seeing her. This was my Condition, and I had Thoughts of going to the Castle, where I saw her, when one Morning coming out of a Church a Woman in a Vail slipp'd a little Note into my Hand, and vanish'd, without allowing me time to stop, or to ask her any Question. I presently open'd the Paper, and in it found these Words. *It is but Justice that I be as good as my Word, since you have kept yours. Be you to Morrow at the same time in the same Place where this Note is deliver'd to you. You shall be conducted, where you will hear such News as will please you, if your Mind is not chang'd.* I could not make any Doubt but this Note came from my Lady unknown. I read it Twenty times with all the Transports of a young Man beside himself with Love and Joy. The Satisfaction of understanding she was not insensible to my Passion, cast me into a Disorder, a Commotion, a sort of Distraction, which was all Charms. I was not Master of my self all the rest of the Day; but had enough to do to govern my Impatience arising from the Expectation of the Happiness I hop'd for the next Day. The Sun seem'd to move too slow, and every Moment of the Night look'd like an Age. I got up before Day, and was at the Place appointed long enough before the time I was to be met. At last I saw the Person I waited for, come. I follow'd her to a little House, at the End of one of the Suburbs. I was carry'd into a Chamber very ill furnish'd, but it appear'd to me the richest in the World, when I spy'd my

my Mistress in it. She came forwards to meet me. *Don Cesar*, said she, I was resolv'd I would not seem any longer ungrateful to you, and by what I do for your sake you may perceive that, perhaps, I go too far in Compliance to my Thankfulness. Madam, said I, I am fully sensible of the Value of such a Favour. I shall ever cherish the Memory of it; but, if my Actions could not deserve, you shall never have Cause to repent your granting of it. You have deserv'd it, answer'd she, by relying on my Word, and by your Secrecy. I know how your best Friends have endeavour'd to tear your Secret from you, and how you have withstood their Importunities. This has oblig'd me to overcome all the Difficulties my Modesty suggested to oppose the ardent Desire you had to know me. I will now give you that Satisfaction, I will not have you any longer be ignorant of the Name of one that is so much indebted to you.

My name is *Donna Anna de Montoya*, I am of one of the ancientest Noble Families of *Castile*, my Father and I liv'd at *Siguenca*, when you came to that Castle where you saw me, which is a Duke's Country-House. You might guess by its Grandeur that it did not belong to any private Person. A Niece of the Dutchess's falling sick, could not go with the Duke and Dutchess to Court at a time when they were oblig'd to repair thither upon urgent Business. She was left in that Castle, as sole Mistress in their Absence. I went to visit her with some other Ladies of our Town, who were her particular Friends, as well as my self. That House being a most delicious Place in the Heat of Summer, and having most stately Baths, I had bath'd there several Days, as well for Health sake, as for Coolness. I had not the least Apprehension of being surpriz'd in that delightful Place, and thought my self the safer that Day I saw you, because I had order'd a Maid that waited on me to lock up all the Doors that led to it; but the false Wretch had left them open being corrupted by a Gentleman of *Siguenca* that was in Love with me. His Name was *Don Livio*, and he had ask'd me of my Father, who refus'd him for certain Reasons I need not tell you. Neither had I been any more favourable to his Courtship; and there-

therefore not knowing how to satisfy his Love, he resolv'd to steal me away. My Maid, who was corrupted by him, took care to let him know I was at the Duke's House, and that I bath'd all alone most Days; and in short, that he could never have a better Opportunity to steal me away, as he design'd, because there were none but Women in the Castle. For so it was, that all the Servants were gone to a Wedding at a Village a good Distance off. They agreed upon the Time when *Don Livio* should be at the Garden Gate next to the Wood, with his Attendance. He went up to the Summer-House; but not finding me in the Baths, because the Sight of you made me go away sooner than at other Times, and therefore he went on to the Castle with his Men. He seiz'd me in a great Room among my Companions, who were playing at *Hombre*, and I was telling them how I had been surpriz'd in the Bath. He did not stand to talk, or make any Apology for his base Action; but made his Men carry me away, notwithstanding our Cries, and all the Resistance my Companions and I could make. They dragg'd me to the Wood, where they had left their Horses, and *Don Livio* having caus'd me to be set up before him, clasp'd his Arms so strongly about me, that I could not help my self: The rest of this Adventure you know as well as I. I will now tell you what happen'd afterwards, and the Reason why you see me here. When you were gone, I could not but have a great Esteem for you, and being mov'd at your Submission, was griev'd to see you depart, nay, I did almost repent me for using you so cruelly, but I thought it convenient for my own Quiet. I was resolv'd before I would admit of your Courtship, to make Trial of your Prudence, which yet I had no Reason to doubt of, and this made me adhere to my Resolution. I caus'd my self to be reconducted to the Castle by a great Number of Peasants, arm'd with Bills and Prongs. There I found my Companions in Distraction, and all the House in an Up roar. But my Return, and the Account I gave them how I had been deliver'd from *Don Livio*, turn'd their Disorder into Joy. From that Time I grew thoughty, and delighted to be alone. The Idea of you was the pleasing Object of my Thoughts.

Thoughts. I took Delight in calling to mind the Passion I had discover'd in your Eyes, and the disconsolate Condition I left you in, and repeated the last Words you spoke. In short, I call'd over all the Circumstances of our Meeting Twenty times a Day. Next I had a Curiosity to know how you liv'd at *Alcala*, and whether your Actions did not disprove what your Words had signify'd to me. It was no difficult Matter for me to learn what I desir'd, because my Father had an Estate near the Town, and I wanted not Friends I could confide in: I was inform'd you pin'd away with some private Grief, which you carefully conceal'd from all Mankind. This confirm'd me in the Resolution of being as good as my Word to you; whereas had I been told, that you were more easie, you should never have heard from me. My Father *Don Bertrand* looking upon what *Don Livio* had done, as a Design upon his Honour, took a Course at Law to have that Gentleman's Person and Memory declar'd infamous. But that was not to be done so soon; all the Town engag'd in the Quarrel on one Side or other, as Kindred, Friendship, or Interest drew them. At last *Don Bertrand* perceiving the Affair was like to hold long, grew weary of that troublesome Life, and finding that at his Age he had more need of Rest, than so much Business, he resolv'd to leave *Siguenca*, where his Enemies Faction was stronger than his own, to spend the Remainder of his Days more peaceably in some other Town. I was not backward in strengthening his Resolution, and he seeming doubtful what Town to pitch upon, I perswaded him to fix upon this, where he has an Estate, and many Friends. Having settled our Affairs in *Siguenca*, we left that Place, and have now been here a few Days, my first Care was to find an Opportunity of discharging my self towards you; and I think I have so done it, that you can have no just Cause of Complaint against me.

Here *Donna Anna* concluded her Discourse. I return'd Thanks for her Goodness, and, after much more Talk, we parted, but had other Meetings in the same Place. I was full of my good Fortune, and tho' she had never declar'd how far I might hope,

yet no Apprehension disquieted me; but in Love's Empire, Revolutions are too frequent for a Lover to continue long in a happy State. *Don Pedro*, cruel *Don Pedro*, came to rob me of my Bliss. He had at length concluded the Match between the Arch-Duke and the *Infanta*, after all the Difficulties and Delays in the Council at *Madrid*. The News was of too great Moment to delay giving the Arch-Duke an Account of it, and *Don Pedro* would have us ride Post. He could scarce be perswaded to grant a few Moments to his Brothers and his Nephews Affection, who in vain us'd all their Endeavours to detain him, tho' it were but Two or Three Days. In short, he was so hasty, that all I could do was to gain one Interview more with *Donna Anna*. Good God, how moving it was! She said a Thousand kind Things, and plainly own'd that she lov'd me as passionately as was possible to love. I made such Returns as could be expected from a Man so entirely full of Love and Gratitude; but being desirous to know whether I might hope to marry her, notwithstanding the Meanness of my Birth, I said to her, Madam, since I am going to leave you, may I presume to ask, whether you'll allow me to hope, that we may one Day be perfectly united. May I raise my ambitious Desires so high? Shall I set out with that Expectation? Hear me, *Cæsar*, answer'd she, showing some Disorder by her Blushes; I must confess your Birth is some Trouble to me; not that I value your Person less than if you were descended from our first Kings; but I know my Father's Humour, and I fear he will not be prevail'd upon to admit as a Son-in-Law of a Man who is not so well born as himself. I am too sensible, said I, that your Father, justly disliking my Birth, will not approve of my Demand. I know that *Cæsar*, whilst he is only bare *Cæsar*, must not expect to enjoy you. But I must tell you, Madam, I have such a Heart, that I dare hope for that by my Sword, which might be refus'd to the Obscurity of my Family. Love has made many Heroes. Encourag'd by my Passion, and by the Desire of rendring my self worthy of you, I shall, perhaps, perform such Actions, as my Courage would not attempt, were the Object I aim at less valuable.

luable. But, Madam, should your Father, whilst I am fighting for you, be so cruel as to dispose of you, and give you up to some Man that does not love you, will you suffer your self to be torn from me? I have never consider'd, said *Donna Anna*, what I should do upon that Exigency. I believe my Father is too good to force me; but, in short, should he make use of all the Power Heaven and Nature have given him over me, I find I should not have the Courage to withstand him. I should pity you, and should pity my self if I saw my Heart so oppress'd; but whatever Affection I have for you, do not flatter your self, *Cesar*, for I would sacrifice it to my Duty. Such a vertuous Resolution, was doubtless very honourable in *Donna Anna*; but I should have lik'd her ne'er the worse if she had not been altogether so obedient to her Father. She soon perceiv'd what a dismal Effect her last Words had on me, and therefore to comfort me, she told me, we had no Occasion to fear, for her Father lov'd her so tenderly, that there was no Reason to imagine he would put her upon so hard a Trial. Go, my dear *Cesar*, added she, lovingly pressing my Head between her Hands, go make your bright Actions, put Fortune to the Blush, for having dealt so unjustly with you at your Birth, and return so full of Glory, that my Father may think it an Honour to him to bestow me on you. Go, I say again, where Duty calls you, and assure your self I will do all that mine will permit me, that I may never have any Husband but *Cesar*. When she had so spoke, I saw some Tears trickle down from her bright Eyes, which touch'd me so to the Quick, that falling down before her, I embrac'd her Knees, without being able to utter one Word. At length, after a Thousand mutual Protections of Love, and Fidelity, I return'd to *Don Pedro*, and with him into *Flanders*.

C H A P. IX.

How Sancho interrupted Don Ferdinand, and how much Don Quixote was afflicted, when he heard the Queen of the Amazons was gone.

DON Alvaro, the Earl, and the Rest of the Company were attentively list'ning to *Don Ferdinand*, when *Sancho* returning from the Kitchen in a Heat, interrupted the Relation, crying out as loud as he was able, Great News, Master *Don Quixote*, mighty News! You design'd to combat this Day at the Court for Madam *Zenobia*; but, by my Troth, you may save your self the Labour. The Setting-Dog may stay at Home when the Patridges are flown. What do you mean by that, said *Don Quixote*? I mean, Sir, answer'd the Squire, that the Nest is empty, and when the Cage is made, the Bird flies away. Have done with your Proverbs, reply'd the Knight, and be plain in few Words. Well, Sir, quoth *Sancho*, to be plain in few Words, I must tell you, that Madam *Zenobia*, whip. Speak that you may be understood, you Brute, said *Don Quixote*. What is the Meaning of all that? Why then answer'd the Squire, the Meaning is, that our Lady Queen has pack'd up her Nauls, and is no longer in *Madrid*. What do I hear, cry'd the Knight? But you mistake, Friend. It is impossible she should have left us so. Pray, Sir, excuse me, quoth *Sancho*, there is nothing more certain. She went away last Night, and no Body in this House knows what is become of her. O Heavens! cry'd *Don Quixote*, rising from his Seat in such manner as show'd he was full of Grief and Despair; some Enchanter has certainly convey'd her away. O unfortunate Knight! You must die for Shame, that you guarded your Princess so ill. Who will trust you for the future with *Infanta's*? Son *Sancho*, go saddle *Rocinante*, and Dapple immediately; let us

us flie to seek the Peerless *Zenobia* in all Parts. I swear by the Sacred Order of Chivalry, I profess, that I will not stop in any Place that is inhabited, and that I will eat without a Table-Cloth, or Napkin, till I have found that only Lady of my Affections. Ads curse, cry'd *Sancho*, abruptly; Where the Devil shall we go look for her, when we don't know which Way she is gone? You'll make me renounce all my Generation. Why should we leave these Gentlemen, who entertain us so nobly, to run after a Sham Queen, who gives us the Slip with the Mule and her Silk Cloaths, without so much as thanking us? Do what I bid you, answer'd *Don Quixote*, and let me hear no more. This said, he would have gone to his Chamber for his Lance and Buckler; but the Earl and *Don Carlos* seeing him so resolv'd, endeavour'd to dissuade him, by representing to him the dangerous Consequences of his Departure. In short, *Don Quixote*, said the *Grana-dine*, do you consider what you are going to do? Don't you remember, that if you go from *Madrid*, the King of *Cyprus*, who is near at hand, will not fail to accuse you of Cowardize? He'll say, you durst not wait his coming, and will proudly boast that he made you flie. I am sensible how much you are concern'd at the Loss of your Princess; but you know better than I, that a Knight is to prefer his Honour before his Affections. You are in the Right, *Don Alvaro*, answer'd *Don Quixote*, he is to mind Three Things, the First is Religion, the Second is Honour, and the Third his Mistress. And therefore, since Honour obstructs my Departure, I will stay here till I have slain *Bramarbas*; but whilst I stay, I am in the Mind to send *Sancho* to seek the Queen every-where, as ancient Knights us'd to do upon the like Occasions. Good, quoth the Squire, by my Troth, a hopeful Commission. Why d'ye think I have study'd Philosophy, to divine where the Princess is? And in case I should find her in the Paws of some Enchanter? Do you really think I am such a Fool as to go to have my Bones broken? No Friend, answer'd *Don Quixote*, I do not design you should expose your self to unheard of Dangers, to get her out of the Hands of a Negromancer. That is not lawful for you, who are not

dubb'd a Knight; and provided you can but discover the Castle where she is confin'd, I desire no more of you. You see *Sancho*, said *Don Carlos*, that your Master requires nothing of you that is hard, or unreasonable. It is not hard to be said, answer'd the Squire, but it is quite another Matter to perform it. A Man does not always find what he seeks, I can assure you; and a Man may travel Ten Leagues without finding such a Portmanteau as *Cardenio's*. Well, *Sancho*, reply'd *Don Quixote*, you must set out immediately, and that you may proceed regularly in your Search after *Zenobia*, I'll show you the Way you are to follow. Go directly into *France*, then into *Flanders*, and so into *Holland*, where you shall embark at the Mouth of the *Maese* for *England*. Then search *Ireland*, and *Scotland*, formerly call'd *Albania*. Thence make a Step into the Island of *Thule*, so much talk'd of among the Ancients, who thought it the furthest Part of the Earth, because they knew not the *New World*. Next, continuing your Voyage Northward, you shall go into the *Hyperborean* Regions, where you will find the Floating Islands of the *Hyperborean* Prince, my Rival. There you must enquire narrowly after the Queen; for it is likely the Enchanter, who has taken her away, may have convey'd her thither, to satisfy the *Hyperborean* Prince's Passion. If upon strict Search you miss of her there, you shall embark on the frozen Sea of *Groenland*, where a wise Man, my Friend, will not fail to furnish you with a Vessel to carry you to *Lapland*. You shall cross *Norway*, *Gothland*, and the Country of the *Vandals*, now call'd *Sweden*, whence you shall pass into *Denmark*, once call'd the Kingdom of the *Cimbrians*; and after visiting all Parts of *Germany*, you shall traverse *Illyria*, *Italy*, and *Sicily*; and when a Vessel has carry'd you from *Syracusa* into *Macedon*, you'll there see the famous Fields of *Philippi*; then you shall travel through *Bulgaria*, *Sclavonia*, *Serbia*, and the other Parts of the famous *Grecian* Empire. After that, you shall go into *Sarmatia*; thence into *Circassia*, that flourishing Kingdom of the valiant *Sacripant*; and thence into the vast Empire of *Lucia*, whose mighty Power had like to have overthrown the flourishing Empire of *Greece*, in the Time of the War-like

like *Amazons*. Then directing your Course to *Constantinople* by the *Euxine*, Sea, and passing the Streights of *Hellepont*, famous for the Loves of *Hero* and *Leander*, you shall land in *Asia*. In that Part of the World, *Sancho*, the great Empire of the Sultan of *Niquea* will astonish you with its rich and stately Cities, and those sumptuous Palaces so curiously describ'd in Books of Knight Errantry. Next drawing towards *Cappadocia*, and the Banks of the clear River *Thermodon*, which Waters the delicious Plains of the noble Kingdom of the *Amazons*, you shall repair to *Themiscyra*, where you shall comfort those Warlike Women for the Absence of their Queen, the Princess *Zenobia*; telling them, that I am her Knight, and will restore her to them in Spight of all Enchanters that shall pretend to oppose it. From *Cappadocia*, be sure you go into *Armenia*, *Iberia*, *Georgia*, and the famous Empire of *Tartary*, now in the Possession of the Successors of the famous *Agrican*, and *Mandricard*, Lovers of the beautiful *Angelica*, and Rivals to that Earl of *Angiers* whom you saw not long since near *Ateca*. Thence proceed to the Empire of *Cathay*, to that of *China*, to the *Indies*, and the *Mogol's* Country; but when you come to *Ispahan*, manage it so with Presents and Art, that you may get into the *Sophy's* *Seraglio*, to see whether the Princess *Zenobia* be not there. In short, *Sancho*, when you have satisfy'd your Curiosity at the Court of the Sultan of *Babylon*, you shall come back towards the Kingdoms of *Cyprus* and *Damascus*, where formerly reign'd the good old Man *Norandain*, the great Friend of Knights Errant; but before you leave *Asia*, visit the *Arabia's*, and particularly that where the *Phoenix* is found. And when you have attentively view'd the Tomb of the *Sarazen* Prophet, you shall pass over the Isthmus that joins *Asia* and *Africa*. You may stay one Day to rest you in the great City of *Alexandria*, then going up the *Nile* along those fruitful Plains that River waters, you shall pass into the Empire of *Ethiopia* and the *Abissines*. Then turning away to the Southward you shall advance into the Kingdom of the *Cafres*, so fatal to Strangers, because those barbarous People feed on Human Blood. Next you shall turn again to the Northward, and will

come into the Kingdoms of *Tombut* and *Senega*, and the vast Empire of the Blacks; whence crossing the Dominions of the King of *Morocco*, and those that once belong'd to King *Agramant*, that fatal Enemy to the mighty *Charlemaign*, Emperor of the *Romans*, you shall embark at *Algier* to return into *Spain*. Mother of God, cry'd *Sancho*, what a Journey is that? I had rather go to the Shrine of *S. James* in *Galacia*. Faith, my Afs and I shall try what our Feet are made of. In truth, *Sancho*, said *Don Carlos*, laughing, Dapple and you are like to see abundance of Countries. You need but follow the Road your Master has lay'd before you, there is do Danger of missing it. Go quickly, and make haste back. Make haste back, quoth *Sancho*. Fair and softly, *Don Carlos*. I must first go to *Constantinople*, and thence into *France*; from *France* into the *Seraglio's Sophy*, and from thence to the Devil in Hell. Don't you consider, that tho' my Afs trotted all the Way, he could not perform that Journey in a Week. Be gone quickly, my Lad, said *Don Quixote*, make all the haste you can, and return as soon as may be. You shall find me here. I will go shut my self up in my Chamber during that time; but the Laws of ancient Chivalry require, that I wholly give my self up to Sorrow, that I pine away with Grief, and that I perform all the Actions of a despairing Knight. That is but reasonable, said *Don Alvaro*; but I am of Opinion you had better dine with us first, the better to feed your Affliction. Heavens defend me from it, answer'd *Don Quixote*; I will be Eight Days without eating, or drinking, or speaking one Word. This said, he gravely saluted the Company, and retir'd to his own Room, double locking the Door, for fear some indiscreet Person should come to disturb the Pleasure he was going to take in afflicting himself.

In the mean while the Gentlemen having kept *Sancho* with them, began to rally him about his Journey. Then you are going to leave us, Mr. Governor, said *Don Alvaro*? Won't you dine before you go? Dine with you, answer'd the Squire? You need not question it *Don Alvaro*; and if you please I design to fill my Wallet, as I did at *Zaragoza*; for I have a great Way to go, and you know it is the Belly that

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carries the Legs. You are in the Right, said *Don Carlos*; it is a long Way, and you will do well to lay in Provisions. I could wish you were come back already, to give us a curious Account of your Progress; to tell to us the Rarities of strange Countries, and, like other Travellers, to talk to us of a Thousand fine Things you never saw. I have one Favour to ask of you Mr. Governour; said the Earl. Pray bring me the largest Pearls you can find in the *Indies* to make the Princess *Trebasina*, my Wife, a Necklace. Pearls d'ye say; answer'd *Sancho*. Why is the Country I am going to a Pearl Country. No question of it, reply'd the Earl. Pox on it, why did not you tell me so sooner, and I had been gone an Hour ago, and by this time I had been in *England*. May I presume, said *Don Pedro*, to desire another small Kindness of Mr. Governour? You may, answer'd *Sancho*, you need only name what you would have, and it is done. Would you have some Pearls too? I desire neither Pearls, nor Diamonds, reply'd *Don Pedro*. I would only have you, as you pass through the Country of the *Cafres*, to enquire how many Squires they have eaten this Year. I have a Curiosity to know it. Nay, as for that damn'd Kingdom; quoth *Sancho*, I am your humble Servant. I will not come within an Hundred Paces of it. I know what a Spit with Three Points is; and by my Troth, when a Man has once had the Cholick he has Reason to be afraid of the Gripes. *Don Carlos* and the *Granadine* gave the Squire other Commissions; but whilst they were giving their Instructions, there came into the Room a Reverend old Man. He was clad in a long Robe of black Sattin, girt about him with a broad yellow Ribband. On his Head he had a Cap of Goat's Hair, and a white Beard, which reach'd down to his Knees. He leant on a Staff he held in his Right Hand, and in the Left he had a great Book. The Gentlemen soon perceiv'd that the old Man was *Don Carlos's* young Secretary, and this new Disguise was the more pleasing to them, because they knew nothing of it. As soon as *Sancho* spy'd the old Man's long Beard, he cry'd out. Good God, what a Beard there is! No Horses Tail is like it. Friend, said the Secretary, talk more respectfully

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of a Beard Twelve Hundred Years old. Mercy on us, reply'd the Squire, is it possible you should be Twelve Hundred Years of Age? Then you are an Enchanter. Right, quoth the old Man. By my Troth, I fancy'd as much, answer'd *Sancho*, for I have heard say, that Enchanters live so long that they bury their Grandfathers. You have been rightly inform'd, reply'd the Secretary; and I must tell you, I am call'd the Wise *Lirgandus*. I believe you are no Stranger to my Name. No faith, quoth the Squire, I know you well enough. You are a Friend to my Master *Don Quixote*. We have often call'd upon you in our Com-bats. But so it is, my Brother may cry on, for my Father does not rock him. To deal plainly, you have left us so often sticking in the Mire, that it is a Wonder we ever pull'd our Legs out. O my poor *Sancho*, answer'd the Enchanter. You have no Cause to complain. We Enchanters cannot be here and there and every-where. We have so many Damsels to enchant, so many Knights to cast into Prisons, so many Squires to toss in Blankets; and in short, we have so much Business on all Hands, that we cannot always come just in time to help out a Knight we protect. Is it not enough that we come when he is well beaten to rub him down, or bring him some Balsom. I can assure you, is is not for want of good Will, and your Master would be in the wrong, should he complain, that I am unconcern'd at his Misfortunes. I come to *Madrid* on purpose to comfort him upon the Departure of *Queen Zenobia*. Then you are welcome said *Sancho*, but in the Name of God, Mr. *Lirgandus*, take care to hinder him by your Magick from being Eight Days without eating or drinking; and satisfie him that there is no need I should pass over the Hellish Ponds, and all the other Ponds in the World to run after the Princess. Pray order it so, that I may not leave this Place. Save my Ass this Jaunt, and he will give you a Thousand Blessings for it. Well, Friend, said the Enchanter, lead me to your Master's Chamber, and I engage for it, you shall not go. The Squire, overjoy'd at this Promise, conducted him as he desir'd. The Gentlemen being willing to know what the Wise *Lirgandus* would say, follow'd him; and

and when they came to the Chamber-Door, they heard the Knight crying out aloud. O Quintessence of Beauty, Eighth Wonder in the World ! Where are you at this Time ? Alas ! Perhaps you are beset with Monsters, making some Negromancer's Castle resound with your doleful Cries. I impatiently expect my Squire's Return, that I may fly to your Relief. In the mean while, listen to my dismal Moan, and sorrowful Complaints, thou adorable Queen of my Soul.

Open the Door, Sir, open the Door, cry'd *Sancho*, knocking furiously. You need not despair, Madam *Zenobia* is not lost. *Don Quixote* knowing his Squire's Voice, open'd the Door, saying, What now, my Son, have you found out already where the Queen is ? No, Sir, answer'd *Sancho* ; but here is the wise *Lirgandus*, your Friend, who is come to bring you Tidings of her. It is so, Knight of the *Cupids*, said the Secretary, embracing *Don Quixote* ; I come to tell you what is become of her ; but cease your Affliction, and think no more of Queen *Zenobia*. The wise *Artemidorus* has taken her from you, to restore her to her lawful Husband. What do I hear, cry'd *Don Quixote*, is the Princess marry'd ? Has she espous'd *Hyperborean*, the Prince of the Floating Islands ? You have said it, answer'd *Lirgandus* ; you have read in that Prince's History, with how much Valour he deliver'd that Princess from the Cristal Tower, in which the Enchanter *Pamphus* had confin'd her. But since the History goes no further, I must tell you the rest. The beautiful *Zenobia*, being set free by the Prince of the Floating Islands, grew so fond of him, that she resolv'd to let him know it. And the Princesses of her Country making no Bones, as you well know, to go meet Princes in their Camps, this chaste Queen went away to see *Hyperborean* in his. He receiv'd her with all the Kindness of a passionate Lover, made a great Feast, and they were marry'd before Dinner was over. Then he carry'd her to his Floating Islands, where, for a Proof of his Manhood, she was deliver'd of Three Children. But about a Month after she had given this rare Demonstration of her Fruitfulness, the Enchanter, or rather the mad Fellow *Pamphus*, who was always in Love with that Princess, tho' she hated him,

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to be reveng'd of her, one Day as she was hunting, brought her over into a Wood in *Spain*, where having unmercifully stripp'd her to her Smock, he bound her to a Tree, and to add to her Misfortune gave her the perfect Resemblance of a base Tripe-Women at *Alcala*, call'd *Barbara Hackt-Face*. By Heaven's, that is true, cry'd *Sancho*, interrupting him; for *Bracamonte* the Soldier was mistaken in her, and I dare lay a Wager, that the Players we met the other Day, don't know they spent the Night a drinking with a Princess. *Phampus*, the Enchanter, continu'd the Secretary, having thus left *Zenobia* in the Wood, where you found her, made no Question but the Wolves would devour her. But when he understood, that you had rescu'd her, and she was under your Protection, he was ready to run mad. He attempted to steal her from you; but missing of his Aim, he was so vex'd, that he retir'd to one of his Castles, and has never stirr'd abroad since. On the other side, Prince *Hyperborean* led a sad Life for the Loss of his Wife; but the Wife *Artemidorus* found out, by his Art, that she was here, and that you was in Love with her. For which Reason he stole her away from you last Night. Dry up your Tears then, Knight; banish from your Heart and Memory the Resemblance of that Princess; and think of nothing now, but your Combat with *Bramarbas*. I must let you know, that Giant will be in Town to Morrow, and you will stand in need of all your Strength to overcome him. Enough, wise *Lirgandus*, answer'd *Don Quixote*; I should be unworthy of your Friendship, did I not entirely follow your Advice. Since Queen *Zenobia* is marry'd, I will be her Knight no longer, I take back my Heart again. By that worshipful Beard, cry'd *Sancho*, my Master is the better for our Curate's Lectures. This it is to be an honest and a conscientious Knight, thus to let his Neighbours Wife alone. Would to God the worst in the World were like him. O how glad am I! There's an End of my Journey. But, Friend *Sancho*, said the Earl; if you don't go, Farewel my Pearls. As for that, answer'd the Squire, send for them by the Post. Is there no Body in the World can fetch them but I. In short I had rather you should go without Pearls; than my

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Dapple should batter all his Feet. Come Gentlemen, said the *Granadine*, since *Don Quixote* is no longer oblig'd to lock himself up, and to do Penance for Queen *Zenobia*, let us go sit down to Table? Will the wise *Lirgandus* do us the Honour to dine with us. I return you Thanks, Gentlemen, answer'd the Enchanter; I cannot stay here any longer. I am in haste to be gone into *Cochinchina*. All the Enchanters in the World are to be there this Afternoon, to decide a Controversie that is risen between Two of our Brethren, about an *Infanta* they have stolen from her Parents, and each of them would keep her to himself. Farewel, Gentlemen, till we meet again, remember, brave Knight of *La Mancha*, you shall see the dreadful *Brambas* to Morrow, and take Notice, that if he falls by your Hand, you will finish one of the noblest Adventures that ever was perform'd by Knight Errant. This said, he embrac'd *Don Quixote*, saluted the Company, and went into another Room to *Unlirgandise* himself; that is, to take off his Magick Robe, and his Horse-Tail-Beard, and to put on his Secretary's Cloaths. Then the Gentlemen finding *Don Quixote* comforted for the Loss of *Zenobia*, carry'd him into the Dining-Room, where the Table was cover'd. They all sat down, and after Dinner they desir'd young *D. Ferdinand* to prosecute his Story, which he did in this manner.

CHAP. X.

The Continuation and Conclusion of Don Ferdinand's Story.

DON Pedro and I, as I told you, return'd to *Flanders*, with all the Expedition we could, to carry the Arch-Duke our pleasing News. We came to *Antwerp*, where that Prince receiv'd us with extraordinary Kindness and Satisfaction. *Don Pedro* deliver'd to him the original Contract, which was so advantageous to him, and with it a Picture of the *Infanta*. She was extremely like her Mother, who was Daughter to *Henry* the

the Second, King of France, and the beautifullest Princess in Europe. The Arch-Duke was much taken with the Picture, and made mighty Preparations for the Reception of the *Infanta*, who was to set out as soon as possible from *Madrid*. He prefer'd *Don Pedro* to the greatest Employments in the Army, and gave me fresh Hopes. Tho' the Campaign was then drawing to an End, yet understanding that the Towns of *Sluys* and *Grave* were not well garrison'd, or provided, he resolv'd to besiege those Two Places, to put a more honourable End to the Campaign, and give that happy Omen to his Marriage. To this End he gather'd Two Armies, of Twenty Thousand Men each, made up of the Forces that were before in the Field, and such as he could draw out of Garrison, without exposing the Frontier Places to any Danger. He gave *Don Pedro* the Command of the Army design'd for *Grave*, the other was commanded by a General Officer, who took *Sluys* in a Month. *Grave* held out but Eight Days from the opening of the Trenches, which was occasion'd by an Accident seldom seen at such important Sieges. Our Trenches were well advanc'd, when the Governour of the Place, believing we should soon be in a Condition to attack the Covert-Way, thought fit to make a great Salley with the Choice of his Foot, supported by all his Horse. We were upon our Guard, expecting some such Design. *Don Pedro* posted several Bodies of Men in convenient Places to second our Work-men, and I was order'd to support them with our Regiment. The Besieged made a vigorous Attack upon our Trenches, our Infantry oppos'd them gallantly; and then the Horse fell in on both Sides. The Fight was bloody, and lasted long; but at last we repuls'd them, and entred the Town with them Pell-Mell. My first Care was to secure the Gate, and to send away a Trooper in haste for our next Troops to come to support me. They did so, and the best part of our Army was in the Town before the Enemy thought of repulsing us, their Confusion was so great. We made all the Garrison Prisoners, except those that fled out at the opposite Gate from us, and even most of them fell into the Hands of our Troops that were posted on

on that Side. Thus we became Masters of *Grave*. When the Arch-Duke receiv'd this News, he could scarce believe it. He gave me great Commendations, declar'd he was beholding to me for that important Conquest, and gave me the Command of a Regiment, with a Pension to live up to it. That Great Prince's Generosity was a mighty Satisfaction to me; for every thing fill'd my Heart with Joy, which seem'd to set me any thing nearer to *Donna Anna*. As for *Don Pedro*, the Arch-Duke shew'd him the greatest Tokens of Esteem and Honour, and commended him for his Conduct of the Works against the Place, and the Measures he had taken to prevent its being reliev'd. At this happy Time the *Infanta* arriv'd at *Dunkirk*. The Arch-Duke went thither to meet her, and found she was more beautiful than her Picture. I shall not pretend to tell you the publick Rejoicings there were throughout all the *Low-Countries*. I will only tell you, that he carry'd her to *Bruges*, to *Gant* and to *Antwerp*, where all the People strove to exert their Zeal to them. He freely renounc'd the Scarlet-Robe to marry a Princess, who, besides her Charms, brought him in Dower such considerable Dominions. The Wedding was kept at *Bruxels*, with such Magnificence as was suitable to such illustrious Lovers. Among other publick Shows, there was a gallant Tilt-ing in the chief Market-Place, or Square of the Town. All the Nobility appear'd at it in great Splendor. I had the Honour to be of *Don Pedro's* Troop, and was none of those that gain'd least Applause.

As much as the Arch-Duke was full of his good Fortune, yet the Sweets of Love did not make him forget the Care of the War. He had apply'd himself diligently since he govern'd, to reduce the Rebels; but the Assistance they had from *France* had been an Obstacle to his Success. To remove this Let, Conferences were held at *Vervins* between the Ministers of *Spain* and *France*, for settling a Peace between the Two Crowns, that *Spain* might bend all its Power against the *United-Provinces*. The Peace being concluded, he took the Field, and defeated a considerable Body of *Dutch* near *Nieuport*; but, thinking to perfect his Victory, and presuming to attack the Enemy
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in their Entrenchments, contrary to the Advice of his Generals, he was defeated by Prince *Maurice*. This Misfortune nothing abated his Courage, for the next Year he form'd the famous Siege of *Ostend*, which will ever remain a memorable Instance of the Constancy of the Besiegers, and the Obstinacy of Rebels, for it lasted Three Years, Three Months, and Three Days. I shall not go about to give you the Particulars of an Action so well known; but will only tell you, that Prince *Maurice* us'd all possible Means to raise the Siege; but rather than forsake it, we suffer'd him to take *Grave* and *Sluys*.

Tho' I was employ'd in the War, my Thoughts still ran upon *Donna Anna*, and my Love was so great, that I could never have liv'd so long without seeing her, had I not thought it absolutely necessary to gain a great Name by my Sword to make my self worthy to be her Husband. However, my Heart was not at Rest; but Fortune favouring my Design, brought me back to *Donna Anna*, when I least expected it. *Philip* the Third, by his Father's Death, was sole Heir of this mighty Monarchy; and the *Moors* looking upon *Tangier*, *Ceuta*, *Oran*, *Mazagan*, and the other Places we have on the Coast of *Africk*, as an Eye-sore to them, resolv'd to make themselves Masters of them. They durst not attempt it during the Reign of *Philip* the Second, whom they dreaded; but believing they might make an easie Conquest at the Beginning of a new Reign, they made great Preparations in order to it. The Duke of *Lerma*, who had the Charge of those Affairs, being inform'd of their Design, began to raise Forces. All the Quality of *Spain*, fit to be employ'd in the *African* War, being then in the Service in *Flanders*, or *Italy*, where the Stress of the War lay, the King writ to the Arch-Duke to send over some Officers, but particularly Two General Officers, on whose Conduct he might relie. The Arch-Duke, amidst all the Great Men in his Court, pitch'd upon *Don Pedro*, and made Choice of me to command under him. I was, you must think, sufficiently overjoy'd to see my self now become a General Officer; nothing could add to it, but the Pleasure of returning to *Spain*, where I hop'd to see *Donna Anna*. We had
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scarce time to return our Thanks to that Prince, before we were oblig'd to take our Leave. This I may say, that all Persons of any Note were sorry to part with us, and the Arch-Duke himself, when we took our Leave very kindly, declar'd, that he look'd upon it as a great Loss to himself to be depriv'd of our Service ; but that the Obligations he had to the Crown of *Spain* prevail'd with him to sacrifice all to it.

We left *Bruxels*, and the Peace lately concluded with *France* giving us Liberty of passing thro' that noble Kingdom, we thought fit to go by Land. We entred *Spain* by the Way of *Navarre*, and as soon as we came to *Madrid*, waited on the Duke of *Lerma*, and other great Ministers, who receiv'd us very honourably upon the favourable Account the Arch-Duke gave of us. Then they conducted us to receive the King's Orders, who did us much Honour, and promis'd we should have our Commissions forthwith. All the Business depending on *Don Pedro*, who was to command our little Army, I had no more to do at *Madrid*, till our Departure for *Africa*, which was not like to be in haste, because our inferior Officers were very backwards in their Levies, and a Fleet was to be fitted at *Cadix*, to carry us over. This prov'd very advantageous to me, for it gave me the Opportunity of spending some Months at *Alcala*. Thither I went, and was too impatient to see *Donna Anna*, to think of any thing else ; therefore leaving my Man and my Horses in an Inn, I hasten'd to the Place, where I had often seen her. There I understood that she had been gone some Days since to *Siguencia*, with her Father about their private Concerns, and they knew not when she would return. This News troubled me, and I return'd to the Inn, to rest me, for it was then late, but as I was passing by a House, a Woman came out of it, and taking me by the Hand, without speaking one Word ; led me into it. I follow'd without considering what I did at first ; but when I came to my self, that Woman bid me shut the Door, and follow her. I guess'd it was some amorous Intrigue I was fallen into, and that the Woman being disorder'd by the Thoughts of what she was doing unknown to her Parents, or deluded by her Imagination, took me for another in

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the Dark. I was about drawing back, tho' the Opportunity was such as might make a Man bold, yet I would not be oblig'd to Chance for my good Fortune, and was too nice to accept of Favours, which Love did not design for me. However, Curiosity stopp'd me. I had a mind to see whether the Lady was beautiful, and what could be the Meaning of this Adventure; and perhaps, Fate had so order'd that I should this Way come to discover from whom I had my Being. I follow'd the Lady up to the Stair-Head, having only put too the Street-Door, without locking it, that I might get out the better, if there was Occasion. She having bid me to stay there for her, I waited, till hearing some Body come up the Stairs softly, I stood up close in the Corner that I might not be in the Way; but what I did to shun him, threw me just into his Arms; for the Man, who in all Likelihood knew the Ways in the House no better then I, crept along the Wall, and met me in the Corner. Tho' I had not much time to consider, I soon concluded that was the Party design'd for the Intrigue. We began to feel one another without speaking a Word; but having Reason to fear he would not fail to be the Death of me when he felt I was a Man, I took care to prevent him, and drawing my Dagger, stuck it twice into his Breast. I heard him drop down at my Feet, fetching a deep Groan. I slipp'd down the Stairs, and out of the House shutting the Door after me, that I might not be follow'd, and made Haste to my Inn, where I took care not to mention my Adventure. I spent the rest of the Night making serious Reflections on the Extravagancies of Youth, which runs it self into all Misfortunes, when Prudence does not guide it, and I could not forgive my self for what I had done only out of a meer foolish Curiosity. But what a Trouble was I in, when going the next Day to *Don Christopher's* I found all the Family in Confusion. I enquir'd into the Cause of it, and was told, that *Don Christopher* had the Night before receiv'd Two Stabs of a Dagger at *Donna Eugenia de Peralta's* House, and no Body knew how, or to what purpose he went into that Place. I desir'd to see him, but he knew no Body, and lay struggling for Life. His Friends endeavour'd to help him,

him, *Don Luis* was distracted, the Servants wept. What a dismal Spectacle was this for me ! I had no Reason to doubt but I had been the Murderer of my Friend. You may guess at my Concern. I curs'd my own Folly, and would have laid violent Hands on my self, had not the Surgeons declar'd the Wounds were not mortal; and tho' his Weakness gave us Cause to fear, yet they said they would answer for his Life, if he fell not into a Fever in Two Days. This Declaration made me hold my Hand, and prevented my making a Sacrifice to *Don Christopher* of his Murderer. The House was in great Affliction during the Two Days. I never left the wounded Man, but kept by his Bed-side Day and Night, felt his Pulse every Moment, and dreaded the Thoughts of a Fever. And to show how great my Concern was, I must tell you, that for those Two Days, I had no Thoughts of my Love. It pleas'd God he had no Fever, and such Care was taken of him, that he began by degrees to gather Strength.

When he was out of Danger, every Body was guessing at the Cause, and Circumstances of his Adventure, but no Body could imagine I had so great a Hand in it. Whilst he was under Cure, *Eugenia* made all possible Search after her Daughter. The Magistrates on their side enquir'd into *Engracia's* Flight, and *Don Christopher's* Wounds. The Judge in Criminal Causes thought it not enough to examine him, but carry'd *Eugenia* to his House to confront them. *Don Christopher* conceal'd no part of what he knew. He frankly own'd his Love for *Engracia*, and their Affignation. Whereupon the Judge said to her, Madam, by this we may easily guess, that you looking upon *Don Christopher* as the Deluder of your Daughter, employ'd some of your Kindred or Servants to revenge your Quarrel. And thus the Suspicion of the intended Murder falls upon you. *Eugenia* to clear her self, answer'd, that she was never acquainted with *Don Christopher's* Love to her Daughter. Then, said *Don Christopher*, Madam, I do not accuse you of any Design to murder me. I do not question your Innocence, and I wish your Daughter was not more to blame than you. But I have Reason to think some Rival has

carry'd her off, after leaving me in that Condition so unable to oppose him. Is there any Likelihood, said *Eugenia*, That my Daughter should make any Assignment to murder you? It is that which confounds me, answer'd *Don Christopher*, and hinders my being positive in my Censure. The Judge finding so little Light by them, could not make any Judgment, and therefore resolv'd upon a further Search.

During this time *Donna Anna* return'd from *Siguencia*, was overjoy'd to find me, and the more because she did not expect to see me. On my part, besides the Satisfaction of finding her more beautiful than ever, I had the Comfort to see she continu'd Faithful and Constant. We had several Interviews in the same House I told you of before. The Title of a General Officer I had obtain'd, made us hope her Father would approve of my Pretension, so that we both thought our selves happy. But Fortune soon cross'd our Bliss. *Don Christopher* recovering his Strength within a Month, went abroad. As I was one Day congratulating with him he appear'd discontented, and said, my Father has propos'd to marry me to the Daughter of a Friend of his, and he is so bent upon the Match that he will not allow me to make any Objections. This is very ungrateful to me, because I have still a Kindness for *Engracia*, whatever Cause I have to suspect her Fidelity. Do you know, said I, the Lady that is design'd for you. No, reply'd he; my Father has not yet told me her Name. He designs to let me see her first. He has only told me that she is very Rich, of noble Parentage, and that I cannot dislike her Person. I listned to what he said, as no further relating to me than as it concern'd him; but the next Day going to see *Donna Anna* at the usual Place, I found her all in Tears. It touch'd me to the Heart, and falling down before her to enquire the Cause of her Affliction, was strangely surpriz'd to hear that her Father was about marrying of her to *Don Christopher*, and had positively resolv'd it. This struck such a Damp upon my Soul, that I dropp'd down at her Feet, who fearing some ill Consequence, gave her Hand to help me up, and tho' her Trouble was not inferior to mine, she did

did all she could to comfort me. For a long time I could not speak one Word; I recover'd my Senses, but only so far as to be more sensible of my Grief. O Heavens! Cry'd I, will you give me over to my ill fate? Must all my Hopes, that were the Joy of my Life, vanish in a Moment! Then looking on *Donna Anna* in the greatest Disorder imaginable, I added; Madam, can you consent to that Match? Will you not make the least Step in Favour of an unhappy Man? Must the first Efforts of a Father's Will thus easily tear you from my Heart? I have done all, answer'd she, that Decency will allow of. I have told my Father I dislike'd the Match, I have conjur'd him not to force me to Obedience, and would still oppose him, could I think it were to any Purpose; but I know I shall not prevail upon him, since his Word is engag'd; my Prayers and Tears will but exasperate him. Yet I will speak to him once more, and will spare nothing that may move him. In short, if I cannot be yours, I promise you shall have no Cause to complain of me. This said, she left me to make her last Effort upon her Father.

I went away to my Inn, where I spent the rest of the Day lamenting my hard Fortune. But Hope never failing, even in Extremity, I call'd to Mind how I had left *Don Christopher*, and thought, that if I advis'd him to continue faithful to *Engracia*, notwithstanding his Father's Importunity, that might be a Means to break off the Match with *Donna Anna*. I went to his House full of this Design, and hop'd for Success; but he spying me, came to meet me full of those Transports that proceed from an Excess of Joy. O my dear *Cesar*, cry'd he, my Condition is much alter'd since Yesterday. I have seen that charming Creature my Father designs for me. You see I am in a Rapture. She is an Angel. I was impatient till I saw you; come now and partake of my Joy. You may well guess these Words were Death to me, but I answer'd. How so, *Don Christopher*, can you leave the unhappy *Engracia* to all her Misfortunes! Can you give her that stabbing Stroke to make her sensible she has ruin'd her self for a false Lover. *Engracia*, answer'd he, is most certainly base, it plainly appears by

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her Flight. But whether she was carry'd away by Force, or by her own Consent; whether she is innocent, or guilty, I will not think of her any more. Do not oppose my new Love, my dear Friend. I find a Thousand Advantages in the Match with *Donna Anna*. Her Birth, her Fortune, her Beauty, do all plead for my Love. I love her more passionately than ever I did *Engracia*. These Words quite overcame me. I turn'd Colour, my Eyes fail'd me, a cold Sweat spread all over my Body, and I was ready to faint. My Friend, thinking I was not well, did all he could to assist me, but as soon as I came to my self, I left him, pretending to go to repose me at my Inn; but being very earnest to see *Donna Anna*, I repair'd to our usual Rendezvous. Word was sent her, that I expected her. She soon came, and I as soon read in her Face the sad News she brought. Madam, said I, I perceive I am a lost Man, and that *Don Bertrand* has no more Compassion than *Don Christopher*. Do not fear to pronounce the Sentence of my Death, I am prepar'd for it. Did you know, answer'd she, how much I have talk'd to my Father to dissuade him; but alas! He is inexorable, and we must not any longer hope to live for one another. These Words made me exclaim against Heaven, and I was so overcome with Grief, that I had like to have dy'd at *Donna Anna's* Feet. She could not forbear crying to see me in that deplorable Condition; and tho' she wanted comforting herself, yet she encourag'd me to bear this Misfortune with Resolution. I was inconsolable, and answer'd, Madam, the Subject of our Sorrow is not the same; you only lose a Man, who had nothing worthy your Charms to offer; but I, together with my Life, am depriv'd of the most ravishing Hopes, the most glorious Fortune that ever Mortal could wish. My dear, *Don Caesar*, reply'd she, your Loss is great, since in me you lose, a Faithful and a loving Heart. I should be sorry you should not be troubled for the Loss of me, but your Sorrow may contain it self within Bounds, and your Valour must triumph over it. Ah, Madam, cry'd I, your Resolution is great; but tho' your Courage were never so extraordinary, you could scarce bear up, were you as sensible of the Loss
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of *Cesar*, as *Cesar* is of losing you. *Donna Anna* did all she could to appease me ; but, at that time, all she could say rather heightned my Affliction than comforted me. In short, the Conclusion of this dismal Interview was, that I should once more try *Don Christopher*, acquainting him with my Passion, and telling him how fatal it must be to our Friendship, if he still persisted to rob me of my Love. *Donna Anna* could hardly be brought to consent I should try this Expedient ; but at last she yielded, because it was our last Anchor of Hope.

I went to see *Don Christopher*, whom I found much concern'd for me. *Don Cesar*, said he, I am glad to see you, I was afraid your Distemper might have some ill Consequences. It is not yet over, answer'd I, but is greater than you imagine. What can be the Cause, reply'd he ? It is such, said I, that I have Cause to apprehend lest it break off that Friendship you have always honour'd me with. That cannot be, cry'd *Don Christopher*, our Friendship is too strongly link'd, and nothing can shake it. And if I should own, it was I that stabb'd you at *Engracia's*, answer'd I. Who you, cry'd he abruptly ; Could you be my Murderer ? But, if you did, it was without knowing me, and I have no Reason to be angry with you. It is true, said I, the Night was guilty of that Crime, and I was not consenting ; but what you cannot forgive me, is loving a Person you have thought worthy of your Affection. These Words made *Don Christopher* change Countenance ; but being liable to a double Meaning, because *Donna Anna* was not nam'd, he recover'd himself, and answer'd, If it is *Engracia* you are in Love with, the Declaration you have made will make no Breach in our Friendship. Nay more, I should be glad to see my second Self fill up that Place, which I cannot forsake without some Regret. It is not *Engracia* I love, answer'd I in a melancholy Tone ; you appear'd to me last time I saw you too averse from her, for me to imagine you should be concern'd at her Infidelity to you in favour of me. *Donna Anna* is the Object---- *Donna Anna*, cry'd he in a Passion, What do you tell me, *Don Cesar* ? I forgive you for stabbing me, but I cannot

forgive you for aspiring to the only Person that can make me happy. Had I staid till now, answer'd I, before I offer'd up my Vows to *Don Bertrand's* Daughter, I should think my self deserving of the severest Punishment; but I have ador'd her for several Years. Remember that dismal Sadness you saw me labour under the first time I return'd from *Flanders*; it was *Donna Anna* that then fill'd my Heart. Ah, cruel Man, cry'd *D. Christopher*, why did you not tell me so then? Must you needs stay till I was my self bewitch'd by her before you would own it? You did not confide in me, when you ought. Had I known your Passion, I would have fortify'd my Heart against loving your Mistress, and Friendship would have assisted me. But you conceal'd your Love, and that Mistrust has ruin'd us both. We must needs be both unhappyy; for it is now too late for me to withstand my new Passion. Do not expect I should quit Claim to *Donna Anna*. I have form'd to my self too sweet an Idea of enjoying her, to be able to make a Sacrifice of it to you. You may sooner ask this Life you have already attempted, and I will sooner grant it you, I know, reply'd I, that I owe all I have to you, and that I ought not to contend with you for a Heart; but pray consider, that I lov'd *Donna Anna* before ever you heard her Name, or I could think you would ever know her. Take my Advice, my dear *Don Christopher*, do not be positive in robbing me of my Mistress. You will never be happy in her. In Spight of all your Merit, your Love has already cost her abundance of Tears. Then you are belov'd, answer'd he, since you are so well acquainted with her Aversion to me. I had the good Fortune, said I, to do her a considerable Piece of Service, and she has been as obligingly thankful as I could in Reason wish. O Heavens, cry'd he in a Fury! May I believe my Ears? It is not enough that I am inform'd my best Friend is my Rival; but I must be told, he is well receiv'd, and I am hated. I tell it you, answer'd I, for your own Good, to prevent the Discontent that might follow, should you deprive me of *Donna Anna*. Such a Discovery, reply'd he, is fitter to distract, than to compose me. Can you then, said I, think of marrying a Lady, whose Heart you can

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never be Master of? No certainly, you deserve better; and you have too great a Soul to make a Woman wretched. Much more I added to dissuade him from the Match; but all to no Purpose. However, I found his Soul was full of Distraction, and that Friendship struggled hard for me; but the Violence of his Passion prevail'd above his Generosity.

That same Day I gave *Donna Anna* an Account of this Discourse. Madam, said I to her, we must now take our Leave for ever. I come directly from *Don Christopher*; neither my Despair, nor *Engracia's* Cause, will move him, and he is resolv'd, rather than forsake you, to transgress the most sacred Laws of Love and Friendship. *Donna Anna* hearing these Words, could not forbear weeping, and fell down in a Swoon. My Condition was not much better. At last she recover'd, and said, My dear *Cesar*, this is the Time to show Resolution. We must part, since cruel Fate will have it so. Instead of suffering these Sorrows to melt our Hearts, we must resolve to harden them. Ah, Madam, answer'd I, when I think of losing you, my Heart has not the Courage to withstand that dreadful Shock! O Heavens, what a dismal Separation is this? Our Words were continually interrupted with Sighs. I kiss'd *Donna Anna's* Hands, and moisten'd them with my Tears; but perceiving, that, as much as she was concern'd at my Sorrow, still she was earnest for us to part. Well, Madam, said I, it is in vain to struggle. I yield to Fate, which has decreed my Ruine. Farewel, I go to seek Death at a Distance from you. My Presence shall no more disturb your Quiet; and I pray Heaven, that the Happiness I wish you may not be disturb'd by the least Thought of me. This said, I forc'd my self away, went to my Inn, and the next Morning set out for *Madrid*. As I went out of the Town, I met *Don Christopher* coming from a Friend's House. He was surpriz'd, and would have shunn'd me; but the Sight of him having put a Thought into my Head, I went up to him, and said, *Don Christopher*, may the unhappy *Don Cesar* beg one Favour of you. You have a better Claim to it, answer'd he, than any other Man. May a Soldier of Fortune, reply'd I, hope you will do him the Honour
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to try your Sword with him? I know you cannot but be surpriz'd at what I propose; I have not forgot how much I am oblig'd to you, and I own I have nothing but what I owe to your Uncle *Don Pedro's* Goodness; but no Consideration can prevail with a despairing Lover. I only desire to die; and certainly Fortune will have me fall by your Hand, since you have already given me my mortal Wound, in robbing me of *Donna Anna*. *Don Christopher* could not but be mov'd at my Words; but having recover'd himself, he reply'd, *Don Caesar*, I shall not refuse the Satisfaction you desire. I take it as an Honour, that you should look upon me as a Rival worthy of your Valour. Yet I must confess, it grieves me to be forc'd to draw my Sword against my dearest Friend. But I must submit to Fate. I did not at all question your Courage, answer'd I; all I fear'd was, lest *Don Christopher* should upon this Occasion reflect upon the Inequality of our Birth. But since we are to fight without Malice, and only Love is the Cause of it, I could wish it might be done without exposing a Life so dear to me, as your's is; and therefore, if I am so fortunate, as to get the better of you, I desire you will desist from your Design on *Donna Anna*. I would lose Ten Thousand Lives, said he, rather than make you any such Promise. If I am worsted, spare not my Life. Whilst I live, *Donna Anna* shall never be your's. These Words perplex'd me to a high Degree; for I had not propos'd Fighting, but in Hopes of disarming him, and that then he should be oblig'd not to cross my Love. But finding him now resolv'd never to resign *Donna Anna*, I cry'd out in a sort of Passion, Why, can you entertain such a Thought of me, as that I would take away your Life? I would sooner stab my self to the Heart a Thousand times. Tho' you are the Cause of my Misfortune, you are still more dear to me than my own Happiness. Farewel, cruel *Don Christopher*; the Wounds you give me are more cruel, than the Stabs you receiv'd at my Hands. Go, and, if you can without Remorse, enjoy the Blessing you rob me of. Follow the Inconstancy of your Inclinations, in Contempt of your first Mistress, and with the Loss of your best Friend. This said,

I left him, without expecting an Answer. I had not yet recover'd my self, when I met my Sister *Engracia* in the midst of Seven or Eight Robbers. I ran to her Assistance, without knowing her ; but I had perish'd there, had not the brave Knight of *La Mancha* come to my Assistance. I have already told you that Adventure. I must now give you an Account of what happen'd after *Don Quixote* and I parted at *Torresva*.

When we came to *Alcala*, my Uncle *Don James de Peralta* left my Sister and me in an Inn ; not thinking it convenient on a sudden to bring us to our Mother *Eugenia*, lest such a sudden Joy should have some fatal Effect on her Body, already much weakned with Sorrow. He went to her alone, and told her how he had found *Engracia*, and when he had prepar'd her for the happy News that was to compleat her Joy, he sent for my Sister and me. We fell down at my Mother's Feet, and whilst I kiss'd one of her Hands, *Engracia* wash'd the other with her Tears, begging Pardon for her Offences. *Eugenia* shedding Tears of Joy, made us both rise, and embrac'd us. After all the Transports of a tender Mother, she shew'd all possible Kindness to *Mary Ximenez*. Then she desir'd to know all the wonderful Passages of my Life, which I related to her, much after the same Manner as I have to you. This done, the next Thing was to contrive to take such Measures as might oblige *Don Christopher* to marry *Engracia*. I was of Opinion, that Force must be us'd, in case he refus'd to comply. My prudent Uncle could not at first approve of my Proposal ; but at length he consented, in regard the Honour of the Family of the *Paralta's* was too deeply concern'd to suffer *Don Christopher* to marry any Woman but my Sister, after the publick Scandal occasion'd by his Wounds. I went to *Don Christopher's* with a Resolution to challenge him, if he refus'd to marry my Sister : I was told, he was indispos'd, and would see no Body. But as soon as he was told I was there, and desir'd to see him, he order'd me to be brought in. I found him lying on his Bed so disconsolate, that I could not, but admire at it. Come, *Cesar*, said he, you

you have vanquish'd me. The Struggle is over, Friendship has got the better of Love. I restore you your Mistress. I cannot deny, but this Resolution has cost me dear; but your Despair inclin'd me, and my own Thoughts have done the rest. O my dear *Don Christopher*, answer'd I, embracing him in a Rapture of Joy, Heaven has given you that Resolution, that you might not fully the Splendor of your Vertues, by tearing my Mistress from me, and being unjust to *Engracia*. As for *Engracia*, said he, she has no Share in the Offering I make you. Her Flight, so unknown to me in all its Circumstances, absolves me from any Fidelity to her. *Engracia's* Truth has never fail'd, answer'd I, and her Flight ought not to set you against her. You need only be inform'd of her Innocence. Alas! cry'd he, who can inform me? I my self, said I. Then I told him the Adventure of the Robbers, and repeated to him all I had heard from my Sister; and, Lastly, I acquainted him with the Discovery I had made of my Birth. He listned to me very attentively, and when I had done; O my dear Friend, cry'd he, how surprizing are the Things you tell me. I cannot but admire the Ways of Providence, which by such unusual Means has brought you to the Knowledge of your Parents, and you may believe my Joy is as great as your's. As for *Engracia*, telling me she is innocent, you revive my Love, I restore her my Heart, and entail the Happiness of my Life on her. Not to lose this favourable Disposition in *Don Christopher*, I presently led him to *Eugenia's* House, who receiv'd him as her Son-in-Law. He thought my Sister so beautiful, that he was asham'd of having been false to her, and he protested he had ever continu'd true to her, had he not unfortunately mistrusted her Innocence. To conclude in a Word, my Uncle *Don James*, went to find out *Don Bertrand de Montoya*, and *Don Luis de Luna*, and having giving them a full Account of all that had pass'd, obtain'd Leave of the latter for his Son to marry *Engracia*, and the other granted me his Daughter. I come to *Madrid*, to bring *Don Pedro* this happy News, and to acquaint him, that all his Kindred and mine, only ex-

expect his Company, to consummate these Two Matches.

Don Ferdinand having ended his Story, all the Company express'd their Satisfaction in his good Fortune. Then they parted. *Don Carlos* and the Earl went out together to pay some Visits, *Don Pedro*, and *Don Ferdinand*, to prepare for their Journey to *Alcala*, and *Don Alvaro* staid at home with the Knight of *La Mancha*, and his Squire.

The End of the Fifth Book.

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Most Ingenious K N I G H T,
D. Quixote de la Mancha.

B O O K VI.

C H A P. I.

*Of the Great Arch-banterer of the Indies :
His Arrival at Madrid, and of the lofty
Speeches Don Quixote and Sancho made
him.*

THE wise *Alifolan* continuing the faithful Relation of the matchless *Don Quixote's* Heroick Adventures, tells us, That the next Morning, *Don Carlos* his Secretary came to *Don Alvaro's*, to acquaint him with a Plot his Master and the Earl had laid the Night before, to divert themselves, together with a Friend of theirs call'd the *Marquess de Orisalvo*, who having heard them talk of *Don Quixote* had a great mind to see

see and to make Sport with him. *Tarfe* being acquainted with the Design, which he thought it very pleasant, dismiss'd the Secretary, telling him he would take care to prepare *Don Quixote* for the Sport, and accordingly went to his Chamber, and said to him, Sir, Knight, I am come to bring a most agreeable Piece of News, the Great *Arch-banterer* of the *Indies* came last Night to Town. The *Arch-banterer* of the *Indies*, reply'd *Don Quixote* in amaze? I never heard of that Prince before. I wonder at it answer'd *Don Alvaro*. How can you, who know allthings, be unacquainted with that Monarch, who is doubtless one of the greatest Princes upon the Face of the Earth? Pray, what part of the World lies his Empire in, ask'd the Knight? It lies, answer'd the *Granadine*, betwixt the Dominions of the Great *Mogol* and those of the Emperor of *China*. If so; said the Knight, he must have conquer'd the Kingdoms of *Barantola*, of *Pegu*, of *Aracan*, of *Cochinchina*, and all the other Places that lie from the Mouth of *Ganges* to the *Phillipine* Islands, and have taken the haughty Title of *Arch-banterer* of the *Indies*, as Superior to the others. That may very well be, reply'd *Tarfe*; or rather, it must needs be so; for he also calls himself Emperor and Lord of the Kingdoms of *Aracan*, *Cochinchina* and all the rest of the Dominions you have nam'd. I long to see him, and if you'll be rul'd by me, we will go wait on him to Day. With all my Heart, answer'd *Don Quixote*? And with mine too, *Don Alvaro*, cry'd *Sancho*; I would fain see the great *Arch-bantlin* you talk of. It is a commendable Curiosity, answer'd *Don Alvaro*, and you may soon satisfy it at your Leisure. *Don Carlos* and the Earl, who design the same Thing, sent me Word, they would come take us up this Afternoon. *Don Quixote* was never weary of talking with *Tarfe* about the *Arch-banterer*, of whom he form'd to himself a mighty Conceit, because his Title was not common, and he had never heard of it before. *Don Carlos* and the Earl came for them about Four in the Afternoon. *Don Alvaro* presently order'd the Mules to be put into his Coach; and *Don Quixote* having arm'd himself at all Points, they went away together, *Don Carlos* and the

the Knight in one Coach, and *Tarfe*, the Earl, and *Sancho* in another.

In the mean while, the Marquess *de Orisalvo*, under the Burlesk Title of the *Arch-banterer*, was preparing to receive *Don Quixote*, in a noble great Room, lighted by a vast Number of Candles, tho' it was not yet Dark. Being perfectly acquainted with the Custom of ancient Chivalry; he had caus'd a small Throne to be erected at the End of the Room, under a stately Canopy, and to make up a numerous Court, he had invited all his Friends, and abundance of Ladies. Besides he had made himself a sort of a Diadem of Cloth of Gold, and a Scepter of a little Stick, wound about with red Ribbands. As soon as he heard *Don Quixote* was at hand, he seated himself on the Throne, and put on all the Gravity he could. When the Knight enter'd the Room, and saw the *Arch-banterer*, with his Crown and Scepter, under a rich Canopy, he presently call'd to mind what he had so often read in his Books, and conceiv'd as great a Satisfaction, as the ancient Knights us'd to do, when they appear'd before Emperors. *Don Alvaro*, the Earl, and *Don Carlos* saluted the *Arch-banterer*, with all the Tokens of the most profound Respect. Then the *Granadine* taking *Don Quixote* by the Hand, led him up to the Canopy, and presenting him to the Marquess, said, Renowned *Arch-banterer*, behold the famous *Don Quixote*, the Flower of *La Mancha*, the Lanthorn of Chivalry; the Terror of Giants, your Mightiness's sworn Friend and the Protector, of your Kingdoms. This said, he fell back, leaving *Don Quixote* in the middle of the Room. Then the Knight, setting the But-End of his Lance on the Ground, look'd all about him, without speaking a Word, till judging by the general Silence, that it was expected he should speak, he rais'd his Voice, and directed his Discourse as follows, to the Marquess, who had enough to do to hold his grave Countenance seeing the Knight's ridiculous Gestures. August and Magnanimous Monarch, Supreme Head of the Ebb and Flood of the Indian Ocean, Emperor, and Sovereign of the Kingdoms of *Aracan*, of *Pegu*, of *Tonquin*, of *Cochinchina*, and of *Barantola*, I am highly oblig'd to Fortune for the
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Happiness I this Day enjoy in your Imperial Presence. I have travell'd the greatest Part of this vast Hemisphere, I have slain an infinite Number of Giants, righted Wrongs, disenchant'd Palaces, set Princesses at Liberty, reveng'd offended Princes, subdu'd Provinces, and restor'd usurp'd Kingdoms to their lawful Owners. If all this can incline you to desire I should devote my redoubted Sword to your Mightiness's Service, I here make an Offer of it; assuring you, that as long as it shall Support your Interest, you will be respected by the *Mogol*, and the Emperor of *China*, your Neighbours, and dreaded by all your Enemies. The Fame of my unheard of Exploits will pierce thro' their Ears into their very Hearts. But to the End you may be your self a Witness of my wonderful Valour; I humbly beseech your great Mightiness to grant me a Boon. Worthy, and genteel Knight, answer'd the *Arch-banterer*, I freely grant whatever it is, were it my very *Arch-banterership*. Great Monarch, reply'd *Don Quixote*, I neither ask your Dominions nor you Wealth. The Empires of *Greece*, *Babylon*, and *Trabisond* have enough to satisfy my Ambition. The Boon I ask, is that you will permit me in your Presence to combat the Giant *Bramarbas*, who will be speedily in this Town. I grant it, answer'd the *Arch-banterer*, and will be my self Judge of the Combat, which will doubtless be as delightful to behold, as was that the valiant *Clarineus* of *Spain* had with the dreadful *Brolandio*. I do not question but the Event will prove to your Honour; your Martial Air warrants it, and puts us out of all Concern for the Success.

Whilst the *Arch-banterer* spoke *Don Carlos* drew near *Sancho*, and whisper'd him in the Ear; saying, So Friend, your Turn is next. It is time for you to show your self. Go salute the *Arch-banterer*, and make him a Speech. I am satisfy'd he will dub you a Knight, when he perceives you are a Man of Parts. As for that, Sir, quoth *Sancho*, if there goes nothing but making a fine Speech towards Dubbing me a Knight, let me alone for that, the Business is half done. Having spoke these Words, he went forwards into the Middle of the Room, and kneeling before his Master with his Cap in his Hand, said to him. Master *Don*

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Quixote,

Quixote, if ever I did you any Service in my Life, I beseech you by *Rocinante's* Merits, to give me Leave to let fly half a Score Words to Mr. *Arch-banterer*, that he may know I am a Man of Parts, and may bestow on me the Order of Knighthood back-stroke and fore-stroke. Hark ye, *Sancho*, said *Don Quixote*, I consent you should have the Honour of speaking to the *Arch-banterer*, provided you neither say nor do any thing that is impertinent. Nay faith, Sir, answer'd *Sancho*, if you are so much afraid, stand behind me, and if I happen to say any thing amiss, you need only tell me so, and I'll unsay it the next Word. In plain Terms, answer'd the Knight, if I give you Leave to speak, I fear I shall have Cause to repent me. No, no, Sir, cry'd *Sancho*, fear nothing; every Word I speak will be worth its Weight in Gold; for I remember some Words of your Speech, and will clap them in so pat, that the Devil himself shall be mistaken in me. Take heed then, said *Don Quixote*, I will intreat that great Prince to give you a Hearing. Then directing his Discourse to the Emperor, he proceeded thus. Great Monarch, be pleas'd to grant my Squire Leave to speak to your noble Mightiness. I can assure you, he has all the Qualifications of *Bignano* the Knight of the Sun's Squire. He is prudent, discreet, and faithful; and when I send him to any Princess's, he performs his Commission exactly. Besides, he is very brave, and it is not past Two Days since he gain'd an Island by his own Valour. Most hardy Knight, reply'd the *Arch-banterer*, I give full Credit to all you say in praise of your Squire. His Mein, and Physiognomy discover his Worth, and convince me that he is most worthy of such a Knight as you. He may talk as long as he pleases, I am ready to hear him out, tho' he were as copious as a Rhetorician.

Sancho having obtain'd Leave to harangue the *Arch-banterer* turn'd to his Master and said. Sir, give me your Lance, and your Buckler, that I may put my self into the same Posture you were in when you made your Speech. Brute, answer'd *Don Quixote*, to what Purpose should you have my Lance and my Buckler? Don't you consider you are not dubb'd a Knight? You begin to play the Fool already. Fair and softly, Sir,

Sir, quoth *Sancho*, do not put your self into a Passion. Tho' I am not a Knight now, I shall be by and by; for I shall make a curious Speech, or I am much mistaken. And as for your Lance and Buckler, you shall see I'll do well enough without them. This said, he put his Cap upon his Head, strutted out his Legs, set his Arms a kimboe, and having paus'd a while, as his Master did, began his Speech after this Manner. Great Monarch, *Arch-banterer* of the Ebb and Flood of the *Indies*, Lord of the Hemispheres, Emperor of *Cuckoldina*, and *Barrentoola*. No more, silly Wretch, said *Don Quixote*, interrupting him in a low Voice, you had better be quiet than talk any more. What will the Emperor think of you? By my Troth Sir, answer'd the Squire, he'll think what he pleases; but in short, he ought not to think any Ill; for I mean no Harm, and God knows my Meaning. And do you think that I have a Memory like a Scholar, to keep cramp Words in my Head? By the Lord, not I; I can never remember all that high Stuff; but if an Ass cannot sing, he can bray, and that is enough for a Governour. Let me go on my own Way, fair and softly, and you shall see I'll not trip. You may listen to me, for I'll go on with my Speech, and will make an End of it, or I shall have very ill Luck. I say then Mr. *Arch-banterer*; went he on raising his Voice; that my Wife's Name is *Mary Gutierrez*, and I am call'd *Sancho Panza the Black*, born in the Village of *Argamasilla*, near *Toboso*. Good, said *Don Quixote*, interrupting him again; Won't you tell us your Childrens Names too? Why not, Sir, reply'd *Sancho*, they are not scabby, that I should be afraid to name them. Yes, Mr. *Arch-banterer*, I have a Daughter call'd little *Sancha*, another call'd *Teresa*, and a Third *Jean*. *Peter Taymado*, the Scrivener, is Godfather to little *Sancha*, *Thomas Cecial* to *Teresa*, and *John Peres* the Vintner to *Jean*. A Plague confound thee and all thy Generation, cry'd *Don Quixote*, what needs the Emperor be told all that Bead-Roll, you Coxcomb. This is to let him understand, quoth *Sancho*, that I am no Lyar. For every Word I speak is true, and I had better speak the Truth, than say I have kill'd Giants, and all those lying Stories Knights Errant let fly in their Speeches.

Don Quixote, who expected no such Answer, was in a mighty Rage, but the Emperor's Presence curbing him, he said in a low Voice to his Squire. Well, talk on as much as you will, Scoundrel; but I assure you, you shall pay for this, when we are alone. *Sancho*, little regarding these Threats, went on with his Discourse after this Manner: To come to my Story again, Mr. *Arch-banterer*, you must understand, that last Night I won the Island of the *Force-Meat-Balls*, fighting the Black Squire at Fusticuffs. Therefore I desire you to dub me a Knight. Don't go to put me off, saying I am a Peasant; for, before *George*, d'ye see, I am of the Race of ancient Christians; and when I am upon my Ass I look as like a Doctor as ever you saw, any thing. And, in short, I am Squire to *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, who is such a good Man, that he has never hurt any Body; for ever since we have been gadding about Chivalry, I never saw him kill so much as a Fly, till the other Day he run a High-way-man through the Back. But that was a very good Piece of Work, and he will be rewarded for it in the other World. *Sancho* having no more to say, the *Arch-banterer* answer'd, Brave Squire, I am very well satisfy'd with you. I am of Opinion, you are very fit for the Duties of a Righter of Wrongs, and therefore I will not refuse you the Honour of Knighthood you desire. You have a sufficient Right to it as Squire to *Don Quixote*. But this Ceremony, with your Leave, must be put off till another time; because at present, I am under an Affliction, which will not allow me to attend to any thing of Pleasure. This said, he drew out of his Pocket a lac'd Handkerchief, and cover'd his Face with it, like one that gives way to dismal Thoughts at the sudden Remembrance of some great Disaster.

CHAP.

C H A P. II.

Of the wonderful Adventure, the Thoughts whereof afflicted the Arch-banterer.

WHilst the *Arch-banterer's* Face was cover'd with his Handkerchief, *Don Carlos*, the Earl and *Tarfe* made Show, as if they were much concern'd at his Sorrow, and could wish to know the Cause of it. But *Don Quixote* was really troubled, and his profound Respect, which hindred him from asking the Reason of the Emperor, added to his Grief. At length the *Arch-banterer* pull'd up a good Heart, and applying to himself an Adventure he had read in *Don Belianis of Greece*, he related it to the Company, particularly directing his Discourse to the Knight of *La Mancha* in these Words.

You have sufficient Reason, Gentlemen, seeing me thus overwhelm'd with Grief, to believe my Affliction does not proceed from a small Cause; but believe me, it is above all you can possibly imagine. The Gods had given me an only Daughter, and I was thankful to them for having bestow'd on her a charming Beauty, whereas I ought rather to find fault with them for their fatal Gift. Her Name was *Banterina*, I lov'd her tenderly, and the Empress *Merry Dame*, her Mother, could not be a Moment from her. Thus were we delighted with our dear Daughter, when on a certain Day some Barons of my Court came to acquaint me, that there was a wonderful rich Tent set up in a great Square, about 300 Paces from my Palace, and no Body could tell how it came there. I went with the Empress, and the *Infanta* to see that surprizing Sight. Being come to the Square, we were astonish'd at the Richness and Rarity of its Fashion. We stood a long time admiring it; and drawing near to have the better Sight of it, heard a charming Symphony within, so delightful and harmonious, that nothing could exceed it. A most ravishing Voice was

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heard

heard at the same time above all the Musick, which at certain Intervals was interrupted by a dreadful Noise of Trumpets and Kettle-Drums, as it were sounding a Charge. When we a while had receiv'd the Satisfaction of hearing these many Instruments, we saw Four wonderful well-built Knights come out of the Tent, with their Helmets on their Heads, and green Armour mottled with Gold Stars, leading Four very swarthy Damsels, clad in long Robes of Cloth of Silver. They all came up to us, and fell down at our Feet. Whatever we could say to them, we could not persuade them to rise; but one of those fine Damsels directing her Discourse to me, with a loud Voice, that was heard by all my Barons, said; Most renowned *Arch-banterer*, Puissant Lord of the Oriental Pearls, Emperor and Sovereign of the Kingdoms of *Aracan*, *Tonquin*, and *Cochinchina*; great Prince, to whom all the Kingdoms of the Earth ought to submit, since you out do all the Kings upon the Face of the Earth in Galantry, and Genteelness, you must understand, we are under the greatest of Afflictions. Nothing can equal our Misfortune, and we are persuaded that unless we find some Relief in this Place, it will be Bootless for us to seek it elsewhere. Therefore we most humbly beseech your Sovereign Highness, as also the Right Honourable *Merry Dame*, and the aimiable *Banterina* to grant us a Boon. Charming Damsel, answer'd I, ask what Boon you please, I grant it you; and assure your self, the Empress and the *Infanta* will not oppose it. Accordingly my Wife *Merry-Dame*, and *Banterina* confirm'd my Grant. Then the Knights and Damsels stood up, and she that spoke before went on, saying, Most famous Emperor, you must understand, that the Calif of *Syconia* is in the Tent you see before you, and I must tell you how he comes to be kept there. I know not whether you ever heard of the *Infanta Cerizetta*, his Daughter, whose Beauty has made such a Noise in the World. The wise *Herodian*, King of the Island of Pearls, and one of the bravest Giants that ever was seen, sent to demand her in Marriage of her Father, who refus'd him, which so incens'd *Herodian*, that on a Day when there was a glorious Tilting in *Syconia*, in which the Calif himself gave wonderful Proofs of his Strength and

and Dexterity, this Giant appear'd in the Lists, with these Four Knights in the green Armour, and among them, in less than a Quarter of an Hour slew or lam'd above a Thousand Knights, which struck such a Terror into all there present, that the Spectators fled in Confusion among those that came to have a Part in the Combat. The undaunted *Calif* was almost the only Man that held out; for he could rally but only Ten Knights, with whom he fell upon *Herodian* and his Men; but he had the ill Fortune to be overthrown, and his Ten brave Companions were all slain. Immediately this Tent appear'd in the Square, in the same manner as you now see it. The Giant clapt the *Calif* and the *Infanta* into it, after enchanting them both, and plac'd these Four Knights to guard the Entrance of it; and they are such Men as cannot be overcome by any Human Force; for tho' above Two Thousand Knights of all Nations have come to deliver the *Calif* and *Cerizetta*, yet none of them could ever prevail. All the *Calif's* Court was in a Consternation, and we knew not what Course to take, till upon a *Friday* Morning at Sun-rising, a Magician we consulted inform'd us, that the Whole was a sort of Enchantment we could never dissolve, unless we found out a Princess more beautiful than *Cerizetta*. But in case we could, we needed only to persuade her to try the Adventure. That she would enter the Tent without any Difficulty, and *Cerizetta* would deliver to her a Sword she holds in her Hand, with which the Knights in the green Armour would be easily overcome. The Magician further added, that all he could do for us, was to carry about the Tent wheresoever we pleas'd. That Four of *Cerizetta's* Damsels might go into it, and should be guarded by the same Knights. I presently went into the Tent, with these Three Damsels, and thus have we been at the Courts of most Pagan Princes. But, to say the Truth, we never yet met with any Princesses we could think worthy to try the Adventure. We now despair'd of finding any, when Fame inform'd us, that your Daughter *Banterina* was as beautiful as we could desire. The Tent was in a Moment remov'd hither by Art Magick, and we come

to intreat you to permit the Peerless *Banterina* to try the Adventure. This is the Boon you have granted us.

This was the Account *Cerizetta's* Damsel gave me, at which I was not a little surpriz'd ; but return'd this Answer : Comely Damsel, I am much troubled at the *Calif* of *Syconia's* Misfortune ; for we Potentates have a great Kindness for one another, and I had rather than any thing that this rare Adventure were finish'd at my Court. But pray tell me, whether some unhappy Accident may not befall the Princess in the Trial, which may be the Death of her ? No, Sir, reply'd the Damsel ; for the Magician told us, that in case the Damsel, who attempts it, is not more beautiful than *Cerizetta*, she shall be held back by an invisible Hand, and will not be able to go into the Tent. Well then, answer'd I, my Daughter *Banterina* has my Consent to make Trial of her Beauty ; but I must first see those Four Knights combat. There are those in my Court that may overcome them, and dispelling the Charm by their Valour, will, perhaps, save my Daughter the Shame of offering in vain to dissolve it. Sovereign Prince of *Cochinchina*, reply'd the Damsel, you may do as you please ; but I would not advise you to expose your Knights to combat with these, who are so enchanted, that they alone can rout a whole Army. No matter, said I, I must satisfy my Curiosity. Then I order'd my Knights to prepare for Fight, and in a Moment above Three Thousand appear'd in the Square, all of them ambitious of finishing the Adventure. Then the Four Damsels went with the Four enchanted Knights into the Tent, which immediately open'd, and presented a Spectacle of Compassion to our astonish'd Eyes. We discover'd the *Califf* of *Syconia*, arm'd at all Points, sitting at the Foot of a Golden Throne, on Chrystal Steps, leaning his Head on his Hand, like one plung'd in a deep Melancholy. The *Infanta*, his Daughter, was on the Right of him, holding a naked Sword, the Hilt whereof seem'd to be all of Diamonds ; and on the Left stood the God of Love, with his Bow and Quiver, so lively represented, that he seem'd to breathe. Below this God a Knight lay stretch'd out, with one
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of his Arrows sticking in his Breast, and holding in his Hand a *Greek* Inscription, which no Body understood; but which express'd the *Calif's* and *Cerizetta's* Misfortunes in such Words, as made all People weep. When we had taken a full View of all these Wonders, the next Thing was to try the Adventure. The first that would attempt it was Prince *Roxinel*, the very Flower and Cream of Pagan Knights. His Armour was of a Rose Colour, bestrew'd with Silver Flowers, and he was mounted on a beautiful Courser, lineally descended from the God *Boreas* and *Erichthonius* his famous Mares, which trod so lightly, that they would gallop over the Ears of Corn, and not break them. He appear'd before the Tent, attended by Three of the valiantest Knights in all my *Archbanterership*. The enchanted Knights came out to them; but the Combat was as soon ended as begun; for at the very first Rencontre, *Roxinel* and his Companions were thrown out of the Saddle, and came down so furiously, that they could not get up again. All the rest of my Knights being well acquainted with the Valour of those that had been overthrown, and concluding they could expect no better Success, retir'd in Disorder, and fled the Place, as the fearful Doves do before the cruel Eagle, that has just devour'd a Kite. This only serv'd to heighten the Desire I had of seeing the Adventure ended. I caus'd the wounded Men to be laid in rich Beds, and sent the beautifullest Princesses of my Court to rub their Sides. Then I order'd my Daughter to go up to the Entrance of the Tent. *Banterina*, who had always kept her Eyes fix'd on *Cerizetta*, whom she thought beautiful to a Miracle, obey'd me trembling. She drew near the Tent, and went in without any Difficulty. But, O unheard-of Prodigy! O dismal Misfortune, whose sad Remembrance causes such Grief in my Soul as is continually fresh! No sooner was she in, but the Tent shut to, and rising up in the Air, vanish'd with the *Calif*, *Cerizetta*, the Knights, the Damsels, and my dear *Banterina*. We concluded, but too late, that this was an Enchanter's Fraud. Hold, hold, treacherous Negromancer, cry'd the Empress; restore me my *Infanta*, or come and take my Life.

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Banterina, O my dear Daughter! Can the righteous Gods suffer you to be taken from your Mother? But, alas, her Cries were in vain, her Voice was lost in the Air with her unhappy Daughter! Grief overcoming her, she fell down in the Arms of her Women, who sharing in her Sorrow, beat their Breasts, and made the Square eccho their Sighs. I tore my Hair and Beard, I cast my self on the Ground, and my Barons were forc'd to hold my Hands, for fear I should kill my self. To conclude the rest of this Story in a few Words, the Empress was carry'd into her Apartment, and I into mine. We both of us spent a whole Month in immoderate Sorrow; but at length considering, that thus indulging our Grief, we neglected that which should have been sooner thought of, which was to send out Knights to seek out *Banterina* in all Parts of the World: I employ'd all those that were willing to undertake it, with strict Orders to search all the Castles upon the Face of the Earth narrowly, from the Castles of Princes to the Palaces of Exchequer-Men. This was not all, I caus'd my Daughter to be posted up from the Mouth of the River *Ganges* to the *Danube*, and from Mount *Caucasus* to the Mountains of *Terra Australis*. Inso-much, that the very Posting, in Paper and Paste has cost me Five Hundred Thousand Ducats. And yet Three whole Years are past, without hearing the least News of *Banterina*. This makes us apt to believe, that the Knights we have sent in Quest of her, spend their Time idly, rather than in fulfilling their Commission. Therefore the Empress and I considering, that every Body does their Business better themselves than by a Third Hand, we have left the Government of our *Arch-banterership* to an able and honest Minister, if ever any such was. We have cross'd *Asia*, and after traversing *Africk*, are come into *Spain*, where we shall stay no longer than is requisite to seek the *Infanta Banterina*.

CHAP.

C H A P. III.

Of the dreadful Combat between Don Quixote and the Giant Bramarbas Ironsides, King of Cyprus, and the strange Event of it.

WHAT Pen can express the Thoughts that turmoil'd the Knight of *La Mancha*, whilst the Emperor of *Cochinchina* was making his dismal Relation? Who is able to express how much his tender Bowels were mov'd? All the Tongues in the World put together have not Words enough to make known the different Struggles of Rage and Pity, that distorted a Heart so highly concern'd at all Maidens Rapes. As soon as the Emperor had done, he took upon him to answer, and in a Voice that sufficiently discover'd his Disorder, said, Magnanimous Emperor, you may judge by my Concern for the Misfortunes of the meanest private Persons, how much I am disturb'd for yours. Your Disasters are as grievous to me as to your self, and I must inform you, it is the Enchanter *Friston* that has stole away the Peerless *Banterina*. I perceive it by the fatal Circumstances of the Adventure. He made use of the same Enchantment to steal away the Peerless *Floribella*, at *Babylon*. He brought such another Tent, with Four Knights in green Armour, adorn'd with Gold Stars, and the Four Damsels clad in Cloth of Silver, who begg'd the same Boon of the Sultan. In short, the whole Story you have told us, is Word for Word in the Authentick Book of the Adventures of *Don Belianis*; which is an undeniable Proof that the same Enchanter has committed this Rape upon the Princess your Daughter; but I swear by the sacred Order of Knight Errantry, that the Moment I have slain *Bramarbas*, I will depart *Madrid* to go seek that beautiful *Infanta* throughout the World; and will never rest in any Place, till I have found her. The Arch-banterer thank'd *Don Quixote* for his Kindness; but as he was

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thanking him, they heard Five or Six such Raps of Knocking at the Door, as if they would have broke it down. See who is there, said the *Arch-banterer* to his Pages; that must be some Giant, for that is the way they use to scratch at Emperors Doors. So it prov'd; for when the Pages had open'd the Door, in came the dreadful Giant *Bramarbas*. He wore a long Robe of blue Cloth napp'd, a vast Ruff of black Crape, and a Turbant of Muslin, with Gold Stripes, adorn'd with Feathers of all Sorts. He had a vast great Shoulder-Belt of pink'd Leather, at which hung a Wooden painted Sword, at least Two Yards long, and a Foot broad. As soon as ever *Sancho* spy'd him, he ran, and fate himself down by the *Arch-banterer*, crying out with all his Might and Main, Mercy on us! Here is the Dog *Barrabbas* come in the Nick. He is grown Three Pikes Length since we saw him. Good God! What will my poor Master *Don Quixote* be in the Hands of that confounded *Goliath*, who is like to sell all our Guts for Fiddle-Strings, if good Saint *Tib* does not assist us. *Don Quixote* hearing these Words, squinted upon his Squire, and bid him hold his Peace. In the mean while, the King of *Cyprus*, who had been forc'd to stoop very low to get into the Room, came forward, turning his prodigious Head every way, and rouling his Eyes after a frightful manner, but without speaking a Word, or so much as saluting the Emperor, who said to him, Genteel and courteous Giant, tell me who you are, and what brings you to my Court. I am the dreadful Giant *Bramarbas Ironsides*, King of *Cyprus*, answer'd the Giant with a broken Voice, and I am come to look for the Knight of *La Mancha*, who, I am told, is in this Imperial Chamber. You have been rightly inform'd, cry'd *Don Quixote*, and I am glad to see you; for I suppose you come to be as good as your Word to me. I do, Knight, answer'd *Bramarbas*; I come to combat with you in Pursuance to my Challenge at *Zaragoza*. This Day my dreadful Sword shall put an End to your glorious Days. This Day will I cut off your bald Head, and carry it into my Dominions, to nail it up at my Royal Chamber-Door, with an Inscription in *High-Dutch*, which shall most elegantly ex-

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press how the Flower of *La Mancha* was mow'd down by my invincible Hands. This Day will I cause my self to be crown'd King of all the Earth ; for when you are gone, there will be none left that will dare to dispute it with me. This Day, in fine, will I make my self Master of all your Victories, and will carry away with me to *Cyprus* all the Ladies here, to put them into my *Seraglio*, which wants Recruits. If you are so brave as you are reported, you may come out immediately, and we will conclude the Business in this Imperial Chamber, if the Emperor will give us Leave. I consent, said the *Arch-banterer*, tho' it be not usual. These Combats are generally within Lists, but I have such a mind to see you at Logger-heads, that I cannot stay any longer. I would not bring my deadly Club, said the Giant, because I can without much Trouble overcome the Knight of *La Mancha* with only this Sword, which was made by *Vulcan*, a God I adore, as I do *Jove*, *Neptune*, *Mars*, *Mercury* and *Proserpine*. Master *Barrabbas*, cry'd *Sancho*, interrupting him, pray take heed what you say. You had better bite your Thumbs, than to call all those Scoundrels you speak of Gods ; for should the Inquisition hear of it, black were the Day that you came into *Spain*. I don't speak to you, Numskul, answer'd *Bramarbas* ; I would advise you to hold your Tongue. You advise me, quoth *Sancho* ; don't you know, that at *Rome* they laugh at one that gives Advice before he is ask'd ? What a Pox, do you think I must not dare to say my Soul is my own, because you are as tall as *Antichrist* ? Pray take Notice, that a little Worm eats thro' a great Log, and that a Gnat troubles a Man more than an Eagle can do him Good. Hold your Peace, I say again, you Knave, reply'd the Giant, or I swear by the *Alcoran*, I'll make an Example of all sawcy Squires. The *Alcoran* and you, quoth *Sancho*, are a Couple of lousie Rakes, and I value neither of you. How now, bold Man, said the King of *Cyprus*, do you dare to talk to me so sawcily ? To me, who make the *Sultans* and the *Califs* quake. By the God of the Herrings Trident, if I lay hold of you, I will crush you to Powder, and throw you up into the Air with such Force, that
your

your Dust shall fly into *Japan*. You threaten me, answer'd the Squire, to fright my Master; but you must not think to beat the Dog before the Lion: Take Notice, that my Master *Don Quixote* is worth us both, and values your Hellish Carcass no more than he values the Jade that bore you. O Insolence, said *Ironfides*, advancing a few Steps towards *Sancho*, I'll teach you to pay a Respect to Giants of my Quality. Help, Help, Murder, cry'd *Sancho*, seeing the Giant move towards him, if he touches me, I am gone. Hold, *Bramarbas*, said *Don Quixote*, stepping in betwixt him and *Sancho*; do not attack a Man that is not in a Posture of Defence. If he has wrong'd you, I'll give you Satisfaction. Let us combat in the Presence of the Great *Arch-banterer*, and all his Court; we can never have nobler Witnessees of our Valour. But since you have no Armour, I must take off mine. I will not fight with Odds. The Conquest would not be honourable. That you may see I do not fear you, I will take off my Helmet, Back and Breast, and will meet you with my Sword only. If yours is longer, mine is in a better Hand. Having spoke these Words, he turn'd to his Squire, and said, Rise, my Son, and come help off my Armour. You shall soon see that dreadful Monster our Enemy stretch'd out upon the Ground. God grant it, Sir, answer'd *Sancho*, going towards his Master; but methinks, we and all these Gentlemen here had better fall upon him together; some might hold his Legs, and others his Head, till he were half dead. By Thunder and Lightning, could I once see him flat in this Room giving up the Ghost, I would give him more Bangs on his long Sides, than he has Hairs in his Whiskers. That is not lawful, answer'd *Don Quixote*; but I need no Help to overcome a Giant, be he never so strong. Make haste to disarm me, and leave the rest to the Force of my Arm. *Sancho* did as he was bid; so that the Knight was soon disarm'd. The Company could not sufficiently admire his lean and wither'd Shape, and it was pleasant enough to see him bare-headed, and bald; in a black Sattin short Doublet, worn thread-bare; under which appear'd a very
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dirty Shirt ; for he had not shifted himself since he left *Zaragoza*.

In this Posture he laid his Hand on his Sword, and drew near the King of *Cyprus*, saying, Come, proud Monster, since the Emperor gives Leave that we combat in this Room, let us lose no Time in idle Talk. Courage is known by Actions. This said, he drew his Sword ; but as it always happen'd that our Knight's Adventures prov'd very extraordinary ; so now, the vast Giant dropp'd down all along, and instead of him appear'd a Maiden clad like a Shepherdess, and her Face cover'd with a Napkin. They that had not been prepar'd for this Accident, were much surpriz'd ; and *Don Quixote* dropping the Point of his Sword, fell back Two Steps, and stood still, expecting what the Maiden would say. She, after a Couple of Pages had dragg'd out *Bramarbas's* Body, spoke to the Knight in this manner : Valiant *Don Quixote*, indefatigable *Atlas* of Chivalry, Father of Orphans, Comfort of Widows, Hope of enchanted *Infanta's* fix'd Star, that has led me to my desir'd Port, be not amaz'd to see a dreadful Giant on a sudden chang'd into a little tender Damsel ; this *Metamorphosis* ought only to be surprizing to such as are unacquainted with the Arts of Enchanters. You have finish'd an Adventure, which will sink the Memory of the *Palmerins*, and will gain you as much Reputation among wise Nations, as the Disenchantment of *Polixena* did the valiant Knight *Don Lucidanor of Thessaly*. But, Illustrious Prince of *La Mancha*, you must crown this Work, by restoring me to my Parents, who are in the greatest Affliction imaginable for the Loss of me. I will, beautiful Princess, answer'd *Don Quixote*, you have Reason to expect it from me. I will conduct you into your Dominions. But pray tell us where they are, and who is the renown'd Prince that gave you your Being ? My Name is the *Infanta Banterina*, reply'd the Damsel, and I am the only Daughter of the Great *Arch-banterer* of the *Indies*. The Emperor hearing these Words, and overcome by Fatherly Affection, came down hastily from his Throne, and lifting up his Eyes to Heaven, cry'd, O ye immortal Gods ! Is it possible you restore me my Daughter, when I least

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expected it? In Return for this mighty Favour, I vow, as soon as I return to my Palace, I will offer you in Sacrifice an Hundred horn'd Beasts; for there are abundance of them in my Empire. Then stepping forward to the *Infanta* with open Arms, he added, Dear *Banterina*, come and embrace your Father. Alas! What a dismal Grief pierc'd my Soul, when you was ravish'd from my Love; my sad Thoughts have never ceas'd to follow you. O my dear Father, answer'd the *Infanta*, I have not Words to express what I felt at that Time, and if you follow'd me with your Thoughts, I can assure you I left my Heart behind when I was carry'd away. By my Troth, quoth *Sancho*, methinks the Princess ought to show her Face. Who the Devil ever saw a Daughter embrace her Father after that manner? I should laugh to see my little *Sancha*, when I go home to my Country again, come to kiss me, with her Nose muffled up in a Napkin. Pox take me, God knows my Meaning. *Sancho* is in the Right, said the *Arch-banterer*, why don't you show your Face, Princess? Let fall that Veil, which hides those dear Features from me. Pray Sir; answer'd *Banterina*, excuse me from taking off my Veil. I have Reasons that move me to be cover'd. And to convince you, I must give you an Account of what has befallen me since you lost me. You will hear abundance of strange Adventures. I do not question it, answer'd the *Arch-banterer*; a Daughter that has been so long from her Father and Mother, must needs have fine Stories to tell. But no matter, provided the Devil be not in them, I'll take all in good part. You shall hear how the Matter stands, reply'd *Banterina*; if you will listen to me. Then she began the sad Relation of her Adventures after this manner.

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

Containing the Infanta Banterina's surprising Relation.

AS soon as the Tent flew up into the Air, and I heard the Cries of the Empress my Mother, being of an excellent Disposition, my Senses fail'd me, and I fell down in a Swoon upon the Chrystal Steps at the Infanta Cerizetta's Feet. The Four Damsels took Care enough to help me; but, tho' they rubb'd my Nose with all sorts of Spirits, they could not bring me to my self. There was no Sign of Life left in me; and therefore thinking I was dead, they began to weep bitterly. I can't tell what could make them have such a Kindness for me; but certain it is, no Body ever was more troubled than they were. My own Ladies of Honour could not have made more ugly Faces. They all sung the black Psalm. Alas! What a black Psalm! Nothing so dismal was ever heard. Their *Recitativo's* were now and then interrupted by a full *Chorus* of all sorts of Voices, repeating these Words:

*We labour in vain, in vain we deplore.
Alas! Banterina the Bright is no more.
Weep, weep; let Tears, like Fountains flow,
And sigh away your Breath;
We've stole all's perfect here below,
To yield it up to Death.*

For all that I did not die; and whether Musick has the Power to call back the Spirits that are fled; or that the Grief for the Loss of Parents is not mortal; I recover'd my Strength insensibly. The Damsels were over-joy'd; and nothing was then sung but curious moving Airs in praise of me. Among the rest, I remember the following Verses were sung by an excellent Voice.

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*Such Honours, Mortals to you daily pay,
 That th' angry Gods design'd to steal you away.
 But they durst not take you to the Skies,
 For Venus has threatned them sore,
 If you ever in Heaven she spies,
 They shall never see her any more.
 But they need not to trouble their Brain
 With that Goddess's Vapours and Spleen,
 They may abdicate her, it is plain,
 And you'll honour them more as their Queen.*

All this while the Tent flew through the Air with incredible Rapidity, till stopping all on a sudden, it open'd, and I found my self at the Gate of a stately Palace. Then the Knights in the green Armour, the Damsels, the Tent, and all that was in it vanish'd, and I was left alone sadly out of Countenance. But it was not long before I spied Six curious Ladies coming towards me, all clad in white Satin, lin'd in Rose-colour Taffety, slash'd, and all the Slashes embroider'd with Pearls. They had long Sleeves hanging down, and on them a wonderful rich Embroidery. Their Hair was very fair, and delicately curl'd, and their Heads were stuck fuller with Diamonds than any Heroines upon the Stage. Judging at their Quality by the Riches of their Apparel, I thought they could be no less then Sultans Daughters, and I was providing a high Compliment for them, when falling down before me, they all embrac'd my Knees, and when they had kiss'd my Hands over and over, one of them said to me in most respectful manner. Peerless Banterina, most lively Portraiture of the chaste Goddess Venus, universal Heiress to all Oriana's, and the beautiful Nichea's Graces, behold here at your Feet Six Damsels appointed to wait on you. The Owner of this Place has cull'd us out from among an Hundred Thousand Matrons, to honour us with this glorious Employment. I can assure you he could not have made a better Choice; for, without Vanity, my Companions and I are the clearest Wenches in the World, at pinning a Gown, dressing a Head, colouring the Hair, mending the Complexion, and curing the Green-Sickness.

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Pretty Damsels; said I, pray tell me where I am, and what the Prince's Name is that reigns here. You are, answer'd she, in the Palace of the King of *Terra Australis*. This Kingdom is of an infinite Extent, or rather, a new World unknown to the rest of the Inhabitants of the Earth, with the good Leave of the Apocryphal Accounts Strangers have given of it. Precious Stones, Gold and Silver grow up under our Feet, and are consequently of so little Value with us, that these Cloaths, which you think very costly, are but the common Habit of Tradesmens Wives. I would have you see our Women of Quality and our Princesses; they have other guise sort of Cloaths. By this you may guess, the King must be a puissant Sovereign; but what you don't know, and therefore is fit you be told, is, that this Prince is very young, and has a mind to marry; and understanding by an Enchanter his Friend, that you are the most beautiful Princess in the World, he caus'd the said Enchanter to steal you away. This News redoubled the Tears, which the Remembrance of my Parents made me shed incessantly; but another of the Damsels said, O beautiful *Infanta*, do not waste those precious Tears! When you have seen the King, your Affliction will cease. He will soon come from Hunting. In short, I soon spy'd him coming in a Chariot all of Saphirs and Topazes, drawn by Six white Unicorns. I must confess, I never saw any thing so fine. He leap'd out nimbly, and perceiving he carry'd a Bow and Quiver, I took him for the God of Love. I cannot say whether that was any Enchantment, or the Work of Nature, but I was so taken with his Mein and Beauty, that I thought no more of my Parents. He seem'd to me no less taken with my Features, and he was so disorder'd when he came up to me, that he made me a Compliment which was neither Rhime, nor Reason. I return'd an Answer without Head or Tail. The Damsels smil'd, and had reason to believe, as they did, that I had not over-much Wit; but the Prince, who had as little as my self, was very well pleas'd. He took me by the Hand, and led me into a stately Apartment, where, having recover'd himself, after his Disorder, he confirm'd all that the Damsels had told

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me concerning my Rape, with such a sort of Eloquence, as I did not expect from him. In short, he said such loving Things to me, that we need not admire *Psiche* yielded so easily to *Cupid's* fine Speeches. He soon perceiv'd I was coming, at which he was so overjoy'd, and his Passion grew so fast upon him, that he earnestly intreated me not to defer his good Fortune one Moment, but to marry him immediately. Prince, said I to him then, so sweetly, that it quite charm'd him; you are very hasty. Consider that Marriage is a Matter of Moment, and requires mature Deliberation. Leave me here alone. I desire a full Quarter of an Hour to consider. I was afraid he had been too deep in Love to grant this Delay; but on the contrary, instead of denying it, he commended my Discretion, and went out of the Room, saying, He had the greater Value for me, because Women for the most part did not take so much Time to consider.

Thus was I left alone to make serious Reflections on his Proposal. I found it so advantageous to me, and my Head was fill'd with such pleasant Notions, that a sweet Sleep soon overcame me. But I slept not long, for being pull'd by the Arm, I awak'd. It was the Wise *Belonia*, and I knew her, because I had seen her sometimes at my Father the *Arch-banterer's* House, she being Protectress of his Dominions. Look to your Honour, my dear *Banterina*, said she, it is in wonderful Danger. You are now upon the Edge of the *Euxine* Sea, betwixt *Constantinople* and *Trabisonde*. It is not the King of *Terra Australis* that is in Love with you, it is a false Enchanter, who has taken upon him the Shape of an aimeable Prince to deceive you. My Power is inferior to his, and I cannot carry you hence; but I bring you *Bandenazar's* famous Ring. As long as you keep it, the Enchanter will have no Power over you. You will see Things as they really are, and if you can once set your Foot out of this enchanted Palace, I will carry you away in my Chariot. Take Care to hide this Ring; for if once the Enchanter gets it from you, you must never expect any further Assistance from me. This said, she gave me the Ring, and immediately flew out at the Chimney. When she was gone, I remain'd Melancholy and

and Thoughty; as is usual when a young Woman has a great Fancy for a handsome Man, and is told his ill Qualities. I was not so well pleas'd that I had been undeceiv'd, as I was vex'd to understand that the Prince I had been so fond of was but a meer Cheat. However, I had the Ring in my Bosom, and continu'd in a Dumps when I saw a little old Fellow come into the Room, with a long grey Beard, and a Violet Colour Cloth Cap on his Head sticking above his Ears. He had on a Gown of Tygers Skins, and leant on a Staff, without which he could not go; for, notwithstanding his Crutch, he limp'd so wretchedly, that every Step he went, I thought he would have fell upon his Nose. *Beautiful Infanta*, said *D. Quixote*, interrupting her; that is certainly *Friston* the Enchanter. For he has been lame ever since he broke his Leg at *Babylon*. It is very true, quoth *Banterina*, now you put me in mind of it, the wise *Belonia* told me it was *Friston* the Enchanter; and I forgot to tell you so. Now, Gentlemen, do you but consider, if you please, how much I was surpriz'd, when by that little lame Scoundrel's Discourse, I found out, he was the very same fine Prince I had been so much taken with. I look'd aside with Horror. He drew near to me, I shriek'd out, and a sudden Qualm made me faint away. He call'd in his Women to help me; Five or Six Witches came in and unlac'd me, to give me Air. My Ring dropp'd down, the Enchanter catch'd it up, and having view'd it: Oh, ho, said he, here is the Knack on't. Who the Devil brought her this Jewel, and has been with her the Moment I was away. By my Troth, they are not deceiv'd, who say it is hard to keep Maids. Ads bobs, quoth *Sancho*, *Friston* talks notably enough for an Enchanter. For I have heard our Batchelor *Sampson* say, that Maids are like Sheep; If the Shepherd has not always a watchful Eye over them, they run astray, and the Wolf devours them. But go on with your Story, Madam *Infanta*, these Gentlemen and I sit upon Thorns, till we hear the rest. When I came to my self, said the *Infanta*, I look'd about for my Ring, and not finding it, was as much troubled as if I had lost my Lap Dog, or my Monkey. I call'd the Enchanter, old Goat, nasty

Cripple, and damn'd Sorcerer. In short, I gave him such scurvy Language, that he chang'd all his Love into Hatred. He mutter'd some Words in *Dutch*, and then taking me about the Middle, threw me like an Arrow out at the Window, with such Force and Violence, that I flew from the Shore of the *Euxine* Sea, where I then was, and fell into Waters of the River *Lima*. What a damn'd Skip was that, cry'd *Sancho*. How the Devil could an old Fellow, that was not able to go without a Crutch, have Strength enough to throw you so far. Don't you consider, Friend, reply'd the *Infanta*, that he did it by Virtue of those Hellish Words he had mutter'd to himself? But, Gentlemen, I should never have recover'd after such a Fall; but that, as good Luck would have it, a young Shepherd, who was playing on his Pipe, whilst he look'd to his Sheep on the Bank of the River, perceiving I was like to drown, came speedily to my Assistance. He laid me upon his Back, and swam ashore. Then perceiving that I still breath'd, he carry'd me into his Hut, lighted a Fire, dry'd me, and brought me to my self. I return'd him Thanks for his Care in such Words as made him believe I had not been ill bred, which awaken'd his Curiosity, and he desir'd I would tell him my Story. I did so very precisely, but not without shedding abundance of Tears, which made him drop as many. He told me he was much concern'd at my Misfortunes, and that he might not seem to confide less in me than I had done in him, said; Beautiful Princess, you have told your Misfortunes to a Shepherd, who is no less unhappy than your self. I am the natural Son of the valiant *Periæneus* of *Persia*; and, as if it were the Fate of his Family, to be unfortunate in Love, I lov'd a Lady, who requited me no better than *Floribella* did him. The Queen of the *Amazons*, the charming *Zenobia*, with whom I fell in Love, seeing her dandle a Pig she was mighty fond of, on her Lap, has been deaf to all the Testimonies of my Love I have given her. But what made me quite mad, was, that at the same time I complain'd of her Cruelty, the Prince of the *Floating-Islands* had as much Cause to boast of her Kindness. For meer Vexation I gave over Knight Errantry, and

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removing for ever from my Father's Court, I came to the Banks of this famous River, with a Resolution to turn Shepherd. Since then I have been told, that *Pamphus* the Enchanter, has enchanted my ungrateful Fair, and has converted her into a frightful Tripe-woman; but I do not tell you that for a Certainty, Nay, before God, and on my Conscience, quoth *Sancho*, interrupting the *Infanta* again, whoever told the Shepherd that Story, did not lye, for there is nothing more certain. Madam *Zenobia* is as perfect a Tripe-Woman as ever you saw. She has a great Scar on one Cheek, is Blear-Ey'd, Blubber-Lipp'd, and all the rest suitable. When we found her in the Wood, where she was ty'd to a Pine-Tree, the Soldier *Bracamonte*, the Alderman and I took her rather for a dirty Kitchin-Wench, than a Princess. Only my Master was not mistaken in her. Let him alone; he presently spy'd she was a great Queen. By my Soul, he knew her at first Sight, and call'd her by her Christian Name and Surname, as if they had been old School-Fellows. You need not wonder at that, quoth *Don Quixote*, if Knights Errant had not the Faculty of knowing *Infanta's* under all sorts of Enchantments, how could they rescue them out of the Hands of Enchanters? But we do not consider, *Sancho*, that we interrupt the Princess. No matter, Sir Knight, answer'd *Banterina*, I have a good Memory, and you shall see I am not put out of my Story.

I came to settle in this delightful Place, said the Shepherd. I soon got some Sheep, a Dog, a Reed, and a Bag-Pipe; and changing my Name from Prince *Persin*, as I was call'd before, I took that of the Shepherd *Persino*. My Squire would not follow my Example; but desir'd me to requite his long Services, that I would bestow on him the Honour of Knighthood; and I being of a generous Temper, granted it, and presented him with my Horse and Arms; for before he rode upon a She Ass, which would not have been a proper Steed for a Knight. Then I sent him, with my Blessing, to seek Adventures. The Truth on't is, he was a clever Fellow, very fit for the Ladies Service, and if he has not had his Brains knock'd out in some Melon-Field, no doubt he has comforted

many Widows. For my part, I only contrive to lead a pleasant quiet Life in this delicious Place. Sometimes I play on my Reed, and sometimes on my Bag-Pipe, and sometimes I make Verses on the wonderful Works of Nature. I describe the Pleasures of a Country Life. The Birds are heard to sing in my Poems; in them the silly Lambs are seen to skip after the careful Yews, and the murmuring Streams to glide their Chrystal Waves along the Grass. In short, I enjoy a Thousand Pleasures. But, alas! I want one, which is the most substantial, and without which I am sensible a Shepherd can never be truly happy; and that is a Shepherdess. Beautiful Princess, added he, looking on me very earnestly, I will not love *Zenobia* any longer. I am loving, kind, discreet and faithful; give me Leave to dedicate my Thoughts to you, and do not think the Gods have brought you hither to no Purpose. It is certainly their Will that you should make me happy. Be obedient to their Soverign Decrees. Be my Shepherdess. Ah! What a pleasant Thing it is to love. E'en let us follow where Love calls. Let us give him up our Hearts. Let us renounce our Parents Empires. Let us despise our Grandeur. Let us forget our Kindred and Friends, and let us spend the rest of our Days in tender Sighs, and amorous Songs.

You may judge, Gentlemen, whether it was possible for me to withstand such an Offer. The Shepherd *Perfino* was gay, handsome, and sung well. What a Treasure this is for a young Girl at Fifteen? I could not deny him. I put on a Shepherdess's Dress, and got me a Crook. He gave me Half his Flock to look to, and a Dog he call'd *Melampus*, and not thinking the Name of *Banterina* very fit for Verse, he call'd me *Phillis*. It is impossible to tell you exactly how many Verses he compos'd upon me and my Dog *Melampus*; but the Devil take me, if in less than a Year he did not make Two Hundred Eglogues, as many Elegies, and above a Thousand Roundo's. He had a very Poetical Fancy, and there was no End of his Invention. Sometimes, tho' he was never a Day without me, he complain'd of my long Absence. At another time he would accuse me of Cruelty,

Cruelty, with as little Reason. Another time he would compose pleasantly, and all to divert his Muse, and vary his Subjects. All that he writ was so kind, that it ravish'd me. One Day, among the rest, I shall remember it as long as I live, he sung me a Song I will repeat to you. I was transported with it. I was quite out of Breath. I thought I should have dy'd, my Rapture was so great. The Words are these :

*As Phillis was sleeping,
Stretch'd out on the Grass,
Perfino came creeping,
To gaze on the Lass.
He thought her a Beauty,
And in that Surprise,
Mistaking his Duty,
Made Love with his Eyes.*

Besides the Pleasure of hearing such charming Songs every Day, I had the Satisfaction of seeing the Shepherd *Perfino's* Name and my own carv'd on every Tree, and the History of our faithful Loves writ on the Sands of the River *Lima* in such Characters, as were Proof against the Winds. I liv'd thus very merrily, when one Morning as I was looking to my Sheep, there pass'd by me a Knight, arm'd at all Points, who stopp'd to take a full View of me, and turning to his Squire, said, *Aurelio*, take Notice of that Shepherdess. Are not those the Features of the *Infanta*? Yes, indeed, Sir, answer'd the Squire; that Face is not at all unlike her. I am satisfy'd, reply'd the Knight, she is certainly *Banterina*. Her Country Habit cannot deceive my Eyes. This said, he alighted from his Horse, and lifting up his Vizor, that I might see him, I knew the valiant *Roxinel*, my Father's brave and worthy Bastard. The Surprise and Disorder I was in fully convinc'd him, that he was not mistaken. O my dear *Infanta*, said he, the Gods have then at last been pleas'd I should find you. I have been these Twelve Months seeking you all about. What Chance made you a Shepherdess? When I had satisfy'd his Curiosity, he told me my Parents were comfortless for the Loss of me; and having a

notable Tongue, he describ'd their Affliction in such lively manner, that I had like to have cry'd. Come, *Banterina*, added he, let us hasten away to my Father's Court. Let us fly to deliver him from that dismal Melancholy I left him in, and drive away the sad Shades of Death, which by this Time sit about the Empress. I was mightily perplex'd. If I thought of comforting my Parents, I was no less concern'd to leave *Persino*. An afflicted Father, a weeping Mother, a despairing Shepherd, a whining Dog, and a straying Flock of Sheep; these were all distracting Thoughts, which succeeded one another. But I must resolve, and my Life being a Series of Wonders, I prefer'd my Family before my Lover. I chose rather to forsake such a discreet and well-behav'd Shepherd, than to be deaf to the Calls of my disconsolate Kindred. I had fix'd my Resolution; but as I was preparing to follow *Roxinel*, *Persino*, the unhappy *Persino*, came up to us. He was looking for me, to sing me a new Song; but he had little mind to sing, when he understood he was like to lose me. He made the Woods and the Banks rattle with his doleful Complaints; he threw away his Reed, broke his Crook, tore his Eye-Brows; and, that I may make use of one of *Hommer's* most celebrated Comparisons, he rowl'd himself upon the Ground, as a Black-Pudding rowls upon the the Fire. In short, the doubly and trebly unfortunate *Persino* did his utmost, and downright dy'd before us for meer Vexation and Love. I must here take Breath, Gentlemen, that I may be the better able to tell you all the rest of the Transactions of that fatal Day. Here *Banterina* paus'd a while, and then continu'd her Discourse as follows.

CHAP.

C H A P. V.

The Continuation of the Infanta Banterina's wonderful Adventures.

WHEN I saw my Shepherd stretch'd out dead upon the Ground, I leant upon Prince *Roxinel*, was struck dumb for a while, motionless, and so overloaded with Grief, that I felt none. But soon after I tore my Cloaths and Hair, and lifted up my Voice to Heaven, complaining of his Death with Words full of Fury and Rage. I rail'd so bitterly against *Jupiter* and *Calisto*, that the Prince and his Squire were amaz'd. The eloquent *Roxinel* thought fit to tell me, that Men in their greatest Afflictions are bound to honour the Gods; tho' he had read that Word for Word in *Seneca*, yet I took little Notice of it, and I never gave over abusing the Gods and Goddeses, till the Shepherd *Perfino* was bury'd. Then my Sorrow began to grow lighter; I found my Reason return'd; and I can safely boast, that at Fifteen Years of Age I bore as good a Heart, as any Widow at Thirty. I wip'd my Eyes, and comforted my self. Then my Brother took me up behind him, and we rode Sixteen Hundred Leagues, talking of Knights Adventures; for I am strangely fond of Books of Chivalry; and I do not yet despair, but I may, one time or other, distract my self with reading them. Here *Don Quixote* put up his Hand to his Forehead, and had a strong Temptation to interrupt the Princess in favour of the Books of Chivalry; but he forbore out of Respect to the Company, which show'd he had a great Command of himself.

We travell'd without Disturbance to the Frontiers of *Colchis*, continu'd *Banterina*, I was full of Hopes I should soon see my dear Mother *Merry-Dame*, and my honour'd Father the *Arch-banterer*; when in a Wood we met Twelve Giants carrying away Five *Infanta's* they had newly ravish'd. They stopp'd us, bid-

bidding my Brother surrender upon Discretion, if he would save his Life. The brave *Rozinel* made his Squire set me down, and, without regarding the Odds, drew his Sword, and, like another *Don Quixote*, had the Courage to fight all those Giants, who look'd like so many Wind-Mills. But, alas! the poor Bastard had no better Luck, than if he had been lawfully begotten; for he receiv'd so many Stroaks of their Clubs on his Head, that he lost his Stirrups, and fell down Stone dead under his Horse's Belly. Then they laid hold of his unfortunate Squire, and toss'd him in a Blanket, making him cut such pleasant Capers in the Air, that I could have laugh'd heartily, had I not been so full of Trouble as I was. I fear'd like the rest of the *Infanta's*. They carry'd us directly to the *Moorish* Enchanter's Castle, which was but Two Leagues off. But, Madam Princess, said *Sancho*, interrupting her again, pray tell me, whether those Two-handed Rogues took your Brother's Squire along with them, or whether they left him in the Wood, in that sweet Pickle. As for that, answer'd *Banterina*, they were not satisfy'd with tossing him in a Blanket, till they were weary; but they carry'd him to the Castle, where they shut him up in a Dungeon under Ground, which was Fourscore and Nineteen Thousand Fathom deep. Bless us, what a Dungeon, cry'd *Sancho*, why a Man had as good be in *Limbo*. What a Parcel of damn'd Fellows those were. Hang me, if the very Enchanters be not civiler Persons; when they have toss'd a Squire very handsomly, they e'en turn him loose. That is a great Comfort for a Squire that has been toss'd in a Blanket, answer'd the Princess, and would to God my Brother's had come off so well. But to return to my Story: You must understand, that as soon as I came to the Castle, with my Five unfortunate Companions, in Bondage, the Enchanter desir'd to see us. Tho' I was but in a Shepherdess's Habit, and that all ragg'd; for I had not spar'd it, in my Transports of Grief at *Persino's* Funeral, yet I was reckon'd the prettiest of the Half Dozen. I had the good Luck to please the Wizzard; and at the same time he had the Misfortune to appear in my Eyes the most horrid Individuum of human-

man Race. In a Word, his Hair is frizz'd, red as Blood, and his Face as black as Ink, and it is, doubtless, for that Reason they call him the *Moorish*, or the Black Enchanter. I could not endure the Sight of the Monster. When I look'd upon him I made a sort of a Face, which he did not think look'd very favourably towards him; and in Truth, he needed not to be a great Conjuror to guess what it meant. He made another Face next, which was as plain as the other. He knit his Brow, and looking fiercely on me, How now, little Gypsie, said he in a Voice like a Mule-driver, I perceive you do not like us. To humour you we must send for those fine effeminate Fellows, those starch'd Beau's of our Sex. I could have borrow'd one of those empty Shapes, as poor silly *Friston* did; but I would not put such an Affront upon Nature. I durst not make the Brute an Answer, for fear of provoking him yet further. But to pass by a Thousand needless Circumstances, and come to the Conclusion of my Adventures, I must tell you, that when he had in vain tormented me Three Months, to bring me to comply with his Passion, he was so incens'd to see himself despis'd, that he resolv'd to be reveng'd on me; Which he has done after such a Manner as has scarce any Precedent in History. He touch'd me with his Wand, then he pull'd out of his Pocket a Book in *Folio*, and open'd it; than he read to himself, and as he read, I felt my little Arms grow out in Length, and all my Body grow monstrously big. To be short, in less than a Quarter of an Hour, from an *Infanta* I was converted into a Giant from Head to Foot. Then the Enchanter said to me in a scornful Tone. Go, ter-magant Princess, wander about the Earth now in that pleasing Shape. I command you, added he, in an imperious Tone; by the Soul of the Great *Calchas*, who perfectly knew what was to come, what was present, and, best of all, what was past. Take the Name of *Bramarbas Ironsides*. Do all the Mischief you can in the World. Dethrone vertuous Princes, and support the Wicked. Slay all the Knights that shall fall under your Clutches, and seek out the most famous Men to fight them. By my Magical Power I bestow on you Strength to destroy them all. There is but one in the
World

World that can overcome you. I will not name him to you. If you happen to meet him, and he does but draw his Sword against you, your Gigantick Figure will presently drop off, as if it were a meer Pasteboard-Frame, which my familiar Demons will carry off immediately, and you will become an *Infanta* again. But to perfect my Revenge, I must tell you, that at the same time your Milk-white Skin shall be of my Complexion, which you so much abhor, and which you shall know by a white Veil shall cover your Head. I have been now Two Years, ranging the World by the Force of the Enchantment, and performing Devilish Actions. The best of it is, I was not oblig'd to Dethrone many Princes. I only invaded the good King of *Cyprus* his Dominions, and it now troubles me to the Heart that I kill'd him. As for Knights, I can assure I have destroy'd more than a great many, and I only came into *Spain* after *Don Quixote* to serve him in the same Manner. But, Thanks to the heavenly Powers, it appears he was the most valiant Knight, who alone could disenchant me. The worst of it is, that I am still as black as a Sloe; for tho' no Body has told me so, and I have not yet seen my Face; since I have this white Veil on my Head, I look upon that to be as convincing, as if I had been these Four Hours looking in a Glass. So that you see I am not much in the Wrong in refusing to discover my self to the Company.

When *Banterina* had concluded the Relation of her strange Adventures, the *Arch-banterer* said to her, My dear *Infanta*, I call to Witness all *Olympus*, from *Saturn's* mighty Son to the Eagle that stole his Cupbearer, that I am overjoy'd for finding you. When I call'd to mind the Prince of *Terra Australis*, the Giants, and above all the *Moorish* Enchanter, I perceive you have escap'd a Scowering. As for the innocent Shepherd *Persino*, his moving Songs make me very much concern'd for his Death. But I have this Comfort, that his Soul must needs enjoy sweet Rest in the *Elisian* Fields; for I cannot think, that *Pluto* could be so unjust as to shut it up with *Tarquin's* Ghost. As for your Complexion, my dear Child, there's a Remedy for that. There are abundance of Ladies in my Court,
that

that will communicate their Secrets to you ; but as yet we have not seen your Face. How do we know whether it is so bad as you imagine. Perhaps the *Moorish* Enchanter has not carry'd on his Revenge to the utmost, and thought it enough to fright you. No, no, Sir, answer'd *Banterina*, I am too sure it is so. No matter, reply'd the Emperor, discover your self, your Father commands you. Then I must obey, said the *Infanta* ; but I can assure you, you'll find me much alter'd. At the same time she took off her Napkin, and show'd the Company a Face so far from being white, that it had been Five or Six times daub'd over with shining Ink. The Ladies and Gentlemen seem'd much surpriz'd at that horrid Spell, and *Don Quixote*, was very highly concern'd at it, because this shew'd his Handiwork was imperfect. As soon as *Sancho* spy'd that Sooty Phys, he cry'd out as loud as he was able, Mother of God, what an *Infanta* ! I would not be in her Coat, should St. *Michael* chance to meet with her. Good God, what is the Meaning of this ? Shall we never see any but *Hackt-Face*, or Smooty Princeesses ! In Truth, Child, said the Emperor, you are in a fine swarthy Condition. I am much afraid we shall never wash off those Beauty Spots ; but, however, we will spare no Cost upon them. We will try those Waters our tawny Complexion Ladies make use of to fetch the Skin off their Faces ; and perhaps, with much Pains we may succeed. I scarce think it, answer'd *Banterina* in a sorrowful Tone. I had better renounce the World, and be always hid. But alas ! Added she weeping, what a Figure shall I make with this frightful Face ? All young People will shun me, as if I were some old decay'd Countess ; and besides, the Grief of wanting a Lover my self, I shall have the Vexation to see other Women chop and change theirs every Day.

CHAP.

C H A P. VI.

Of the Expedient that was found out for finishing the Disenchantment of Banterina.

WHilst the poor Princess thus lamented her sad Fate, on a sudden a Paper folded up like a Letter was seen to drop at her Feet, being thrown in by one of *Don Carlos's* Pages so dexterously, that *Don Quixote* and *Sancho* never perceiv'd it. What new Prodigy is this, cry'd the *Arch-banterer*? Sure this is some Advice from an Enchanter our Friend. Let us read it, for we ought to slight nothing. This said, he catch'd up the Paper, open'd it, and read these Verses aloud.

To the Smooty-Face Princess.

*Into my Fatal conjuring Book
For your sad Case I chanc'd to look,
And there I found your Ivory Face
Will ne'er retrieve its former Grace,
Unless the Conqueror, that brave Man,
Of Secretary Cordovan
Will keep a Fast for your sweet Sake;
A Thing most hard to undertake.
But if that gallant trusty Squire,
In Pity, yields to your Desire;
And one whole Day will be content
To take no Food or Nourishment;
Then shall that Hellish Black take Flight,
And in its Place pure Red and White,
Shall Devils vex, and Men delight.
This Vote was past, by full Consent
Last Night in Pluto's Parliament.*

The Moorish Enchanter.

Bles.

Blessed be the Parliament, said the *Arch-banterer*. Cheer up, Child, you will soon recover your Beauty; for I cannot think the most obliging *Sancho Panza* will refuse to do you this Piece of Service. Sir, quoth *Banterina*, there is nothing certain in the World. I cannot tell whether that illustrious Squire will live a Day without eating for my Sake. How, whether he will, cry'd *Don Quixote*! Alas! beautiful Princess, you do him much Wrong to doubt of it. Is not this true, my Son? Don't you now reckon your self the happiest Squire that ever was, that is, or ever will be? Do not you feel a sort of Joy you are scarce able to contain? No by my Troth, answer'd *Sancho*, I am not so full of Joy as you imagine. Do you think I am so well pleas'd to be Four and Twenty Hours without eating, and to be biting my Nails, whilst others are exercising their Jaws till they are weary. Pox take me, 'tis a pretty Business to rejoice at. But pray, why must I do Penance for other Folks Sins? That's a pretty Fancy. I should have a long *Lent*, were I to fast for every Lady that has play'd the Devil. Hang me, I'll not do't at all. You don't consider what you say, reply'd *Don Quixote* in an angry Tone, tho' you are but a meer Squire, you may gain immortal Renown, worthy to be envy'd by the most applauded Knights. Faith, Sir, said *Sancho*, Knights need not envy me on that Account. If my Fast tempts them, they need but say so, and they shall share in it; and if One Day is not enough, they may fast Ten. I promise you they shall not see me vie with them. But, *Sancho*, answer'd *Banterina*, you don't consider that Four and Twenty Hours are soon gone. For all the Time you have fasted from Dinner must be reckon'd in, and you may dine again to Morrow; and then all the Business is going to Bed without a Supper. That's too much, quoth *Sancho*; but it is easily said; and yet if you were to do it, you'd make many sour Faces. Would to the Gods, answer'd the Princess, that the Success of this Affair depended on me, my Face would be as clear as Crystal to Morrow. Why? Can you fancy I would think much to fast till to Morrow for a good Complexion? If you do, you don't take me for a Woman. By my Maidenhead, I'd fast a whole

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Year with Bread and Water for the least Glimpse of White, or any little agreeable Air. How hard you are to be brought to, said the *Arch-banterer*, as if you had never gone to Bed without a Supper. I believe you did not go to *Rome* for a Pardon every time you did it in the Course of your Adventures. I grant it, Mr. *Arch-banterer*, answer'd *Sancho*, but neither did I tell you every time I was fretted to my Heart.

Don Carlos, the Earl, and *Don Alvaro*, who till then had continu'd silent, drew near the Squire to persuade him to do Things handsomely. The *Arch-banterer* conjur'd him; and *Banterina*, as most concern'd in this Affair, did not only intreat, but fell down at his Feet to move him the more. *Don Quixote*, who had bore a great while, seeing the Emperor condescend to intreat his Squire, was out of Patience, when he beheld the Princess in that humble Posture; and was ready to break out, when *Sancho* at length overcome by so much Courtship, and mov'd at the *Infanta's* Behaviour, lifted her up, saying; Well, rise, Madam Princess; since the Child cries, it must be rock'd. I have a tender Heart enough, considering I am a Peasant. I'll do this Penance for you, and I promise I'll do it to a Miracle. The *Arch-banterer* hearing him, ran to embrace the Generous Squire; *Banterina* thank'd him, the Ladies and Gentlemen commended him, and *Don Quixote* was pacify'd. My dear Friend *Sancho*, said *Don Alvaro*, I am overjoy'd you should have the Honour of finishing the Disenchantment of such a beautiful *Infanta*. I am glad of it too, said the Squire, but the worst of it is, I never had a better Stomach than I have at this time. Hang me, I think the Devil is in it. My Guts cry, a Famine, because I have nothing but Wind to feed them with. Right said the Earl, this is the Humour of all Men; as soon as a Thing is forbid, every Man longs for it. Ay, and the Women too are of the same Humour, quoth *Sancho*, for I very well remember, that *John Aspado*, the Shooe-Maker of our Village, one Day forbid his Wife to go to the Wood a Nutting, and yet the Jade went, and ne're got Home again till she had gather'd a Lapful. But, Gentlemen, added he, tho' I am forbid eating a Supper, yet I hope I may be allow'd

low'd to dip my Fingers Ends in the Sauce. That will not break my Fast. I beg your Pardon, answer'd *Don Carlos*, we can never be too nice when the Disenchantment of a Princess depends on it. You must not eat so much as a Bit of Bacon a Fowl is larded with, for fear of infringing the Decree of the Parliament. Nay, I am of Opinion, you should keep as far as may be from the Kitchen ; because I look upon the Steem of the Meat as sufficient to break the Order. By my Troth, *Don Carlos*, cry'd *Sancho*, I have an excellent Thought come into my Head. You can't imagine what I'll do. As soon as I can get to *Don Alvaro Trase's* House, I'll go to Bed ; and if I can, I'll sleep till it be time to say Grace to Morrow. I like the Project well, said the Earl, and by that Means you'll avoid all Temptation. Besides the Proverb says, *That he who sleeps, dines*. Right, answer'd the Squire, let us talk no more of it, I'll away and fast like a Bishop, and then we shall see whether the Order of Knighthood can be deny'd me. No, no, my dear *Sancho*, answer'd the *Arch-banterer*, you may rest satisfy'd you shall be dubb'd. That is the least Reward you can expect from me. The *Infanta* perceiving the Squire so favourably inclin'd to her, chang'd the Discourse, and said to the Emperor ; Pray, Sir, give me Leave to ask you, whether the Empress my Mother is in this Palace, or whether you have left her in your *Arch-bantership*. I long to hear from her. I am overjoy'd at your Earnestness, answer'd the *Arch-banterer*, your Mother is here, and in her Apartment, bewailing the Loss of you ; and is still so afflicted, that she will see no Body. Let us go dry up her Tears, reply'd the Princess, and let us bid the Company good Night, and so wait the Event of my Disenchantment, which cannot fail, since it wholly depends on *Don Quixote's* abstemious Squire. The Ladies and Gentlemen went away to their own Homes, very well pleas'd with the Actors in this Comedy, but particularly with *Don Carlos's* young Secretary, who had play'd the Part of the young *Banterina* so nicely.

C H A P. VII.

How Sancho finish'd the Disenchantment of the Infanta Banterina.

WHEN *Don Alvaro*, *Don Quixote* and his Squire return'd to their Lodging, the Knight, who was full of what had happen'd at the *Arch-banterer's*, said to the *Granadine*; I cannot tell, *Don Alvaro*, whether the Things we have seen and heard have made so great an Impression on you as they have done on me. These are some of those wonderful Accidents, which have discredited the Books of Knight Errantry; and, I am of Opinion, that when Posterity shall read the Adventure of the *Infanta Banterina*, in my History, it will not be believ'd. I don't question it, answer'd *Don Alvaro*, nothing is more unlikely than that Princess's Enchantment, and all she told us. I am much concern'd at her Misfortunes. When I consider her in a Wood at the Mercy of Twelve Giants, and then in the Clutches of a base Moor--- What a sad Thing it is! For, perhaps, the poor *Infanta* did not tell us all; she might conceal some Things out of meer Modesty. God grant I may be mistaken in my Guess, and that her Father find her as *Achilles* did *Briseis*. You know, *Don Quixote*, that *Agamemnon* swore he return'd her pure and undefil'd; and that all the *Greeks* took his Word, as a Man would believe a Guardian, who swears he has not cheated his Pupil. *Don Alvaro*, answer'd *Don Quixote*, I grant you the chaste *Banterina* has run thro' great Dangers; but what may satisfy your Scruples is, that we read in the Authentick Books of Chivalry, That the *Infanta Aurora* came out pure and unspotted, after she had been Three Years shut up in a Cave among Giants; and the same of a Thousand other Princesses I could quote. Nay, if so, reply'd the *Granadine*, smiling, I shall set my Heart at Rest as to that Point. But, pray Gentlemen, cry'd *Sancho*, did not you take Notice of the course Word

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Madam the *Infanta* let slip in her Story. What course Word, answer'd *Don Quixote*. Ads Curse, quoth *Sancho*, did she not say, *The Devil take me*? Methinks those are curious Words for an Emperor's Daughter; they favour something of the scoundrel Giants she kept Company with. I must confess, said *Don Quixote*, I was something startled at first to hear those Words; but I consider'd afterwards, that since the Princess made use of them, they must be an usual Way of Affirmative at her Father the Emperor's Court. I am of your Opinion, answer'd *Don Alvaro*; no doubt but the *Infanta* has been too well bred to use such Words, had not Custom authoriz'd them among the *Arch-banterer's* Ladies.

After some more such Talk, *Don Alvaro* changing the Discourse, said to the Knight, *Don Quixote*, I have a Favour to beg of you, which is, that you will excuse me from supping with you to Night; *Don Carlos* and the Earl expect me to settle some private Affairs depending betwixt us. Why so much Ceremony, answer'd *Don Quixote*. Friends must not confine one another. Go where you please, my dear *Tarfe*. I design to shut my self up in my Chamber with *Sancho*; for I am resolv'd to leave him out of my Sight, till he has perfected the Disenchantment of the Princess *Banterina*. I approve of your Resolution, answer'd *Don Alvaro*; it will not be amiss for you to watch your discreet and abstemious Squire, that he may be the more exact in performing his Penance. Then he took Leave of the Knight, and went away to the Earl's House, where he found the Marquess *de Orisalvo*, *Don Carlos*, and his Secretary, laughing heartily at the Trick they had put upon *Don Quixote*, and contriving more Sport for the next Day.

In the mean while, our Knight being withdrawn into his Chamber with *Sancho*, the *Granadine's* Steward came to tell him Supper was ready. If you would oblige me, said *Don Quixote*, bring me a Glass of Wine and a Mouthful of Meat hither, for I would willingly sup in my Chamber to Night. The Steward went out and return'd immediately with Two Pages, one of them bringing a great Piece of Bread, a Bottle and a Glass, and the other the Table-Linnen, and a roast

ed Pullet on a Plate. They left all upon the Table and withdrew, because *Don Quixote* dismiss'd them, saying, His Squire should wait. As soon as they were gone out, *Don Quixote* double-lock'd the Door; then he made *Sancho* disarm him, who in the mean while said to him; So, Sir, now we are alone, pray talk to me as a good Master ought to talk to his Squire; must I of Necessity perform my Penance? What do you mean to question it, answer'd *Don Quixote*, have not you promis'd the *Infanta* and the Emperor so to do? Yes, Sir, said the Squire, I have promis'd; but you know Words are but Wind, especially among Great Men. Can't you lessen my Penance? Do you think, if you give me a Leg of that little Bird, the *Infanta* will be e're the less disenchant'd? No doubt of it, reply'd *Don Quixote*; you must not eat the least Bit. Nay, I cannot tell, but the Will may be taken for the Deed. Good God, cry'd *Sancho*, what do you mean? Where are we then? I shall have made a fine Spot of Work of it to Morrow. It will appear that I went to Bed without a Supper, and that the Princess is no more disenchant'd than my Grand-Mother. And if so, answer'd the Knight, you must begin again to Morrow. Then, Sir, quoth *Sancho*, I must eat to Night, if you think I shall be oblig'd to begin my Fast again to Morrow. To tell you my Opinion, reply'd *Don Quixote*, I do not think you infringe the Order of the Enchanters in only wishing to eat; but however, I advise you to go to Bed, whilst I eat my Supper, if it were only to save the Trouble of withstanding the Temptation. Sir, I will take your Advice, answer'd the Squire, but first you will give me Three good Glasses of Wine, for there is nothing better towards disenchanting, and you know I had been disenchant'd the other Day had I perform'd the rest of the Ceremony as cleverly as I took down the Three Bumpers the Batchelor gave me. This is not the same Case, said *Don Quixote*, you are absolutely forbid taking any Sustenance, and therefore you must neither eat nor drink. For God's Sake, *Sancho*, do what is requir'd of you nicely, that I may not be upbraided with keeping a base mean spirited Squire, who has not the Heart to finish an Adventure. And pray what
hard

hard Matter is put upon you? I never knew any *Infanta* disenchanting at such an easie rate; and yet you go about this glorious Action with so much Reluctancy. What would you do, Friend, if you were to give your self Ten Thousand Lashes? What would I do, said the Squire? By the Lord, I would lash my self so gently, that the Enchanters should have no Cause to laugh at me. And if any one did not like it, he might e'en lash himself for me. He is a great Fool who hurts himself to please another. I believe the ancient Squires Errant did not use to flea themselves for *Infanta's*. There was not one of them, answer'd *Don Quixote*, but would have whipp'd himself till he had been raw all over for any plain Damsel. In those Days, reply'd *Sancho*, when the Sun went down there were abundance of Beasts in the Shade. The Squires in our Days, God be prais'd, are no such Fools; and I could name you those that would not pull Three Hairs out of their Beard for all the Princesses in the World. Will you never entertain nobler Thoughts, answer'd *Don Quixote*? You are finely qualify'd to receive the glorious Order of Knighthood. Had the *Arch-banterer* heard what you say, I am sure he would cause you to be turn'd out of his Palace to Morrow. As for that, quoth the Squire, I should take better Heed how I talk'd before him; for I remember I have heard, that we are not to tell Emperors all we think. That's true, answer'd *Don Quixote*, but you are little the better for the Instructions you receive. You talk'd a while ago so loosely before the *Arch-banterer*, that a Courtier could not have had the Impudence to do the like. But let us not rip up past Faults; I am willing to forget them. Undress you, and say no more. The Squire obey'd; but his Stomach being ill dispos'd towards his usual Rest, he could not fall asleep, and lay tumbling in his Bed like a Widow. The Knight sat down at Table, and was satisfy'd with a Glass of Wine, a Bit of Meat, and a Mouthful of Bread, envying *Sancho's* good Fortune, who opening the Curtains to have the better Sight of what was on the Table, ogled the Pullet so lovingly, that he would willingly have forfeited the Honour of disenchanting a Thousand *Infanta's* to be in his Master's Place. Ma-

ster *Don Quixote*, cry'd he, that Fowl delights my Eyes. How purely it smells ! By *Jove*, it ravishes me. You should fall to it lustily. You only tickle its Ribs. By the Lord, if I were at it, I would handle it after another Manner. Glutton, answer'd *Don Quixote*, it is better for you to endeavour to fall asleep, than to gaze at this Pullet, that is such a Temptation to you. Sir, said *Sancho*, I cannot sleep. My Belly does not love Fasting, and I find it is stark mad. Yet it might be Patient, for the Task is not yet near over. However, I will do all I can to fall asleep. This said, he sunk down into the Bed, and giving way to Thought, said to himself, (for the wise *Alifolan* reveals his most secret Meditations.) Alas ! poor Governour of the *Force-Meat-Balls*, must you be starv'd to Death, when other Governours at this time are at Table eating their Fill ? By my Soul, I am a meer Fool to fast for a Gipsie *Infanta* I know nothing of ; nor is any Kin to me. Besides, what shall I get by disenchanting her ? Honour and that's all. Faith, I don't value that Profit which a Man cannot put up in his Pocket. And as for the Order of Knighthood, the *Arch-bante-rer* is to bestow on me, I am not in such haste for it ; and whenever I am, why should I be harder to please than my Master *Don Quixote*, I'll e'en make the first Inn-keeper I meet with dub me Knight. What shall I do then ? Cannot I, when my Master is gone to Bed, get up softly, without any Ceremony, and go rumble the Pullet and the Lunch of Bread I saw upon the Table ? That I may, and it was well thought on. Who will know any thing of it ? No Body. O but to Morrow when they find the Princess is not disenchanted, they will say, *Sancho*, you took some Sustenance. What Answer shall I make to that. Well, I'll say I did not. It is as easie to say No, as Yes, and I shall not be the first Squire that told a Lye. I shall be believ'd, and the Mule will be blam'd for the Driver's Fault. There's an End of it ; I'm resolv'd I'll eat. In short, if I break my Fast, what Harm can it do. It is no Fast impos'd by our holy Mother the Church ; and I shall not suffer for it in the other World.

Whilst

Whilst he was fixing this Resolution, *Don Quixote* made an End of his Supper. Then he walk'd a little about the Room, pull'd off his little Doublet, put out the Candle, and went to Bed. As soon as *Sancho* felt him by his Side, he lost no Time, but got up to put his Design in Execution. Whether are you going, ask'd *Don Quixote*? Sir, said he, with your Leave, I must get up about some Business, perhaps that is not forbid. No, my Son, answer'd the Squire; that is lawful. The Squire groap'd out the Table, and meeting with the Pullet and the Bread, laid hold of it, and went to Bed again. Be of good Heart, said *Don Quixote*, one Night is soon gone; and if you happen not to rest so well as at other times, you may comfort your self with the Thoughts that you shall restore the Princess to her former Beauty. I do comfort my self, answer'd *Sancho*, and I fancy to my self that the Princess's Face is by this time as white as a Sheet. Now you talk of the Princess, said *D. Quixote*, I am glad she told us that Prince *Perfin's* Squire rode on an Ass. Now I shall not fear being upbraided with your following me upon such another Creature. Hence I infer, that most of the ancient Squires were mounted on Asses; and that therefore there is no mention made in abundance of Books of Chivalry of the Squires Steed. I tell you once more Friend, I am very glad the *Infanta* has told us a Thing which authorizes me to leave you your Dapple; for, to deal plainly with you, I was not satisfy'd as to that Point, and was about buying a Horse. Whilst the Knight talk'd, *Sancho* mumbled the Pullet and the Bread, and lest his Master should over hear the grinding of his Jaws, he eat as gently as he could, and for the most part swallow'd down Mouthfuls without chewing. Yet with all his Precaution, he made such a Cracking that *Don Quixote* could not forbear saying; What is this I hear, *Sancho*? You make a Noise with your Mouth as if you were eating. Sir, answer'd the Squire, with such Presence of Mind, as one would scarce have thought him guilty of; I am half asleep, and I dream I am at a Feast, laying about me handsomely. Pray do not awake me. *D. Quixote* smil'd at this Answer, without so much as mistrusting the Truth. Well, sleep then

then, my Son, said he. I will not deprive you of the Pleasure of a Dream you are so well pleas'd with, and which can no Way prejudice *Banterina's* Disenchantment. The Squire rejoycing at the Success of his Cheat, carry'd it on to the utmost. For when he had eat up the Pullet and the Bread, considering so much Meat deserv'd some Drink, he got up to go to the Bottle. Do you rise again, said *Don Quixote*, are not you well. Sir, said *Sancho*, I can bear with my Distemper, and I will do so well this time, an't please God, that I shall have no more Occasion to rise to Night. In short, having found the Bottle, he put it to his Mouth, and at one pull suck'd it so dry, that there was not enough left to drop *Supernaculum*. Then going to Bed again, he had no sooner laid his Head on the Pillow, but the lovely God of Sleep, who was generally so much his Friend, when his Stomach was so full, shrouded him all over with his heavy Vapours. The Knight on the other side fell asleep insensibly, without the least Jealousie of the horrid Breach *Sancho* had made of the Ordinance of *Pluto's* Parliament.

C H A P. VIII.

Which treats of several Things, and among the rest, of the Novel of The Curious Impertinent.

Don Quixote wak'd first in the Morning, and it being then broad Day, he call'd his Squire; but finding he was fast asleep, he hunch'd him so hard with his Knees and Elbows on the Ribs, that the poor Fellow cry'd out Two or Three times. Pox take me, Sir, said he, do not thrust so hard. Must you kill a Man to wake him. Let us rise, my Lad, answer'd *Don Quixote*; it is a Shame for Men of our Profession to lie so long a Bed. I am impatient to hear from the *Infanta Banterina*. I have seen her, *Sancho*, I have seen her in a Dream last Night. O Heavens! how charming she appear'd. O what a Beauty she

is, my Friend ! If so, Sir, said the Squire, she is disen-
 charmed. Yes certainly, reply'd *Don Quixote*, and
 I can assure you, your Fast has been successful already.
 Have a Care, Sir, quoth *Sancho*, lest you be mista-
 ken. Dreams are often false, and I have no Faith at
 all in them. Do not fancy, said the Knight, that my
 Dream is the Production of a strong Imagination. It
 is real. The wise *Alquife* laid before me a Picture of
 that Princess, even as the wise *Bellonia* shew'd the
 Knight of the *Rich-Figure* the true Image of *Florif-
 bella* in the Prison of *Persopolis*. So that, my Lad,
 you may reckon the *Infanta* is disencharmed. God be
 prais'd, Sir, quoth the Squire, but if she is not quite,
 I must tell you 'tis no Fault of mine. This Discourse
 kept them employ'd whilst they were getting up,
 The Knight, if he had but look'd towards the Table,
 might easily have perceiv'd that the Penance had not
 been so religiously perform'd, as he imagin'd, but he
 was pleas'd to take no manner of Notice of it, and
 when they were almost ready they heard knocking at
 the Chamber-Door. *Don Alvaro*, the Earl, and *Don
 Carlos* came to acquaint them with the *Infanta*'s Disen-
 charment. This pleasing News did not at all sur-
 prise *Don Quixote*, who was prepar'd for it ; but
Sancho was so amaz'd, that he could not forbear crying
 out ; Mother of God, is it possible the *Infanta* should
 be disencharmed ! Why so much wonder, *Sancho*, said
 the *Granadine* ? Have you broke your Fast ? No, Sir,
 answer'd the Squire ; my Master *Don Quixote* can wit-
 ness for me. I fasted like a Dean, and am ready to be-
 gin again if the Princess wants but a Speck of White-
 ness. But to deal plainly, I can hardly believe, she
 has chang'd her Countenance so soon. It is certainly
 true, said *Don Carlos*, for this Morning one of the Em-
 press *Merry Dame*'s Pages gave me an Account of this
 wonderful Accident, and swore to me that the Prin-
 cess's Beauty was beyond all Expression. I grant
 Pages are very ready to swear ; but they ought to be
 believ'd when they speak well of their Masters. *Don
 Carlos*, said the *Granadine*, the Empress's Page told you
 nothing but the Truth, for the *Arch-banterer* has sent
 me Word that his Daughter is disencharmed, and that
 he expects *Don Quixote* and his Squire to return them

Thanks.

Thanks. Gentlemen, said the Earl, I long to see that beautiful Princess ; and since I don't question but you have the same Curiosity we may satisfy it immediately, if you please, for we have a large Coach at the Door, drawn by Six good Mules. Let us lose no Time ; for you must know the Emperor is remov'd from his Palace. Right, quoth *Don Alvaro*, he is not now in *Madrid*. He went Yesterday with all his Court to lie Two Leagues off at a Palace a Prince has lent him, which is much more stately and befitting an *Arch-banterer*. The Gentlemen all resolv'd to set out, and as soon as the Knight was arm'd, they went into the Coach. A while after *Sancho* set out upon his Ass with his Portmanteau behind him, and carrying his Master's Lance and Buckler, being guided by a Page, mounted on *Rocinante*.

The Palace they went to was a Country-House belonging to the Earl : The Marquess *de Orisalvo* was gone thither already with some of his Friends, and all the Ladies that were at his House the Day before. Being resolv'd to make some more Sport with *Don Quixote* and his Squire, they had thought fit to draw them out of the Town, that they might be more free in the Country. *Don Carlos's* Secretary was preparing to do Wonders. He had hir'd Two Sutes of Princesses Cloaths of the Players, one of which was to serve him to act the Part of the disenchanting Princess *Banterina* in, and the other was for an old Chamber-Maid of the Earl's Sister to represent the Empress *Merry Dame*. Whilst they Two were dressing, the Ladies and Gentlemen were in the Hall, where the Play was to be acted ; and the Author of this various History tells us, they began to talk of the Knight of *La Mancha* and his Squire. Ladies said the Marquess *de Orisalvo* ; what think you of *Don Quixote* ? Don't you find abundance of good Sense amidst all his Madness ? And is not *Sancho's* Simplicity wonderful. He is very diverting answer'd one of the Ladies, I am mightily pleas'd with his Ingenuity. Every now and then something that is very sharp comes from him, and yet he has no Design in it ; and it is amazing, that the simplest Fellow in the World should talk so wittily without being sensible himself of what he says. I am

not

not at all pleas'd with *Benengeli* for having vary'd his Character, for sometimes he makes *Sancho* talk like an ingenuous Peasant, and sometimes like a sharp malicious Clown. Madam, answer'd the Marquess, smiling, if you have not a Care, you'll fall foul upon *Benengeli*. God forbid, reply'd the Lady, his *Don Quixote* is an excellent Book. It is full of Morality, and besides the Comical Humour almost throughout it, there are most exquisite Novels in it. Among the rest, I think that of *The Curious Impertinent* is very pleasant, and instructive. I am of the same Opinion, said the Earl's Sister, and I have been mightily taken with that Novel. I must plainly own my ill Taste, said another Lady, I do not so well like *The Curious Impertinent*, as you do; because I observe in it many Things contrary to Nature and Probability. Be pleas'd, Madam, said one of the Gentlemen, to give us your Remarks upon it. I own I am a great Admirer of *Benengeli*, and can scarce believe there is the least Fault in the Novel we speak of. If you had read it with Attention, answer'd the Lady, you would be of another Opinion. In the first place there is one Thing in it unnatural, which you will soon grant me your self. It is when *Anselm* lies hid to observe his Wife *Camilla*. You know *Camilla* has Notice of it given her; she makes a long Speech, and does a Thousand odd Actions which are more than enough to cure *Anselm's* Jealousie. Then she walks about like a mad Woman, with a Dagger in her Hand, her Eyes full of Passion, as if she were resolv'd to kill *Lothair*. He comes in, she upbraids him with having entertain'd such Thoughts of her, as if she could be false to her Husband. *I am to blame*, says she to him, *that I have not punish'd you so severely as I ought to have done, and I will now revenge that Fault upon myself; but dying, I must kill you, and thus satisfy my Vengeance.* This said, she flew at him, acting as if she would stab him so lively, that he knew not what to think of it himself; and was forc'd to make use of all his Art and Strength to save himself. If the Lover was deceiv'd, the Husband could not choose but be so too, and since *Anselm* thought all that was in earnest, was it natural for him to lie still where he was hid, and not to step out to save his Friend's

Life

Life, by making known his Innocence to *Camilla*? Would he rather expose *Lothair* to Two or Three Stabs of a Dagger, than show himself? Nay, he does not only leave him expos'd to the Danger, but still keeps close after *Camilla* has wounded her self, and counterfeits Fainting away. Surely he design'd to stay till she was dead and bury'd, before he would show himself.

Just so, said the Marquess, would a Husband have done, who had a mind to get rid of his Wife; which did not suit with *Anselm*, who was desperately in Love with his. You see then, said the Lady; that I am not so much out in my Criticism upon that Point; but there are many more that displease me. As for Instance, when the Author says, *Anselm* bearing a Noise in *Leonela's* Chamber, and intending to go in to see what it was, perceiv'd that the Door was held against him. This Opposition heightned his Curiosity, and made him thrust so hard, till he got the better, and then he had a Glimpse of a Man slipping down out at the Window into the Street. In the first Place, I don't understand what great Noise *Leonela*, and her Gallant could make to disturb *Anselm*, and oblige him to rise; and again, methinks Two Lovers, who had Reason to fear a Surprise, should not forget to lock the Door. Besides, what Need was there for *Leonela* to tell her Master, that only she was concern'd in that Affair? Was not he sufficiently convinc'd it was so? Had he any Cause to suspect *Camilla*, after the Scence he had seen acted? And why did that Maid, when she had own'd that Intrigue was her own, tell *Anselm*, She would the next Day acquaint him with greater Matters? What Design could she have in it? She only aggravated her own Crime by discovering the Familiarity between *Camilla*, and *Lothair*. She brought all the Guilt upon her self, and lost her Mistress's Protection, which she was sure of, if she kept her Council. Nay, Madam, said the Gentleman, that espous'd *Benengeli*, you don't consider, that *Anselm* threatned to kill *Leonela* and held a Dagger to her Breast; and therefore the Maid was in great Disorder. She was so concern'd she knew not what she said. Well, Sir, said the Lady, I will pass that by in Complaisance to you. But, supposing the Fear of Death

Death made her Talk wildly, and that those indiscreet Words might slip from her in that Distraction, you cannot but allow, that it was an unpardonable Fault in *Anselm* not to force *Leonela* to tell him those mighty Matters immediately, which she reserv'd for the next Day. How could he consent to put off that Information, especially being of such a curious Temper as he was. He was not in Disorder as the Maid was, and therefore he ought to press her to speak, and when he lock'd her up, he ought to have consider'd she might follow her Gallant's Example, and make her Escape out of the Window. That Reflection, answer'd the Gentleman, is very good, and I have nothing to object against it. Then let it be granted, reply'd the Lady, that the Author's Genius was deficient, and that not knowing how to unravel his Plot he chose to break in upon Nature and Probability, for want of a natural and ingenious Contrivance to discover to *Anselm* the Familiarity betwixt his Wife and his Friend. I had not made all those Reflections, said the Earl's Sister; and when I read that Novel I only dislike'd *Camilla's* Flight. That's true, said the Marquess, considering how well she had acted her part till then, she took the Alarm too soon. Since her Husband did not yet suspect her, she only needed to pretend to be more angry at *Leonela* than her Husband, and pretending to go frighten her with Threats, she might have underhand given her Assurances of her Protection, or else have got her out of the House. In short, *Camilla* ought to have brought her self off by a fresh Piece of Confidence. Thus *Benengeli* would have made the Character of a crafty Woman, he gives *Camilla*, the more lively, and the Story had been the perfecter, and pleasanter in its Kind. That is not all, said another Lady, I would fain know why *Anselm* left the Town, when he found neither *Leonela*, nor his Wife, nor his Friend. Had it not been more to the Purpose to seek them out in *Florence*, and so to have been convinc'd of his Misfortune, which as yet he was only jealous of, than to run away into the Country, where, in all Likelihood, he could meet with no Body to inform him! Yet, for all that, Madam said the Marquess, he there met a Gentleman; and if you remember,

member, this Gentleman came from the City. *Anselm*, ask'd him, what News there was at *Florence*. Very strange News answer'd the Gentleman. It is reported, that *Lothair* last Night ran away with his Bosom-Friend *Anselm's* Wife. This was discover'd, added he, by a Maid that serv'd *Camilla*, who was taken up by the Watch, as she was slipping down into the Street by her Sheets she had made fast to the Window. How could they be told by *Leonela*, that *Camilla* was run away with *Lothair*, since *Leonela* knew nothing of it, for it happen'd after she was taken up by the Watch? Is not that a Fault in Judgment? Besides, *Anselm's* Death is very ill manag'd, and not likely. He sat down to write a Letter. He had Strength enough to begin it, and dy'd half Way. What a wretch'd Conclusion!

C H A P. IX.

*Of the extraordinary Honour that was done
Don Quixote.*

THIS Discourse was interrupted by the young Secretary, and the old Chamber-Maid coming into the Room. All the Company gaz'd earnestly on those Two Princesses, they were clad in Cloth of Gold, adorn'd with abundance of false Diamonds, and Caps embellish'd with Feathers of all Sorts of Colours, and on their Backs hung curious long Flaxen-Hair in lovely Curles, which never grew on their Heads. The Secretary being very long visag'd and full of the small Pox, with a flat Nose, and a Mouth from Ear to Ear, it was much fear'd he would never answer the Fame of the Princess that had been stole for her Beauty; but he had so contriv'd Matters, and had laid on such a vast Quantity of red and white Paint, that the Ladies highly approv'd of his Management. The Empress *Merry Dame*, otherwise call'd *Mrs. Uriques*, had take no less Pains to look like a Princess. The Company had scarce taken their full View of their Two Highnesses, before a Page told them

them *Don Quixote* was come. The Marquess hearing this News, clapt on his *Arch-banterer's* Crown, took up his Red Scepter, and ran with the Princesses to seat themselves on Three Thrones, under a great Canopy. *Don Quixote*, *Tarfe*, *Don Carlos*, and the Earl soon appear'd, and made low Bows to the Imperial Family; but as soon as the Emperor saw *Don Quixote*, he came down from his Throne, and ran to him with open Arms, saying, Welcome, brave Knight of *La Mancha*: May the Gods ever prove favourable to you. Then *Don Quixote* stepping forwards towards the Emperor, and kneeling upon one Knee, would have kiss'd his Hand; but the *Arch banterer* drew it back, rais'd the Knight, and having kiss'd both his Cheeks, presented him to his Wife *Merry-Dame*, and the *Infanta*, who came down from their Thrones to embrace him, according to the Custom of Ancient Empresses, who never fail'd to embrace such famous Knights as came before them, after finishing some important Adventure. Invincible *Don Quixote*, said the Empress, worthy Off-spring of the God *Mars*, what Thanks can we return you? What can we do to requite your mighty Valour? Sovereign Princess, answer'd the Knight, Honour is the only Reward I propose to my self in all my Undertakings. No other Recompence can please me; and if I had the Honour to be the Cause of your finding the *Infanta*, it is enough for me that you should vouchsafe to open your Imperial Mouth to thank me. Well then, said the Emperor, expect nothing from us but Thanks. I had Thoughts of making you a Present of the noble Kingdom of *Cochinchina*, and of giving your Squire the best Government in my *Arch-banterership*; but no more of that. Let the Honour of having finish'd a glorious Adventure content you both. The Gods grant, cry'd *Banterina*, that all the World may soon ring with the Noise of my Disenchantment. May Fame hasten to spread the happy News from the fair *German* to the Sun-burnt *Ethiopian*, from the Empire of *Trabison*, to the little Shops in *Toledo*. And may the valiant *Don Quixote* follow Fame, to show to all the World that he is far above all she can say of him. May his famous Name, said the Empress, be trans-

mitted from Generation to Generation, and never fail but with the World. Gentlemen, said the *Arch-banterer* to the Company ; How do you like *Banterina* ? Don't you find she is chang'd from Black to White. *Tarfe*, and the Earl assented, and *Don Quixote* having look'd on her, like a Knight Errant, affirm'd, and said, He was ready to maintain, that no Creature could exceed her in Perfection. *Don Carlos* to back such a reasonable Opinion, said, That the Princess's Beauty was a sufficient Proof of *Perfino's* Death ; and call'd all the Ladies to witness, who notwithstanding the natural Reluctancy of Women to commend a beautiful Person, were also so ingenuous, as to allow the Princess was Matchless. It was worth while to observe how the Princess behav'd her self, whilst they gave her these Commendations. She was silent, but at every obliging Word was said, she look'd down, and made a Bowe with such ridiculous Gestures and Motions, as made *Don Quixote* believe she was very bashful and modest. When it was Dinner-time, the *Arch-banterer* said to *Don Quixote*, Sir, it is my Will, that you and all these Gentlemen Dine with me ; and I desire you to make some Stay here. The Empress and the *Infanta* desire the same, you are too courteous and civil to deny them that Satisfaction. *Don Quixote*, having civilly accepted of the Honour that was offerd him, took the *Infanta* by the Hand, and follow'd the *Arch-banterer*, who led the Empress. The Gentlemen did the same by the Ladies, and when they were all come into a large Room, where the Cloth was laid, they sat down at a long Table. Then several Musicians, the Earl had brought from *Madrid*, began to Play on sundry Instruments, and to sing a bundance of pleasant Songs. It is impossible to express how much *Don Quixote* was pleas'd, for he was seated right against the *Infanta*, who to try the Power of her Charms, smil'd upon him, cast amorous Glances, and wonderfully allur'd him. He was too sharp sighted not to perceive the Lady lik'd him ; but he was not at all surpriz'd at the Discovery. He very well knew it was no unusual Thing for *Infanta's* to fall in Love with Knights of his Renown, but he thought it strange she should be so touch'd to the Quick,

Quick, and fancy'd the Princess must needs be desperately in Love with him, since she had not the Power to govern her self before her Father and Mother.

When Dinner was almost over, an angry Voice of a Man was heard at the Door. The Musick ceas'd, and presently *Sancho* came into the Room in a Passion and Grumbling. What is the Matter, Friend, said the *Arch-banterer*? What ails you? Mr. Emperor, cry'd the Squire in a Heat, you must come quickly, if you please, and make them put *Rocinante* and my Ass into the Stable, for your Raskally Servants have a mind to thrust them into a Pig-Stigh, as if they were not fit Company for your Horses. The Ladies and Gentlemen could not hold their grave Countenances, hearing this Piece of Simplicity, their Highnesses, the Musicians, the Pages, and all the Company burst out a laughing, but the *Arch-banterer*, when he had laugh'd as well as the rest, perceiving that *Don Quixote* blush'd, reassum'd his Gravity, and said to the silly Squire, Fear nothing, my dear *Sancho*, I'll take Care, without going to the Stable my self, that such an Indignity shall not be put upon the famous *Rocinante*, and his illustrious Companion. I design them nobler Company. Go, said he, to one of his Pages, I charge you to see those Two Peerless Aministrals put up with the Twelve Horses of my Imperial Chariot, and I expect they shall have the best Stalls. Nay, as for the best Stalls, answer'd *Sancho*, there is no Reason for that, Mr. *Arch-banterer*, your Greatness's Horses ought to take Place. When the Page was gone out to execute his Orders, the Squire fell into a good Humour again, and then the *Arch-banterer* said to him, Friend *Sancho*, here you see the Empress and the *Infanta* by me and they are both very well pleas'd with you. The Squire immediately cast his Eyes on *Merry-Dame*, and then on *Banterina*, and was so dazled with the Luster of their Cloaths and Diamonds, that he was never weary of gazing at them. This is something like, cry'd he in the Excess of his Amazement; this is what we call *Infanta's* in my Country. A Man need not be Knighted to know them, they are known at first Sight by their Cloaths. Ads Bobs, these are not like the *Galician* Wenches Rags. Generous Squire, answer'd the

Emperor, admire your own Handy-Work ; behold the blessed Fruit of your Penance ; view my Daughter well ; is not her Countenance chang'd ? Yes, by my Faith, reply'd *Sancho*, she looks now perfectly like a Picture. I did not expect I should find her quite so handsome, and when I bethink my self how she look'd last Night, by the Lord, I thought Twenty *Lents* would have been little enough to cleanse her. For all that you see, said *Banterina*, that one Day's Fast has done it ; and what pleases me most of all, is, that I shall not marry the King of *Ethiopia's* Son, on whom my Father thought to bestow me. It is true, said the *Arch-banterer*, that I had some Thoughts of that Match ; but you may think I have no great Mind to it now. Oh, my dear *Sancho*, quoth the Empress, how I am pleas'd with you for performing such a Sovereign Penance for my Daughter's Complexion. Madam Empress, answer'd *Sancho*, spare me not ; I am ready to obey all your Commands, and to keep a Fast, if need be, for every Tooth your Highness wants. No, no, *Sancho*, said the Emperor, that would be imposing too much Hardship upon you. It is time you should make Amends for your Abstinence. You may go with my Courtiers, I have given them Orders to make much of you. This said, his High and Mightiness rose from Table, the Ladies and Gentlemen did the like, and *Sancho* made towards the Kitchen, laughing in his Sleeve to think they attributed the Disenchantment of the Princess to his Abstinence ; but took a great deal of Care of letting slip any Word touching that Affair. The Company went back into the Room, where they were before Dinner, but stay'd not long there, for the Emperor, the Empress, and the *Infanta* retiring to their Appartments to take a few Hours rest, the Ladies and Gentlemen did the same, and every one went to the Chamber the *Arch-banterer* had appointed.

C H A P. X.

Of the Amours of Don Quixote, and the Infanta Banterina

AS soon as *Don Quixote* was alone, he began to meditate on the Delight he had perceiv'd the *Infanta* took in looking at him; and was extreemly overjoy'd when he consider'd, there was no Reason to doubt but she was mightily taken with him. Whilst he was thus pleasantly wrapt in Thought, his Squire open'd the Door, which was only put to, and came into the Room loaded with the Portmanteau, the Lance and the Buckler. Are you there, Friend, cry'd *Don Quixote*? I expected you; I have a Secret of Importance to communicate to you. But shut the Door first. When the Squire had done as he was bid; So, *Sancho*, said his Master, have you taken good Notice of the Princess *Banterina*? Own she has all that Beauty I told you of this Morning. No doubt, answer'd *Sancho*, but she is as fine as you dreamt she was last Night. O by'r Lady, it is she that has Coral Eyes, Ivory Lips, and all the rest you us'd to say of *Madam Zenobia*. But there is one Thing puzzles me still. I would fain know, why the Enchanters allow me to see the *Infanta Bantlina* as she really is, more than any of the others: Is it because disenchanting her, I disenchant myself at the same time. Has my Fast kill'd Two Birds with one Stone? That is not impossible, answer'd *Don Quixote*. But tell me, Lad, would not you think me very happy, if that beautiful Lady should chuse me for her Knight? Yes, by my Faith, Sir, reply'd *Sancho*, that would be a lucky Job for you; but to deal plainly, I fancy the Grapes are above the Fox's Reach. There's your Mistake, said the Knight; what would you say, Friend, if I should tell you, that Princess is in Love with me? In Earnest, Sir, cry'd *Sancho*; did you dream that too? There is nothing so certain, *Sancho*, answer'd *Don Quixote*, the

Infanta loves me; and what is most strange is, that her Passion is so great, that she could not forbear a while ago giving me many private Tokens of it before her Father, and the Empress.

Here they were interrupted, for they heard knocking at the Door, and the Squire opening it, found it was a young handsome Damsel, well clad, who brought a Basket cover'd with a great Piece of green Taffety. The Gods preserve you, *Don Quixote*, said she, when she came in; May one talk to you before your Squire of an Affair of the highest Consequence? Yes, pretty Maiden, answer'd the Knight, I will answer for his Secrecy. If so, reply'd the Damsel, I must tell you my Name is *Laura*. I am one of the *Infanta Banterina's* Damsels, and have the Honour to be trusted with all her Secrets, and I come from her to bring you this *Billet-doux*, written with her own Hand. This said, she set the Basket on the Table, pull'd the *Billet-doux* out of her Pocket, and gave it to the Knight; who, after having read it to himself, cry'd out in a Rapture of Joy. O Peerless Princess! you shall not have the ill Fate of the *Infanta Imperia*. I am not pre-engag'd to another Lady, as was the Knight of the *Basilisks*. Son *Sancho*, open the Portmanteau immediately. The Squire guessing at his Master's Design, was vex'd, and did not obey without muttering; but *Don Quixote* made him hold his Peace, and taking a Handful of Ducats out of the Portmanteau, and giving them to the Damsel, said; Here, beautiful *Laura*, I entreat you to accept of this, till I can give you greater Proofs of my Gratitude. I thank you, Sir, answer'd *Laura*, taking the Ducats; I am glad my Mistress has made choice of a Knight of your Worth. I will do you all the good Offices I can with her, and I swear it shall not be my Fault, if I do not often bring you such *Billets-doux*. But, Sir Knight, will not you answer this? I will not fail, reply'd *Don Quixote*, and my Squire shall carry it, who will perform it with as much Art as Secrecy. That is enough, said the Damsel; Farewel, Sir, Knight, with your Leave, I will go back to my Mistress, for she is a very hasty *Infanta*. I am sure she expects me in her Chamber with as much Impatience,

as a young Clergyman at the University expects a Benefice. Pretty Damsel, said *Don Quixote*, pray satisfy my Curiosity before you go. Tell me how comes it that the Emperor, the Empress, and the *Infanta* speak *Spanish* as naturally as if it were their Mother-Tongue? I'll tell you the Reason, answer'd *Laura*, who had too much Wit to be gravell'd by such a Question; the *Cochinchinese* Language is generally spoken in the *Arch-banterership*; yet there are abundance of Masters that teach all other Languages. But *Spanish* is particularly in Fashion, and the Emperor has taken such a Liking to it, that he cannot endure any other Language should be spoke at Court. *Don Quixote*, being very well pleas'd with this Answer, dismiss'd the Damsel, who saluted *Sancho* graciously, and said to him as she was going, Adieu, handsome Squire, chear up. Ay, ay, answer'd *Sancho* in a sad Tone, let us chear up, whilst Mrs. Procurer runs away with our Ducats. I must confess, Friend, said *Don Quixote*, you are too covetous of Money. Let me tell you, it is a great Fault in a Governour. Can you never curb your self? I cannot conceive how it comes to pass, that my Words and my Actions have not inspir'd you with more Generosity, so long as you have serv'd me. Can Servants learn nothing, but their Masters ill Qualities? Sir, reply'd the Squire, those are fine Words; but, take my Word for't, 'tis good to lay up something for a Rainy Day. When we have given the Damsels all our Money, the Jades will laugh at us; and you shall see how we will be treated at Inns, when we have nothing but Love-Letters in our Portman-teau. Go, go, fear nothing, Lad, reply'd *Don Quixote*, we are not yet come to the Bottom of our Bag. I do not spend it idly, and you cannot but grant, that it was no great Present I made the Damsel *Laura*. I am satisfy'd the *Infanta* will make you a greater, when you carry her my Answer. Nay, if that be so, cry'd *Sancho*, I have no more to say. Make haste then and write to her quickly; for here is Pen, Ink and Paper ready upon the Table. First let us see what is in this Basket, said *Don Quixote*, and let us admire the Princess's Favours. Then taking off the Taffety that cover'd the Basket, he pull'd out above Two

Hundred Yards of old Ribbands of several Colours, and a Scarf of black Silk much worn. Good God, what a Parcel of Ribbands there is, cry'd *Sancho*; I question whether *Bertrand Ricacho*, the Mercer of our Town, has so many. But pray, Sir, what d'ye call that black Business I see there? It is a Scarf, said *Don Quixote*; Was there ever any thing so fine? Yes, Faith and Troth, 'tis very fine, quoth *Sancho*; it would do rarely about a Hat at a Funèral. You don't know, my Lad, answer'd *Don Quixote*, what Use the *Infanta* would have me put this to. You'll never guess what she writes to me about it. I must read her Letter to you. I shall be glad of that, reply'd the Squire, for I have a great mind to hear it. Then *Don Quixote* read to him the *Infanta's* Letter, which was to this Effect.

To the Hero of La Mancha, the Parapet of Orphans, the Curtain of Infanta's, and the Platform of Knights Errant.

' VALorous *Don Quixote*, beautiful Flower of Chivalry, which always turns towards Glory, as the Sun-Flower does to the Sun; I ought to die for Shame, that I shake off the Yoak of Modesty to declare to you, that I love you; but the unmerciful God, whose Slave I am, will have it so, and your rare Qualities will be my Excuse. Besides, I do nothing that has not been done before. The *Infanta Imperia*, of pleasant Memory, made Love to the Knight of the *Basilisks*. But, alas! you know he made but an ill Return to her Forwardness. Heavens grant I may prove more fortunate than she. I send you some Ribbands I wore my self a long time, and a rich Scarf, which was once the *Prester John's* Girdle. Do not fail to adorn your curious Shape with it; and let all the Court see you anon deck'd with these rich Favours. But I beg of you to be as secret, as I am ashamed for you. Take Care when you show Love's Favours, that you do not discover the Lover.

Well

Well *Sancho*, said *Don Quixote*, what think you of this Letter. Has it not a curious Turn of Words? Don't you think the *Infanta* has Wit? By my Troth, I think she has, answer'd the Squire, and she must be pretty well us'd to write Love-Letters to Knights, to know how to do it so well. Hold there, Friend, quoth *Don Quixote*, interrupting him hastily, you sometimes have such Expressions, that tho' you mean no Harm by them, yet they are offensive. If any Body should hear you talk so, they would fancy that *Banterina* was a meer Jilt, whereas she is the most vertuous and the most accomplish'd Princess in the World. For, in short, tho' she ventures so far for my Sake, tho' she writes to me, yet only Love can be blam'd, who exercises such an absolute Power over her, that he makes her insensible of the Reserv'dness of her Sex, and causes her to forget what is due to the Nobility of her Birth. Sir, said *Sancho*, I can assure you, I did not think to affront the *Infanta*. But that I speak before I think, and that is the Mischief of it. By my Faith, the Rope will go after the Bucket. When my Tongue is once a running, there is no stopping it, and the Devil makes the most of it. So much the worse, answer'd *Don Quixote*, and you ought to take Care to curb your self. I hope, Sir, I shall mend one time or other, reply'd *Sancho*, and come what will, it is better to be naught and hope to be good, than to be good with a Design to be naught. Let us have done with that, said *D. Quixote*, I forget the *Infanta* is, perhaps, in an Agony, till she receives my Answer. I will write and send it her immediately. This said, he walk'd about the Room a while Studying, and then taking Pen and Ink, writ a Letter, which he read to his Squire, and was as follows.

To the Infanta Banterina, the Phoenix of Beauty, the Quintessence of Graces and Charms, the Source of Smiles, and Pleasures, and the Mirror of all Perfections.

'I Most humbly thank your Sovereign Highness for the precious Favours you have heap'd upon me.
'I will make such Use of them, as you desire, with
'such Secrecy, as you shall have no Cause to complain
' of.

' of. But is it possible, Noble Lady, that the sole
 ' Heiress to the *Arch-banterer* of the *Indies*, should
 ' prefer a plain Knight, only commendable by un-
 ' heard of Actions, before all the Princes in the World?
 ' How pleasing is this Preference to me. Verily, tho'
 ' Love has always treated me with much Cruelty, I
 ' have now Cause to return him Thanks since he allows
 ' me to raise my bold Thoughts as high as your lofty
 ' and sublime Perfections. Could he have reserv'd a
 ' more beautiful *Infanta* for me? You are the Orna-
 ' ment of his Empire, and your Eyes seem to be the
 ' Arsenal of his unavoidable Arrows. Be you then,
 ' Peerless *Banterina* from hence forward Queen of
 ' my Will, and grant me Leave, that seeking new Ad-
 ' ventures under the Favour of your Charms I may
 ' go from Kingdom to Kingdom to make all Knights,
 ' who never had the Honour to see you, own,
 ' that you are the most beautiful Princess in the Uni-
 ' verse.

Hang me, cry'd *Sancho*, the Curate does not preach
 so well, but his Vicar will be even with him: Lord,
 Sir, that is a rare Answer, let me die, if it be not as
 good as *Greek*. Give it me quickly, that I may go re-
 ceive my Present. In the Name of God, *Sancho* said
Don Quixote, take heed you do not appear too covetous
 before the *Infanta*. I do not forbid you taking what-
 ever she will give you, but take it not greedily, and
 in haste. I understand you, Sir, answer'd the Squire.
 Let me alone for that. When the *Infanta* says, Here,
Sancho, this is for you, I'll take no Notice, but will
 hold out my Hand fair and softly, like the Prior of
Toboso, when he takes the Money of the Brotherhood
 of St. *Agnes*. I have one Thing more to say to you,
 added *Don Quixote*, take heed how you talk, for fear
 you let fly some foolish Expressions. Enough, reply'd
Sancho, fore-warn'd, fore-arm'd. I'll hold so fast by the
 Mane, that I'll not fall, and I promise you I'll not spit
 out a Word, but I'll chew it first. Then the Knight
 having clos'd the Letter, gave it him, saying, Go
 then, my Lad, slip privately into the Princess's A-
 partment, and execute your Commission with all the
 Dexterity you are able. Sir, answer'd *Sancho*, it is
 enough

enough that I go upon this Business. Gad, I'd desire a Monk to do it better with all his Divinity. This said, he went out of the Room, and was but just gone from the Door when he met *Laura*. O is it you, Mrs. *Laura*, cry'd he, pray what do you do here. I waited for you, answer'd she, to conduct you to my Mistress's Apartment, for I am satisfy'd you don't know where it is. No truly, reply'd the Squire, but I would have desir'd some Body to direct me to it; for a Man may go to *Rome*, if he has but a Tongue in his Head. That was it I design'd to prevent, quoth *Laura*, you would have ask'd some prating Page, perhaps, who would have discover'd the whole Plot. Let me die, we that wait upon amorous Princesses must be very cunning, and foresee Things long before they come to pass. We can never be too cautious in conveying *Billets-doux* to them, and I am of Opinion, you had best give me your Master's Letter, I'll deliver it to my Mistress, and you may go back. No, no, good Mrs. Busie-Body, cry'd *Sancho*, I'll carry it myself. I have Hands as well as you, God be prais'd, to receive Ducats, and the fairest Way is for every one to receive his Due. You don't take me right, answer'd *Laura*, I would only carry the Letter for the more Secrecy, but since you think I design'd to wrong you of your Vails, I'll soon undeceive you, come along with me. Then she led him into a Room, where they found *Banterina* lying on a Bed. Madam, said *Laura* to her, here is Mr. *Sancho Panza*, who brings you a *Billet-doux* from his Master. The *Infanta* hearing these Words, started up, and making towards *Sancho* very hastily, said to him, Well, wise and discreet Squire, do you come to bring me good News. I do, Madam Princess, answer'd *Sancho*, pulling the Letter out of his Pocket, I could not have brought you better, tho' you were my Mother, you need only read that Letter, and then you'll find the Day is your own. *Banterina* took the Letter, and when she had read it, cry'd out, O ye Gods, what an ingenious and witty Gentleman *Don Quixote* is, his Expressions charm me, how much am I beholding to my Stars for having brought this good Knight into my Way. All I fear

is,

is, lest I have not all his Love, for I have been told, he had still some Kindness for the *Hackt-Face* Princess, the Fat *Zenobia*. No, Madam, quoth *Sancho*, my Master, I can assure you, does not love her any longer, since he knew she was marry'd to Prince *Hiperbolan*. But is it certain, said the *Infanta*, that Prince has marry'd her? Yes, Madam, answer'd the Squire, and by the same Token, she had Three Children at a Birth, as the Wife *Lirgandus* told us. If *Lirgandus* told you so, reply'd *Banterina*, there is no doubt to be made of it, and on that Assurance I am resolv'd to make the Knight of *La Mancha's* Fortune for him. It is decreed, I will give way to my sweet Inclinations, nothing shall stay me. Go, *Sancho*, go tell your Master, that I wholly devote my self to my Passion for him, and that I joyfully accept of the glorious Empire, of his Heart. The Squire still expecting the *Infanta* should make him some Present, was not hasty to be gone, which the Princess seem'd to be uneasie at. What is it detains you, Friend, added she? Go back to your Master quickly, run and tell him I have made Choice of him for my Knight; make haste and carry him this joyful News. Get out of my Chamber immediately for fear you should be seen here. And what if I should be seen here, cry'd *Sancho*? Have I stole any thing: That is not the Case, Mr. Squire, quoth *Laura*, don't you see the Princess's Reputation lies at Stake? If the Empress, who is very jealous, should find you here, we were all undone. Therefore be gone quickly. *Sancho* perceiving they dismiss'd him in good Earnest without any Present, was quite out of Patience, and cry'd out in a Fury, I vow to God, the *Infanta's* are scurvy Jades, they send away a Squire as if he were bound to serve them. Hang me if I won't go tell my Master he's a Fool to be in Love with a Griper, that dares not spit for fear of being dry. And as for you, Mrs. Impertinence, who can pocket up Knight Errants Ducats so nicely, you had best come again. By the Lord, you shall not fail of a Kick in the Arse to drink. The Princess *Banterina*, instead of being angry at this disrespectful Flight, said to the Squire, O my poor *Sancho*, you have good Cause to be angry with

with me, I own it, how can I thus dismiss a Man who brings me a *Billet-doux* worth more than I am able to pay. Nay, a Man I am otherwise oblig'd to, as being the *Primum Mobile* of my Disenchantment. Pray, Friend, forgive my Oversight. I am so full of your Master's Love, that I can think of nothing else. Besides, I must own to you I am very subject to forget my self, insomuch, that one Day a Farmer of mine having paid me a Thousand Ducats he ow'd me, I forgot to give him a Receipt, and soon after made him pay them over again. Was not that a pretty Piece of Forgetfulness for the poor Devil of the Farmer? But I'll make Amends for my Neglect towards you, my dear *Sancho*. Having spoke these Words, she went into a Closet, and returning soon with a great Leather-Bag, said to him, Here, brave Squire, take my Purse, which you see is pretty large, and well provided, I give it you as freely as if it were a very little one. *Sancho* laid hold of the Bag in a Rapture of Joy, and was going to thank the Princess but, as ill Luck would have it, his usual Eloquence fail'd him, and he fell into such a Fit of Stammering, and Nonsense, that perceiving himself, he could make nothing of it, he return'd all his Compliment in Bows and Scrapes. He made *Banterina* and *Laura* above an Hundred of them, and tho' they were not very courtly, yet they came with a good Will. Then he went away to his Master, and the Damsel *Laura*, who did not care to be left alone with such a sort of an *Infanta* as *Banterina* was, return'd to her true Mistress who was one of the Ladies then in the House.

CHAP.

C H A P. XI.

Which requires still more Attention.

GOOD News, good News, cry'd *Sancho*, as he came into his Master's Chamber ; I have now found the Hare in her Form. I have made my Fortune. My Lady *Infanta* has given me this Purse, and I'll warrant there is enough in it to purchase a good Farm-House. I knew well enough, said *Don Quixote*, you would not come away without a noble Present. Nay, by my Troth, answer'd the Squire, it was none of the Princess's Fault that I came not away empty handed ; but I was no such Fool, or Madman, I let fall a few Words, and she presently dropt her Present. What have you done, cry'd *Don Quixote* ? You ought not to have said any thing. I fear she will take you for a mercenary Squire. No, no, Sir, reply'd *Sancho*, she soon found she was in the Wrong, and begg'd my Pardon for her Discretion. How do you mean, Pardon for her Discretion, quoth *Don Quixote*, What is the meaning of that Nonsense ? It means, answer'd the Squire, that the Princess told me, she thought so much on you, that she forgot to make me a Present, and therefore she desir'd me to Pardon her Discretion. Distraction you mean, said *Don Quixote*, now I understand you, but let us see, Friend, what the *Infanta* has given you. I must confess the Purse is monstrous big, and I am much mistaken, if there be not a considerable Sum of Money in it. *Sancho* being far more eager to be satisfy'd than his Master, untty'd the Strings, and pull'd out of the Bag an Handful of Brass-Medals, which had something of the Resemblance of Antiquity, yet were modern enough ; for the Earl, who was curious in Medals and understood them, had thrown those into the Bag as Refuse and of no Value. *Sancho's* Excess of Joy, was soon cool'd, or rather turn'd into extream Sorrow when instead of good Gold Ducats, he saw nothing but rusty Pieces of a blackish Metal. Good God, cry'd he, what Trumpery is this ! Could the

the Princess find in her Heart to make me such a Present? Without doubt the Enchanters have chang'd these Ducats into such scurvy Bits of Iron. The Dogs have ow'd me a Spight this long time. No, no *Sancho*, said *Don Quixote*, you are out, my Lad, You have no Cause to complain of the Enchanters this Bout. Those Pieces you see are Brass Medals of inestimable Value. The *Infanta Banterina* has made you a Present worth more than all the Treasures of *Asia*. It is certainly so, added he, viewing some of the Medals nicely, this is it the most curious Antiquaries so earnestly seek after. This must be a Genealogical Collection of the *Arch-banterer's* Ancestors, they are wonderful, the Legends are scarce to be read. I know some People have counterfeited ancient Medals so exactly, that those very Persons, who pretend to have most Skill in them are Daily impos'd upon, but tho' there were many more false Medals in the World than there are, I am satisfy'd these are none of that sort. This Cast of theirs is a sufficient Proof of their Excellency, and therefore you must keep them most chearily. That's good, answer'd the Squire, and pray what would you have me do with them? By my Faith I believe I must sell them to the Tinker at *Toboso*, and I question whether he will give any thing for them. God forbid, cry'd *Don Quixote*, you can never put as much Value on them as they deserve. Out upon it, Sir, answer'd *Sancho*, don't you see they are all worn and rusty. They are pretty Jewels to be kept with a Pox to them. You are a very ignorant Fellow, reply'd the Knight, it is that which makes them valuable. The more they are disfigur'd with Age, the more they are worthy the Curiosity of those great Men, who seek after and study the Monuments of Antiquity. I wish you had apply'd your self to the Understanding of Medals, that you might know the Value of these. I am concern'd at your Ignorance. I am as much concern'd as your self, Sir, reply'd *Sancho*, I wish I had learnt Grammar and Divinity, but not to understand Medals. No, no, I should be sorry I had taken so much Pains to so little Purpose, but that I might cast Accounts, and know exactly how much Money Twenty sheep at Two Crowns a Piece come to.

Let

Let us have done with your Medals, said *Don Quixote*, we will talk of them another time, let us now discourse about the *Infanta*. How did she receive you? She receiv'd me as if I had been a Prince, answer'd *Sancho*, for she ran to meet me, as if she were mad. And, perhaps, she fainted away, when she read my Letter, said *Don Quixote*: Excess of Joy has often wrought such Effects. No Sir, she did not, reply'd the Squire, but when she had read it, she fell a prating. A dad, it would do a Man Good to hear her! She said all this, and all that of you, and a great deal more besides, which made it plainly appear she had a soft Place in her Heart for you. That is, answer'd *Don Quixote*, that relying on your Secrecy, she gave a Loose to her Passion for me. That's right, reply'd *Sancho*, I meant so. I'll be hang'd for her, if she does not love you almost as well as she does her Grandfather, and I assure you, she is very good-natur'd for a Lady. Why, what have you observ'd, *Sancho*, quoth *Don Quixote*, that you could judge of her good Nature by. Sir, answer'd the Squire, when she went into her Closet to fetch me the Purse of Medals her Damsel, *Laura* went in with her, and there I saw the *Infanta* throw her Arms about her Neck, and kiss both her Cheeks. Perhaps, reply'd *Don Quixote*, the Damsel spoke in Praise of me, and the *Infanta* embrac'd her to show how much she was pleas'd with that Discourse. It may be so, said *Sancho*, but I believe Mrs. *Laura* is not so very good-natur'd, for she struggled in the Princess's Arms, as if she had been going to ravish her. The Damsel did not struggle, answer *Don Quixote*, she receiv'd the Princess's Kindness with an awful Respect which you don't know how to express. That may be too, reply'd the Squire, and, for ought I know, perhaps, she was not so loth to be kiss'd as I fancy'd. By the Account you give me, *Sancho*, said *D. Quixote*, I conclude the Princess *Banterina* adores me, and since I have chosen her for the Sovereign Lady of my Thoughts, I must now think of nothing, but performing such Actions as may be pleasing to her. And therefore to begin, help me on with these Ribbands and this Scarf. But I cannot tell, Friend, whether you are handy enough to do that Service, O Lord, yes, Sir, reply'd *Sancho*,

I have been with the Clerk of our Parish an Hundred times on the Eve of *Twelfth-Day* dressing up the Three Kings, and we did it so neatly, that the next Day every Body took them for Three Bridegrooms. I believe I must be disarm'd, said *Don Quixote*, for you can never tie on those Ribbands over all my Armour. You are in the Right, Sir, quoth the Squire, you had better be in your Doublet and Shirt. *Don Quixote* consented, and laid aside all his Armour, except his Helmet, which he did not think fit to leave off. Then *Sancho*, to show his Dexterity began to tie on the Ribbands one by one; and the Quantity being so great, that he had full Scope to follow his own Genius, he was not at all sparing, but cover'd his Master all over from the Nape of the Neck to his very Ankles, and to compleat the Work, the Scarf was put on over all. The Knight was in Love with himself like *Narcissus*, and his Squire, admiring him in that Posture, said: Upon my Life, Sir, Fine Feathers make fine Birds. Hang me, if you are not as fine as the Fore-end of a Fiddle. These Ribbands are very comical, that they are, and the Scarf becomes you better than e're it did *Prestor John*. 'Tis a Thousand pities you have not a Square Cap too, you'd out-do all the Lords of the Court a Bar's Length. I admire your Simplicity, said *Don Quixote*; you think then that *Prestor John* was a Priest, like our Curate *Peter Peres*. Why, what was he then, answer'd *Sancho*? I have often heard the Barber Master *Nicholas* talk of him, and I would have laid my Island he was a Priest. No, Lad, reply'd *Don Quixote*, I'll tell you what he was: I do not wonder you should be ignorant of it; for many much more learned than you are so. I must confess, Historians do not agree upon it. But I'll tell you their different Opinions, and you may follow that you like best. Some say, that a great King of *India* bore the Name of *Priest John*, or *Prestor John*, as being descended from one *Foannes-Presbyter*, a *Nestorian*, who kill'd *Coirem-Cham*, and usurp'd the Crown. Otheres affirm, that *Prestor John* was a powerful *Nestorian* King in *Tartary*, next to *China*, and that his Subjects call'd him *Fuhanna*, being the Name given to all the Princes of that Empire. Some Authors will

have it that the Name *Prefter John* comes from the *Persian* Words *Prefte Cham*, signifying Christian King; that he was first called *Perfter Cham*, that is King, or Emperor of the Christians; *Cham* signifying King, or Emporer, and *Prefte* being the common Name of the Eastern Christians. I remember also I have somewhere read, that the *Mogols*, who possess a great Part of *India*, have often taken the Name of *Schah-Gehan*, signifying King of the World, and you see *Sancho*, that the Word *Gehan* added to their Name is not unlike that of *Prefter John*. Now, Friend, I'll tell you my Opinion in this Matter. I do verily believe the only and true *Prefter John* was in *Tartary*; and I must inform you, lest you should, like the greatest Part of the World, run into this Error, that the Name of *Prefter John* is very improperly given to the Emperor of the *Abissines*, or of *Ethiopia*. For when *Stephen de Gama*, Governour of *India*, for the King of *Portugal*, enter'd the *Red-Sea*, and left some *Portugueses* under the Command of his Brother *Paul*, with *David*, King of *Ethiopia*, to help him to drive the *Mahometans* out of Part of his Dominions they had possess'd themselves of, neither of those Two Brothers ever gave an Account that the said Emperor of *Ethiopia* was call'd *Prefter John*, which they would certainly have done had it been his Name.

The Knight of *La Mancha* might very well have spar'd this Dissertation concerning *Prefter John*, and perhaps the Reader would have been better pleas'd without it; but it must be charg'd upon *Sancho's* Indiscretion, who was the Cause of it. Yet we cannot but admire *Don Quixote's* Memory, since he could remember the very barbarous Names Authors mention, who have writ concerning *Prefter John*. However, the wise *Alifolan* had like to have omitted this tiresome Discourse; and would never have inserted it had not many like it dropp'd from *Benengeli*. This gave our Author an ill Example. Our Knight having thus told *Sancho* what *Prefter John* meant, went on as follows. So, Friend, now I have satisfy'd your Curiosity, pray listen attentively to the Advice I am going to give you. We are going into the Imperial Chamber, where the Emperor is by this time with all his Court;

Court ; take Heed you do not let fall any Words that may discover I am in Love with the *Infanta*. Nay, you must seem to take no Notice of her, for fear lest Courtiers, who are sharp and subtle, should discover my Love in your Looks ; for, in short, as much as the *Arch-banterer* is oblig'd to me, if he should happen to be told, that I am in Love with his Daughter, he would certainly treat me, as the Emperor *Marcelian* did the *Knight of the Three Images*, and that is doubtless the Reason why the *Infanta* recommends Secrecy to me in her Letter. But, pray Sir, cry'd *Sancho*, what was it the Emperor you talk of did to the Knight of *The Three Images* ? He made him depart his Court dishonourably, answer'd *Don Quixote* ; and we may expect to receive the same Affront ; but we shall prevent it, if you will take Care to be as private as I.

When the Squire had promis'd his Master to be as secret as he, they both went into the Hall, where all the Company was met, and impatiently expected *Don Quixote*, whose most ridiculous Dress was very surprizing, tho' they were all prepar'd for it. His Fancy and Art were both commended, and then they play'd upon the Knight on account of the Motive of his Garb. How comes this about, *Don Quixote*, said the *Arch-banterer* ; what have the Ladies bestow'd their Favours on you as soon as ever you come to my Court ? Nothing less than your Merit could have prevail'd so soon. The genteelest Knights of Ancient Times did not advance so fast. I should be glad to know, said the Empress, which is the happy Princess for whom *Don Quixote* sighs ; for, his putting on those Ribbands, and that rich Scarf, is a Token he repays the Lady's Love that sent them him. Why should you desire, Madam, quoth the Emperor, to know that happy Princess ? Would you do the Knight of *La Mancha* any good Offices with her ? I would, Sir, reply'd *Merry-Dame* ; I can assure you, I would spare no Pains ; what is it I could not do for him after the Obligations he has laid on us. *Don Quixote* made the Empress a low Bowe by way of Thanks, but took care not to satisfy her Curiosity ; and whatever they

could say to him, his Secret could never be got from him. Then one of the Ladies directing her Discourse to *Sancho*, said; Are you Friend as Proof against all Temptation as your Master? Is there no Way to get the Lady's Name he is in Love with, from you? Not a Word of it, answer'd *Sancho*, My Master has forbid me telling of it, and that's enough. It is better hold once Peace than say nothing to the Purpose. I will not so much as look upon the *Infanta*, for fear any Body should see in my Eyes, that my Master loves her; and that my Lord the Emperor should turn us out of the Court. These Words troubled and perplex'd *Don Quixote*, but the *Arch-banterer* pretending not to have taken Notice of them, started a new Discourse, and fell a talking of the Ancient Knights. *Don Quixote*, recover'd by Degrees out of his Disorder, and exerted his Talent upon that Subject. Whilst the Ladies and Gentlemen diverted themselves with that mad Talk, the Damsel *Laura* took the Squire aside, and said to him. Mr. *Sancho*, are you pleas'd with the Present my Mistress made you. No, by my Troth, answer'd he, I would rather have had an Handful of Ducats, than those broken Bits of Iron which have neither Cross nor Pile upon them. Well then, Friend, reply'd *Laura*, let us make an Exchange; give me your Medals, and I'll give you all the Ducats I had of your Master, and we shall be both pleas'd. Faith, with all my Heart, quoth *Sancho*, and he's a Son of a Whore that does not stand to his Bargain. Nay, I shall not go from my Bargain, said she, for I shall never make a better. Not that I value those rusty Bits of Brass any more than you do; but because I know some that light a Candle at Noon-day, who will give me any Rate for them. In fine, they exchang'd; but it is certain the Damsel *Laura* only did it to rid her Hands of *Don Quixote's* Money, which she did not care to pocket up, tho' she was a Chamber-Maid. 'Tis true, the Ducats being transferr'd to *Sancho*, the Restitution was not very exact; but the Trusty Squire had well deserv'd them for his Service. Our *Arabian* Historian tells us, that the Ladies and Gentlemen spent the rest of the Day making themselves

elves Sport with our Adventurers; but that being willing to intermix the Pleasures that Place afforded with this Diversion, they appointed a Hunting-Match the next Day.

C H A P. XII.

The Adventure of the Farm-House.

ALL Things being dispos'd for the Hunting agreed on, by the Earl, the whole Company, except the Empress and the *Infanta*, eat a good Breakfast, and went from the Castle to follow that Sport. *Don Quixote* was mounted on *Rocinante*, and arm'd at all Points, hoping to meet with some Adventure. *Sancho*, follow'd on his Dapple with the Portmanteau behind him, and a Wallet full of Provisions, as if he had been going a long Journey. The Ladies and Gentlemen being well mounted, soon left our Adventures behind, who finding themselves alone, stopp'd short in a Wood, a Quarter of a League from the Castle. *Sancho*, said *Don Quixote*, I have a Thought come into my Head; I am of Opinion we had best seek Adventures, instead of Hunting. I have a strong Fancy we shall this Day meet with some good Adventure. Content, Sir, answer'd the Squire for *Rocinante* and Dapple are quite out of Wind with coming all this Way upon a Trot. This sort of Hunting does not agree with them. Let us rather walk gently, and when we have a mind to rest, we may sit down under a Tree. God be prais'd, I have a Thousand pretty Bits in my Wallet; and there is none like the Beggars Feast, when they have put all their Scraps together. What a Glutton thou art, said *Don Quixote*, what Need was there of bringing any Provisions? Did not you Breakfast before you came from the Emperor's Palace? That I did, answer'd *Sancho*, but the Day is long, and a few Hours hence I shall be very ready to mumble what I have in my Wallet. But pray, Sir, which Way must we go to meet with Adventures? That must be left to *Rocinante's* Discretion.

on, answer'd *Don Quixote*, he is a good Guide ; I believe he is endu'd with Human Understanding, as well as *Bayard*. This said, he gave his Steed the Reins, who struck into a Way a-cross the Wood, which lead to a Farm-House belonging to the Castle. Let us go in God's Name, cry'd the Knight, Heavens grant that the *Infanta* may see me again anon crown'd with fresh Glory. What praises shall I receive from the Emperor and the Empress. The Ladies will admire me ; but I fear most of them charm'd with my Worth, will send me passionate Love-Letters, and over-burden me with Favours ; for if so, you may believe I will send back their *Billets-doux* without so much as reading them. This will put them into a Rage, and then they will never give over till they discover my Love for the *Infanta*. This Discovery will redouble their Fury ; and those jealous Rivals consulting together, will, perhaps, ruin my Reputation with *Banterina* by their false Practices. Well, well, cry'd *Sancho*, so much the better. That is what I would be at. Why so much the better, answer'd *Don Quixote* ? You don't consider what you say. I beg your Pardon for that, reply'd the Squire, for if these Princesses put you out of the *Infanta*'s Favour, the *Infanta* will turn you out of her Palace ; if the *Infanta* turns you out of her Palace, you'll never see her again ; if you never see her again, you'll have your Bellyful of Vexation ; if you have your Bellyful of Vexation, you'll be as well pleas'd as if you were a King, for then you may go weep and lament in the Woods. Did not you say, but the other Day, that it was a Happiness for a Knight not to be belov'd by his Lady ? I did not tell you so, rejoyn'd *Don Quixote*, it is always more pleasing to be belov'd, than to be hated. I told you, perhaps, that a nice Knight finds a Sweet in the Sorrows of Love ; and that I don't deny. Nay, I must confess, I should be glad I had Rivals, and that *Banterina* would seem indifferent to us ; for then I would perform a Thousand famous Exploits to gain the Preference of them. However, tho' I have no known Rivals, yet our Amours will not be thwarted ere the less ; for I will not flatter my self ; and I cannot think that the Emperor and the Empress, tho' they have

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never so great a Value for me, will bestow their sole Heiress on a plain Knight, and that Obstacle will give me enough Cause for Complaints. But as all Worldly Things have an End, so my Sufferings will not last always. I shall with mighty Toils gain the Empire of *Trabifond*, and then the *Arch-banterer* of the *Indies* perceiving how honourable it must be for him to be ally'd to me, will freely consent that Love and *Hymen* shall unite his Daughter and me. Of us will come a Son, who will in time be the very Model of Knights Errant; his Name shall be compos'd of both our Names, for we will call him *Don Quibanterin*, in Imitation of *Don Belianis* and *Florisbella*, who call'd their Son *Don Belfloran*. Hang me, cry'd *Sancho*, if I would not give a Groat with all my Heart, all that were come to pass already. But Saying and Doing are Two Things. We are far enough from that Sport, and God knows whether ever I shall live to see it.

This sort of Talk held them a-cross the Wood; and when they were got through, *Don Quixote* spying the Farm-House, which was but a small Distance from them, began to view it very earnestly. Then turning to his Squire, he said to him; Friend *Sancho*, here is the strangest Adventure we could ever have met with. That Fortress there before us is the Work of Two Enchanters. The wise *Silfenus*, and the wise *Friston*, *Don Belianis*'s mortal Enemies, caus'd it to be built formerly to secure *Florisbella*, whom they had stolen. There the unfortunate Princess was deliver'd of Prince *Belfloran* I told you of but now. Don't you see a Woman at the Door with a Child on her Lap? Yes, Sir, said *Sancho*; and by the same Token she fed it with Pap. Well, Lad, added *Don Quixote*, that Child is Prince *Belfloran* himself, who has been at least these Fifty Years just in the same Condition you now see him. God bless me! What is that you say, cry'd *Sancho*? Why? Is it possible that little Child should have been these Fifty Years in its Swaddling-Clouts? Nothing so sure, answer'd the Knight; that Woman is a Witch, who by the fatal Power of a horrid Charm, stops the Course of Nature, and keeps that Prince in an eternal Infancy;

because it is foretold that he will one Day exceed his Father in Valour; and that Witch, who is an Enemy to the House of Greece, hinders his Growth, that he may never make good the Prediction. But Heaven has certainly brought me hither to put a Stop to such a felonious Practice. I will attempt to rescue *Belfloran*, I will espouse the Interest of the House of Greece; the Glory of Knight Errantry calls upon me to try such a noble Adventure, all those Monsters I see at the Gate of the Fortress do not deter me in the least. *Sancho* gaz'd with all the Eyes he had, and did all he could to discover the pretended Monsters, but seeing ne'er a one, he said to his Master; For my part, I can see nothing about that Farm-House but Three Goats, and a few Turkeys scratching on the Dunhill. Those you call Goats, answer'd *Don Quixote*, are fierce Bears; and your Turkeys are the dreadfullest Griffons Enchanters ever made use of to guard the Entrance of their Castles. Since you say it, I believe it, reply'd *Sancho*; for you being dubb'd a Knight Errant can see all that is, and all that is not; whereas, I see nothing at present but the Witch and little Child Fifty Years old, eating its Pap. But, Sir, some wiser than some; if you are sure of what you say, e'en down with those Griffons. I have a strong Fancy they may be catch'd, if they don't fly away. Hold a little, Lad, said *Don Quixote*, I must first offer up a Prayer to that Sovereign Lady of my Heart, beseeching her to give me Strength for this Adventure, which is so perilous, that I can never finish it without the particular Assistance of that Peerless *Infanta*. Then the amorous Knight drew up a deep Sigh from the Bottom of his Breast, and accosted *Banterina* in these Words: O thou Wonder of Nature, Princess, whose Beauty shall never be brought into Comparison, whilst I have Breath. Vouchsafe to favour me in this first Adventure I am going to try under your Banner. Let the World see by your taking part with me, that a Knight strengthen'd by your Divine Favour, is not to be overcome. He said no more, because he perceiv'd an Object come out of the Farm, which took up all his Attention. It was a young Fellow in a Fustian Cap and Wastecoat; he was

was mounted on a black Mule, and had a Sack of Corn under him. *Sancho*, said *Don Quixote*, don't you see that dreadful Monster coming towards us? Nay, Sir, answer'd *Sancho*; as for him, I cannot agree with you. That is certainly no Monster. Tho' I were a Thousand times worse enchanted than I am, I would lay a Wager, that is a young Fellow carrying Corn to the Mill to grind. An Illusion, Friend, a meer Illusion, reply'd *Don Quixote*; I assure you he is a Centaur, a Monster, half Man and half Horse. He comes forward to fight us, fancying he can easily overcome us, and carry us into the Fortrefs, there to keep us enchanted for many Ages; but he shall soon fall by the Strength of my Blows. Be not therefore afraid of his dismal Shape, but let my Presence encourage you. Nay, Faith, Sir, quoth *Sancho*, I am not afraid at all. I am not afraid either of the Bears or Griffons, nor do I stand any more in Awe of them, than if they were Goats and Turkeys.

By this time the Centaur drew near them, and thought to have gone on his Way without Molestation, when *Don Quixote* designing to run him through, made at him with his Lance couch'd; but the young Man, who had only a Wand in his Hand, not thinking fit to stand the Brunt, turn'd short about, and got back to the Farm-House as fast as he could. *Don Quixote* pursu'd, but not being able to overtake him, he drew his Sword, run at the Goats, wounded one, and put the other Two to flight. Then he fell foul of the Turkeys, but being frighted, they fled before him. Then losing no Time, but putting up his Sword, and giving *Sancho* his Lance, he ran to the Woman, who not knowing what to think of this Adventure, stood up in a Fright, and was running into the House with her Child, and the Sauce-Pan the Pap was in. *Don Quixote* stopp'd her upon the Threshold, endeavouring to take away her Child; she cry'd out, struggled, made the best Defence she could, and turning her Sauce-Pan into an offensive Weapon, struck the Knight over the Head with it, covering all his Face with Pap. However, he let not go his Hold; and Heaven at that time favouring the House of Greece, he at length got Possession of *Don*
Be.

Belianis his Son. He deliver'd him to his Squire; but as soon as he had entrusted him with that precious Charge, they saw the *Centaur* come again a Foot with Two other young Fellows belonging to the Farm, all of them arm'd with long Staves, and follow'd by their Mastiff Dogs, whose Barking, and the Woman's Cries made the Country about them eccho. As soon as ever *Sancho* spy'd them, he could not but call to Mind the dismal Adventure of the Melon-Field; and tho' he had not been frighted at the Bears nor the Griffons, yet now his Heart was full of Dread. *Don Quixote*, on the other hand, resolving not to quit his Prey, drew his Sword again, and stood them as undauntedly as did *Priam's* valiant Son the Two *Ajax's*, when they came up to take away the Body of *Patroclus* from him. The young Men of the Farm were in a deadly Rage; and it is said, that Sparks of Fire flew from their Eyes; nay, there is a certain Greek Author affirms, that the cruel God, who delights in Blood, stood by, and egg'd them on to fight. However, it was the *Destinies* had now taken up the fatal Cizers, and their merciless Hands were ready to cut the Combatants Threads; but, as good Luck would have it, Heaven was pleas'd to interpose, and there was no Blood shed; for the Chase hapning to fall out that Way, the Earl's Presence appear'd the *Centaur* and his Companions, and the Woman gave over crying. Then *Sancho*, as joyful as a Pilot, who has escap'd a dangerous Rock, cry'd as loud as he was able. You are welcome, Gentlemen, you come as opportunely as *Easter* does after *Lent*. Had it not been for you, those Three Wags there would have handled us very roughly. But why do you take away that Child, *Sancho*, said the Emperor? To wean him, Mr. *Arch-banterer*, answer'd the Squire; Is it not a Shame he has throve no better, and has been these Fifty Years at Nurse? The Ladies and Gentlemen easily guess'd by these Words, that *Don Quixote* had taken some new Fancy in his Head, and not being able to look on him without laughing, they ask'd him who had daub'd his Face. He answer'd, It was a Witch; then he told them all the Story of Prince *Belfloran*, and how he had finish'd the Adventure of his Deliverance. He would have

have fallen upon the young Men of the Farm, saying they were Villains that ought to be destroy'd; but *Don Alvaro* and *Don Carlos* stopp'd and perswaded him to put up his Sword, alledging, that since they surrendered upon Discretion, they ought to have good Quarter given them.

It is so, *Don Quixote*, said the *Arch-banterer*, you ought to rest satisfy'd with having rescu'd the Heir of the House of *Greece*. All that remains, is to get him a better Nurse, that he may grow apace, and be soon in a Condition to fulfil the great Decrees of Fate. Leave that to me, quoth the Earl, I shall take a Pleasure in performing it, as being so entirely devoted to the Emperor *Trebacius*, whom I love and honour as my Friend and Brother-in-Law. This said, he took the Child from the Squire, who still held it, and privately convey'd it to the Farmer's Wife. Then the Ladies and Gentlemen return'd to the Castle, making good Sport with the Adventure and the Adventurers.

CHAP. XIII.

The Continuation of the Amours of Don Quixote, and the Infanta Banterina.

OUR Knight's Face was still daub'd with the Pap, when he appear'd before the Empress and the Infanta. Princesses, said the *Arch-banterer*, I must inform you, that the Matchless *Don Quixote* has this Day gain'd as important a Victory, as that he gain'd Yesterday. Sir, answer'd *Banterina*, in a Tone that express'd how much she was pleas'd with the Honour the Knight gain'd; We can give a Guess by the Noble Dust on his Face, that he has perform'd some glorious Exploit, and the Empress and I should be very glad to know the Particulars of it. The Emperor having satisfy'd their Curiosity, they bestow'd abundance of Praises on *Don Quixote*, wip'd his Face themselves with Napkins; disarm'd him with Musick playing all the while, put him on a Blew Satin Morning-Gown,

Gown, and a Night-Cap, and leading him in that Posture into the Room where Supper was serv'd up, they seated him at Table between them. After Supper there was a Ball. The Emperor and Empress began it dancing a *Pavane*; *Don Quixote*, and *Banterina* danc'd a *Saraband* next, and tho' the honest Gentleman had never learnt to dance, yet he was satisfy'd he did it to Perfection, as believing he that was dubb'd Knight could do all Things well. The Ladies and Gentlemen danc'd in their Turns, till it was time to go to Bed. Then the Emperor dismiss'd them all, and every one retir'd to his Chamber.

When *Don Quixote* was got into his, he began to reflect on the Honours the Empress and the *Infanta* had done him; and fill'd his Fancy with a Thousand pleasing Chimera's; but he soon heard a Noise which diverted his Thoughtiness. He perfectly heard scratching at his Door, and presently imagin'd it was some Court-Lady he had charm'd, and who being no longer able to govern her amorous Passion, was now come to make it known to him. He therefore prepar'd to act the cruel Part, and his nice Honour resolv'd to make a Sacrifice of that unhappy Lover to his admir'd Princess; but he had like to have dy'd for Joy when he perceiv'd it was the *Infanta* her self, which made him cry out in a Transport. O Glory of Mortals! Sovereign Lady of the Universe! Light that dispels the Darknes of my Soul! Is it possible you should come to see me? Can mortal Man be capable of such an Honour? Do I dream? Or am I awake? In short, dear Princess, is it you I behold? *Banterina* went into the Room, leaning in a melancholy Posture, on her Damsel *Laura*, without answering a Word, and being close to the Knight, she cast amorous Glances at him, and then fell a sighing and weeping with all her Might and Main. *Don Quixote* surpriz'd at this Prelude, earnestly intreated her to tell him the Cause of her Affliction. She open'd her Mouth Three several Times to speak; but the Greatness of her Sorrow overpowering her Spirits, she fainted away in the Arms of her Damsel, who being well acquainted with the Cause of her swooning, could not forbear crying out, Alas, poor *Infanta*! More unfortunate

fortunate than all those mention'd in the dismal Books of Chivalry. How happy should I think you, could you die this Moment! For, if you live, I perceive your Days will be full of Bitterness. *Don Quixote*, who was touch'd to the Heart by his Mistress's Sorrow, did all he could to comfort her, and *Laura* spar'd no Pains. Good Fortune decreed they should not lose their Labour, the Princess came to her self, and then the Knight said to her, In the Name of God, most beautiful Queen, tell me what Cause you have to weep and to faint away, which goes to my very Heart. He spoke these Words in such a dismal Tone, that it renew'd *Banterina's* Grief. Then *Laura* full of Compassion to see her Mistress in that deplorable Condition, said to her, Madam, cease thus cruelly to torment your self. Why do you put a Restraint upon your self before *Don Quixote*, who adores and loves you so entirely? Break that inhuman Silence, or give me Leave to speak for you. Well then, *Laura*, my dear *Laura*, answer'd the Princess with a languishing Voice, do you acquaint *Don Quixote* with the Misfortune that threatens me; for I have not Strength enough to tell it him. Sir Knight, said the Damsel, I'll tell you the whole Matter in Two Words. The Emperor has just now told my Mistress he designs to marry her out of Hand to his Neighbour the Great *Mogol's* Son, and to this Effect he will set out Eight Days hence to return into *Asia*. This is it, said the Princess, bursting out into Tears again, this is it that makes me desperate. I had rather die than marry the Great *Mogol's* Son. Beauteous *Infanta*, quoth *Don Quixote*, I conjure you temper your Grief. Heaven is too just to permit you should be given up to a Prince you hate. 'Tis very true, Madam, cry'd *Laura*, and you should rather think of preventing the Mischief, than thus to indulge your Sorrow. Alas! Answer'd *Banterina*, which way can I prevent it. How, prevent it, reply'd *Laura*? Love will show you the Way. You need but leave your Parents, and go range about the World with *Don Quixote*. You don't consider what you say, *Laura*, answer'd the Princess. What, would you advise me to suffer my self to be stole away. Out upon it, Madam, reply'd *Laura*,

you put an ill Construction upon my Words. In the Language of Chivalry, that is not call'd stealing away, it is making a Sally. And the best of it is, that among you *Infanta's*, such Slips are no Damage to your Reputation. Take my Advice, Madam, e'en let us follow the Knight of *La Mancha*, wheresoever he pleases to carry us. Lord ! What a pleasant Life we shall lead ! We shall be all Day from Morning till Night upon the Road, seeking Adventures, and at Night we shall lie in the Woods. Is not that a pleasant Way of Living ? What Wonder that ancient Princesses took such Delight in it. Madam, said *Don Quixote*, your trusty *Laura* gives you good Advice. Since you hate the *Mogol's* Son, fly from that Violence which is offer'd to your Inclinations. Come along with me, and let us travel thro' the World together. If you admit me for your Knight, perhaps, you may see by my Actions, I am not unworthy of that Honour. O my Knight, answer'd the Princess sighing, how hard a Matter is it to deny you ? I find I shall accept of your Proposal ; for I perceive, there is nothing but Honour, Duty, and Vertue to contradict it. O ye Great Gods, if you would not have had me make a false Step, you ought not to have made me a Maiden. Then, Madam, said *Laura*, you are resolv'd to go along with *Don Quixote*. I am, good Girl, reply'd *Banterina*, but let us be gone quickly to prevent Second Thoughts ; for I am apt to be troubled with a scurvy Modesty, if I consider, and sometimes my Conscience checks me. I must confess I am somewhat bashful for a Court-Lady. The Princess having given her Consent, it was agreed among them, that they would set out the next Night, as soon as the Emperor and the Empress were withdrawn to their Apartments. Then the Princess gave *Don Quixote* one of her tawny hairy Hands, which he kiss'd most lovingly, and she went away with *Laura*, to give the Ladies and Gentlemen an Account of this new Scene.

CHAP.

C H A P. XIV.

*How Don Quixote and his Squire met a Dam-
sel, as they went out a Hunting, and what
pass'd betwixt them.*

ALL the Company went again a Hunting the next Day, and *Rocinante* and *Dapple* being no lighter heel'd than they had been the Day before, *Don Quixote* and *Sancho* were soon left behind. The Knight was not displeas'd to be left alone with *Sancho*, for he had not talk'd to him a long time. Friend *Sancho*, said he, I am overjoy'd I can discourse with you, I have a great deal to tell you. Are not you amaz'd at the Honours I have receiv'd at this Court? Yes, Sir, answer'd the Squire, and I am ashamed for you when I think of it. Last Night, when I saw you at Table by the Empress, by my Troth, I was like Master *Peter's* Parrot, I said nothing, but I thought the more. Why, what could you think, answer'd *Don Quixote*? Sir, reply'd *Sancho*, it is no hard Matter to guess at that. Methinks you, who are but a Country Gentleman, should not sit Cheek by Jole by the Empress, who is a topping Princess. I grant, reply'd *Don Quixote*, that my Extraction is infinitely inferior to her's; but you must understand, Friend, that Knights Errant of a certain Degree of Reputation are equal to crown'd Heads, as appears by the Books of Chivalry, which testifie this Truth. And therefore you ought not to wonder to see me sit by an Empress; but what you ought to be surpriz'd at, is that particular Regard, and those special Marks of Distinction all Persons have for me. I must own it, I am out of Countenance at so much Honour; and yet, as much as it pleases me, I take a more particular Satisfaction in *Banterina's* Goodness. That Peerless *Infanta* loves, or rather adores me. This to me is unconceivable. She came last Night to my Chamber, to acquaint me, that her Father designs to marry her to the great *Mogol's*

gol's Son. Had you seen her, my Son, her Sorrow would have griev'd you to the Heart. She had like to have dy'd in her Damsel *Laura's* Arms. In short, her Love to me makes her look upon the intended Match as such a deadly Affliction, that in order to shun it, and preserve her self entirely for my Love, she has resolv'd to forsake her Father's Court, to follow me wheresoever I will carry her, and we have agreed to be gone privately this Night. It is very well done, Sir, cry'd *Sancho*, but then we must take Mrs. *Laura* with us too; for she is a very genteel Damsel. Mr. Squire, answer'd *Don Quixote* smiling, methinks the Damsel *Laura* has found a Place in your Heart. By the Lord, my Friend, you are now catch'd in Love's Net; and to prove what I say, I will now tell you what you feel within your self. Is it not true, that you often think on that Damsel? And that you are pleas'd when you think of her? Yes, Faith, quoth *Sancho*, I think of her every Moment; and I don't know for what, but I am mightily pleas'd. Confess again, said *Don Quixote*, that you long to see her again, and that you could wish we were back at the Castle. God bless me, Sir, reply'd *Sancho*, how can you guess at all that without my telling you! Hang me, nothing so true. I am mad to be at the Castle again, and I, who never us'd to be weary of sitting upon my Ass, am now as uneasie as a Whore at a Sermon. Do not wonder at my Diving into your Secrets, said the Knight sighing, I am but too expert in those Affairs. But to say the Truth, I can never sufficiently admire the Power of Love. No Heart is proof against his Arrows since he has wounded yours. Spread open thy Soul, my Lad, to receive a Fulness of Joy, and thank your happy Stars, which entitle you to the most charming Hopes. The Damsel *Laura* will bear her Mistress Company, and your ravish'd Eyes shall daily behold the Object of their Love. But, Sir, said *Sancho*, may not I carry her away into my Island without any Ceremony? Can any Body have any thing to say to it? Have not Governours always some Damsel in their Castles for their House-Keeper?

Don

Don Quixote was about solving this Case of Conscience, and perhaps in favour of *Sancho*; but a Damsel suddenly appearing before them, broke off their Discourse, and by her Air and Garb drew their Eyes upon her self. She was mounted on a white Palfrey, and had a large Umbrello of a Rose-Colour Taffety, and a Silver Lace hanging round the Edge of it. Her Cloaths were of white Damask with Gold Flowers, and a Sattin Veil of the same Colour. She made directly to our Adventurers, who thought they had not Eyes enough to look at her, and when she was near them, she took off her white Veil, and discover'd a Face of a Woman at least Threescore Years of Age. However, *Don Quixote* took her for some Princess still in her Teens, who had been stolen from her Parents by some false Knight, and then basely forsaken. This Fancy possessing his Brain, he bow'd down to his Horse's Neck, and after saluting the Lady in the most respectful manner, said to her; Beautiful *Infanta*, you have doubtless just Cause to complain of Fortune, since we see you travel without any Guard or Retinue. What Knight could find in his Heart to forsake you notwithstanding the repeated Vows he made you, and your ravishing Beauty? Tell me, I beseech you, the dismal Story of your Misfortunes. You cannot reveal it to any Knight that is more entirely devoted to the Service of Ladies than I am. Sir Knight, answer'd the Damsel, I perceive by your noble Mein and Air, that the beautiful Sex never implor'd your Assistance in vain. Therefore I beg of you to grant me a Boon. I will grant you an Hundred Thousand, reply'd *Don Quixote*; speak boldly, adorable Princess; What is it you require of me? I am no Princess, quoth she, I am but a Servant, and thank God for that, since I can be no better. But the Boon I ask of you is for an *Infanta* I serve, who is one of the most accomplish'd Princess's in the World, and you can never employ your Sword more honourably than for her. Command me, answer'd *Don Quixote*; explain your self. What is the Matter in hand? The Matter is, reply'd the Damsel, to chastize a Knight, who has prov'd false to my Mistress.

E e

Charm,

Charming Maiden, said *Don Quixote*, I'll undertake that with all my Heart. You need only name the Traitor that could be guilty of such a felonious Act. O Sir, quoth the Damsel, I am very glad I have found you ; I am satisfy'd my Mistress cannot have a fitter Man to revenge her Quarrel. Yet do not deceive your self, Sir, as much as I confide in your Courage ; I cannot still but quake for you ; for in short, I bring you into an extraordinary Danger ; you are to engage a famous Knight, who makes the whole Globe resound his Exploits and seems to lead about Victory by the Hem of her Garment. When he has overcome me, answer'd *Don Quixote*, I shall think him invincible. I am impatient to try my Strength with him. Tell me his Name quickly, and where I may meet with him. Sir, reply'd the Damsel, I am told he is in this Country, and I will in a few Words tell you his Name and his Story. That Changeling, that Ingrate, that felonious Man is call'd *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, and the unhappy Princess he has wrong'd is *Dulcinea del Toboso*. That false Man, after chusing her for his Lady, after offering up his Vows to her in a Thousand Adventures, which he could never have finish'd without the Help of her Peerless Beauty that base faithless Soul has undeservedly forsaken her, and is fallen in Love with a fat *Amazon* Queen, the Refuse of Prince *Hiperborean*, and of the Scholars at *Alcala*. You change Countenance, Sir, Knight, added the Damsel ; I perceive the Account of this Disloyalty displeases you. Your generous Heart rises at so base an Action, and you could wish you had already freed the Earth from that cursed Monster ; but let nothing stay you, make haste to seek him out, and shed his faithless Blood. *Don Quixote*, it is easie to believe, was strangely surpriz'd at this Discourse, and no less concern'd, and perceiving that the Damsel expected his Answer, he spoke to her as follows. Trusty Confident of the Princess *Dulcinea*. I am too much an Enemy to Dissimulation to conceal the Truth from you. I must confess I am that wretched Knight, whose Life you demand, you have before you the unfortunate *Don Quixote de la Mancha*. Who ? You ! cry'd the Damsel,

fel, as if she were frighted. Are you that Traitor my Mistress complains of? Nay, then I find there is no trusting to Faces. I am more unfortunate than guilty, answer'd *Don Quixote*, I take Heaven to Witness, I had still been the *Infanta Dulcinea's* Knight, had not she hated me; but I could no longer withstand her unworthy Contempt of my Love. She neither despis'd nor hated you, reply'd the Damsel; and it was only her nice Honour that made her abuse you. She was willing to make Trial of your Constancy before she would reward it; but understanding by Fame, that you were in Love with another Lady, she sent me immediately to tell you, she will never see you more, and that she forbids you ever to set your Foot in *La Mancha* again. This is what I am order'd by her to tell you, and this is what I must tell you of my own. Do not think, false Knight, that Heaven will suffer you to go unpunish'd. It would no longer be just, should it forbear to punish the Wrong you have done to the Beautifullest of its Works. May the Enchanters your Enemies obstruct your Succeeding in any of your Undertakings. May they blot out of the Memory of Man all the Glory you have acquir'd. May they perswade all future Generations, that the dreadful *Bramarbas* you overcame was only a Paste-board Giant. And may they make Posterity look upon all your Heroick Actions, as ridiculous and foolish. These are the Curses I bestow on you, inconstant *Don Quixote*; and that your Squire, who has a Share in your Change, may not blame me for forgetting him: May he every Day meet with *Tanquesians* to drub his Sides, or with Galley-Slaves to pelt him with Stones. And may you, Mrs. Bitchinton, cry'd *Sancho* in a Passion, fall into the next Cart-Rut with your Palfrey, and break your Whore's Neck. What the Devil ails her? And what have I done to her, that she should wish me so much Harm? The Damsel not regarding what *Sancho* said, presently turn'd about her Horse's Head, and put him on so briskly, that *Don Quixote* and *Sancho* soon lost Sight of her.

C H A P. XV.

How strangely Don Quixote was perplex'd when Dulcinea's Damsel was gone; what inward Strugglings he felt, and the happy Resolution he came to at last.

THE Knight of *La Mancha* leaning in a dismal Posture on the Pommel of his Saddle, was now full of a Thousand melancholy Thoughts, without knowing what Resolution to take. Sometimes he had a mind to follow *Dulcinea's* Damsel; and then again was with-held by the Force of his new Passion. *Sancho* seeing him thus cast down, said to him, Cheer up, Sir Knight of the *Cupids*; What, will you be troubled at the Words of a Gypsie? O my Son, cry'd *Don Quixote*, did you hear what she said? How wretched am I? But, alas! I deserve it. She said, Her Mistress did not despise, nay, she did not hate me; and I, too ready to take a Repulse, broke that glorious Chain, and thro' my Impatience lost the Love of an adorable Princess. Alas, poor cowardly Knight, who hast not the Courage to hold out the Combat. Your Constancy ought not to have yielded to the Rigour and Disdain of that matchless Princess. Return to your first Chain, run, fly, go swear to that lovely Enemy, that you will for the future only live for her. But I forget she has forbid me appearing in her Presence. Shall I then go provoke her just Indignation by my Disobedience? No, it is enough that I restore to her the Sovereignty over my Soul: She will soon know I have return'd to my Duty. Fame will take care to inform her. Let the Princess *Dulcinea* reign in my Heart. May she reign there for ever. But what do I say? Senseless Man, shall I forsake the Daughter of the *Arch-banterer* of the *Indies*? Can I in Honour do it,

it, after what she has done for me? Will not the Provocation I shall give her be a juster Cause to hate me than *Dulcinea* has? Good God! How shall I get clear of this Perplexity without Detriment to my Honour? I cannot be true to *Dulcinea* without being false to *Banterina*. What a heavy Burden is Honour! Whatever Way I turn me, I see my Memory blasted, and my Reputation lost. But the Time is short, the *Infanta* of the *Indies* presses to be gone with me this Night. What shall I do? Heavens inspire me with what Course to take.

Here *Don Quixote* stopp'd a while to consider how he should come off this knotty Affair with Honour, and then said to his Squire, God be prais'd, Son *Sancho*, I am now no longer dubious. I know what I am to follow. I remember what the Knight of the Sun did in the like Circumstances, and I will follow his Example. What was 'it he did, cry'd *Sancho*? I'll tell you, answer'd *Don Quixote*. He was upon the Point of marrying *Landabrides*, when his first Mistress *Claridiana* sent her Damsel *Arcania* to him to upbraid him with Inconstancy. He was so much concern'd at what she said, that he immediately left the Emperor *Alicander's* Court, and retir'd to a Desert, resolving there to die for Grief. Out upon it, Sir, cry'd *Sancho*, what a beastly Resolution was that? By the Lord, take heed how you do the like. You don't know what you say, reply'd *Don Quixote*. Can I do better than tread in the Steps of such a renowned Knight? I must imitate him, my Friend, and accordingly giving way to a due Repentance, I this Moment banish *Banterina* my Heart and my Memory, and will remove at a Distance from the Court, to go finish the sad Course of my miserable Life in some solitary wild Place. The Squire being utterly averse to that strange Notion, endeavour'd to dissuade his Master; but all his Arguments were of no Force. Forbear, *Sancho*, said *Don Quixote*, forbear so vainly to oppose a Resolution which so much concerns my Glory. Follow me, without contradicting any more, or else never more keep me Company. This said, he gave

Rocinante his Head, who accidentally fell into the Road that leads to *Toledo*. Tho' it was a great Grievance to the Squire to leave the Castle, where he had far'd so daintily, yet he prefer'd his Duty before his Inclination, and follow'd his Master, whose Escape prov'd a great Disappointment to the Ladies and Gentlemen, who having employ'd the Damsel only to perplex the Knight, and make themselves Sport with his Anxiety, never imagin'd that would be the Means to lose him.

C H A P. XVI.

Don Quixote's and his Squire's sorrowful Farewel.

OUR Adventurers were now near *Illescas*, when they left the High-Way to strike into a little Wood they spy'd in the Plain. Being come into it, they alighted, and sat down on the Grass, and *Don Quixote* thinking the Place proper for the Execution of his Design, said to *Sancho*, It is here, my Friend, that I will submit to my Destiny, offering up my self a Sacrifice to *Dulcinea's* Displeasure; We have but a few Minutes to be together: We must now part for ever. The Squire hearing this dismal Sentence, could not forbear weeping, and said, O my good Master *Don Quixote*, what Madness has possess'd you to resolve to die for having chang'd your Mistress? Does any Body die now-a-days on that Account? Check your Sorrow, quoth the Knight, and set all the Strength of your Reason against the Rigour of our ill Fortune. Our Parting troubles me as much as you. I had flatter'd my self with the Hopes of a longer Life; but since my Honour stands not in need of it, and that dying I have the Comfort of leaving you Governour of a good Island, I am willing to end my Days. I know you rely'd on me, and thought I

would

would by my Advice ease you of part of the Weight of your Government. I design'd the same; but no matter, listen to me, my Son, I'll tell you how you shall govern your Island to gain the Love of all the Inhabitants. Be severe without being rigid: Be good without being too indulgent: Be generous, watchful, and ready to relieve all that stand in Need of you. Let not the Rich be dispatch'd before the Poor. Let not Favour or Interest turn you away from the Course of Justice. In short, let all the People of your Island live in Peace, and quietly enjoy their own. I will say no more; for, besides that I will not burden your Memory, I fear lest the wise Man, who is to write my History, should trouble the Reader with all I could say. Sir, answer'd *Sancho*, it is needless to teach me how to govern my Island. I renounce all the Governments in the World. I will die here with you, and that will soon be done; for I have but one Day's Provision. No, Friend, reply'd *Don Quixote*, I will not allow you to share in my Fate. The Interest of your Family requires you should live, and keep your Government. It is enough that I die. *Dulcinea's* Wrath requires but one Victim. Alas! cry'd the Squire, renewing his Tears, what will become of poor Orphans? Who will defend Giants against Widows? O the curs'd *Dulcinea*! Could not she have been quiet without sending her Messengers after us? Hold, *Sancho*, quoth *Don Quixote*, take Heed, Wretch, how you utter any Blasphemies against that Divine Princess. I had rather all Nature should return to its first Chaos, than to hear one Word of Reflection on that Sovereign Lady. Instead of Cursing, you must go to her from me, and you must tell her, That, not being able to survive her Indignation, and the Prohibition to appear before her, I have pin'd away to Death in this Desert. Then shall you fall down at her Feet, and conjure her not to hate my Memory, and you shall never rise till her Royal Mouth has granted it. This is what I require of you. Now you may depart. Go, my Son, added he, holding out his Hand

to him, and sometimes remember your Master. Farewel, I freely give you all that is in the Portmanteau. This Present, tho' pretty considerable, did not comfort *Sancho*, who, upon this dismal Occasion gave good Proof that he was a true Friend to *Don Quixote*; for laying hold of his Hand to kiss it, he bath'd it with his Tears, and appear'd so transported with Sorrow, that our Knight could not but be concern'd, and was forc'd to make him depart immediately, to remove such an Object of Compassion from his Eyes.

When his Squire was out of his Sight, he drew near *Rocinante*, who stood upright on all Four, with his Bridle on his Neck, and his Eyes shut, peaceably expecting his Doom. Faithful Companion of my Labours, said the Knight to him, weeping bitterly, Heaven can testifie I am as much troubled to forsake you, as the Knight of the Sun was to part with his *Cornelin*. I will make the same Speech to you, for you well deserve it, that he made to him in the Island of the Demoniack *Faunus*. O my good Horse! In Recompence for the good Service you have done me, I must discharge you of your Bands. I set you free. Go, you are no longer subject to the Power of Man; for the future follow your own Inclination. Enjoy the same Liberty other Creatures do in this Desert; for what Knight would you serve after me? This said, he took off his Saddle and Bridle, and giving him Two Claps on the Buttocks with his open Hand, added, Go then, beautiful Horse, remove at a Distance from this fatal Place I have chose to be my Tomb. The freed Beast, insensible of the Value of his Liberty, feeling himself eas'd of his Accoutrements, lay down upon the Ground to rest him. *Don Quixote* observing it, cry'd, O my dear *Rocinante*, you cannot leave me then. You prefer Death before your Liberty, and will not survive my Misfortunes. Be it so then, let us both die here together, and when future Ages understand that I dy'd for Grief of having offended my Lady, let them know at the same time, that you dy'd for Grief of losing me. Having spoke these

these Words, the unfortunate Knight made his Complaints to the Eccho's, and laid him down upon the Grass, calling upon Death to assist him, and resolving positively to die for Grief.

CH A P. XVII.

How Don Quixote receiv'd unexpected Comfort.

IN the mean while, *Sancho* being got again into the High way that leads to *Toledo*, went on gently, full of a Thousand sad Thoughts, sighing, and stopping at every Turn to see the Place where he had left his Master; but his Grief was soon turn'd into Joy; for when he least thought of it, a Man mounted on a scurvy Beast pass'd by him, and looking earnestly on the Squire, cry'd out, By the Lord, I am not mistaken. It is certainly Mr. *Sancho Panza* I see. O Mr. Barber, quoth *Sancho*, knowing Master *Nicholas* his Country-man, is it possible I have met you? What Chance brought you into this strange Country? I'll tell you that exactly, answer'd the Barber, when you have inform'd me what is become of *Don Quixote*. Alas! Master *Nicholas*, reply'd *Sancho*, all we can say of *Don Quixote* now is, God rest his Soul. He needs nothing now but Prayers. O Heavens, cry'd the Barber in a Consternation, then your Master is dead. Not yet, reply'd the Squire; but his Life is in great Danger. I left him this Moment, and he designs to die thro' Despair for Madam *Dulcinea*. God be prais'd, said Master *Nicholas*, since he is not dead it is well enough. Cheer up, my Friend, *Don Quixote* shall not die; I come now to look him out to tell him such News as will put him out of Conceit with his Journey into the other World. What News, quoth *Sancho*? The most surprizing, answer'd the Barber

ber, and the most pleasing he can ever hear. But let us make haste to convey it to him; for let Medicines be never so good, they are useless when apply'd too late. *Sancho*, who had great Confidence in Master *Nicholas*, laid much Stress upon his Words, and conducted him speedily where *Don Quixote* was.

They found him stretch'd out on the Ground, leaning his Head on his Hand, wrapt in deep Imagination. Sir, cry'd *Sancho*, I beg your Pardon, for interrupting your Penance, and disturbing the Pleasure you take to die for Despair; but it must be so, for here is Master *Nicholas* the Barber come with me, who brings you good News. Alas! answer'd *Don Quixote*, what can he say that will avail me in this wretched Condition I am in. I know nothing of the Matter, quoth the Squire; but I rely on him, and I am already overjoy'd at what he is going to tell you. You have a true Foreboding, Friend *Sancho*, reply'd the Barber, and your Master will rejoice as much as you do, when I come to acquaint him, that the Princess *Dulcinea del Toboso* is resolv'd to make him happy. What is it I hear, cry'd *Don Quixote*? What pleasing Words are those have reach'd my Ears? O my dear Friend, Master *Nicholas*, perhaps, you only speak them to divert my Grief, and snatch me out of the Hands of Death. No, no, reply'd the Barber, I tell you nothing but the Truth; and to prove what I say, I have a Letter for you from that Noble *Infanta*. Good God, a Letter, cry'd *Don Quixote* in a Transport; what Thanks shall I be able to return you, Mr. Barber? I am no longer a Barber, said Master *Nicholas*; I have sold my Razors, Bason and Wash-Balls; I am now Squire to the Princess *Dulcinea*, and my Name is *Tobosin*. Let me be hang'd, cry'd *Sancho*, that is great News. But have you no Shop then? There is no Trimming at all there, and I'll tell you the Reason. But now let us mind more important Affairs. This said, he pull'd the Letter he talk'd of out of his Pocket, and deliver'd it to *Don Quixote*,
who

who took and read it aloud. The Contents were as follows:

The LETTER.

‘ THE Princess *Dulcinea del Toboso*, the Slave to the
 ‘ Heavenly Fire-brands; to thee the Cause of all
 ‘ my Misfortunes, the Knight of the *Sorrowful Aspect*,
 ‘ Health. I ought to quake at thy very Name, and
 ‘ as a Punishment for thy Neglect in enquiring after
 ‘ me, I ought to blot out of my Memory all thy Ex-
 ‘ ploits, which to my Sorrow are there engrav’d, as
 ‘ it were on Brass. But Ladies do not always what
 ‘ they ought to do; and therefore, instead of treating
 ‘ you with that Rigour you deserve, I write to you,
 ‘ to command you by the Power Love gives me over
 ‘ your Person, to return immediately upon Receipt
 ‘ hereof into *La Mancha*. My Squire, who is well
 ‘ known to you, will inform you how much I stand
 ‘ Need of your Valour and Assistance. Heaven keep
 ‘ you, and preserve my Life, which I much fear till
 ‘ I can enjoy your unworthy and dear Sight.

O Heavens, said the Knight, what a happy Change! I can scarce believe this Miracle. How obliging is this Letter. I am the more surpriz’d at it, because it differs so much from what the Damsel told me, whom we met this Morning. What Damsel did you meet, said the Barber? One of the Infanta *Dulcinea’s* Damsels, answer’d *D. Quixote*. And what did she say to you, quoth Master *Nicholas*? She told me, answer’d *Don Quixote*, that her Mistress forbid me ever appearing before her, or returning to *La Mancha*. This fatal Sentence made me pitch upon this Solitude to end my unhappy Days in. God forbid, reply’d the Barber, guessing that some Body had put that Trick upon him to make Sport. It is true, the Princess *Dulcinea* was in a great Passion when she sent that Damsel to you; but since then the Case is alter’d with the Infanta, and an Accident has happen’d which oblig’d her to deal more favourably with

with you. In the Condition she is in at present, it would ill become her to treat you like a *Turk* or a *Moor*. She has more need to make the best of it, and to court you; for to deal plainly, she stands in need of your Sword. Explain your self Master *Tobosin*, said *Don Quixote* in a Transport; What Danger is my Princess in. Inform me quickly. She is in the greatest of Dangers, reply'd Master *Nicholas*. She refus'd some Months since to marry the Emperor of *Trabifond*, who to revenge himself, has laid a Design to steal her away; and to that End, he is come to *Toboso* with an Army of Six Hundred Thousand Men. Heavens, cry'd *Don Quixote*, interrupting him; Can you favour such an Outrage? Tell me, my Friend, what did the Princess do in this Extremity. She summon'd the Ban and Arrear-Ban to be in Arms, reply'd the Barber; and not only the Gentry, but all the Inhabitants of the Villages of *Toboso* and *Argamasilla* are got together in her Palace, with a Resolution to defend her to the last Drop of their Blood, and have all vow'd to let their Beards grow till they have defeated the Enemy. And this is the Reason why I told you they did not trim their Beards. Now you must understand there have been several Encounters. The Arrear-Ban has done Wonders, as it uses to do. The Pagans have always had the better. They have torn our Curate *Peter Perez* his new Cassock, and cut out the Tongues of our Two *Alcaldes*, for having given Judgment wrongfully. O holy Virgin, cry'd *Sancho*; then our *Alcaldes* are finely brought to Bed. In short, *Don Quixote*, added the Barber, tho' the *Tobosines* behave themselves bravely, they must needs fall at long run; and tho' *Dulcinea's* Palace were better defended than the Castle of *Albraca*, sooner or later the Emperor of *Trabifond* will make himself Master of it. So you see, that unless you speedily relieve my Mistress, she's a lost *Infanta*. Away, away, cry'd, *Don Quixote*; let us fly to her Relief. I am as able to rout a numerous Army, as *Orlando*. Let us saddle *Rocinante* quickly, and be gone. *Don Quixote*, said the Barber, I find I am not deceiv'd in my

my Expectation; I knew you could not fail being nettled when I told you this News. I assure you I am overjoy'd to see your Readiness; and the Princess *Dulcinea* has good Reason to ground all her Hopes on you. Is it possible, Mr. *Tobosin*, said the Knight, that beautiful Queen should take any Notice of my Valour? How do you mean, reply'd the Barber? By the Lord, she values you more than all the Twelve Peers of *France* put together. Go, my dear *Tobosin*, said she to me at parting; go seek out the Knight of the Sorrowful Aspect. Bid him come to defend his Princess. Ah, were he here, how little should I fear the Emperor of *Trabifond*? When the Barber spoke these Words, the Knight embrac'd him, to express the Pleasure he conceiv'd.

At this Time *Rocinante* having smelt out Master *Nicholas* his Beast, with whom he had formerly skipp'd in the Meadows of *Toboso*, he got up very heavily, and began to gney so loud, that the whole Wood resounded. *Don Quixote* took it for a happy Omen. Rejoyce, my Friends, said he, *Rocinante* forebodes the Victory I am going to gain over the Emperor of *Trabifond*. We cannot set out under a better Presage. No truly, answer'd the Barber, smiling, if there were still a College of Augurs at *Rome*, he would well deserve to be one of them. But we must saddle and bridle him instantly; for Time is precious. You may guess what an Havock an Army of Six Hundred Thousand Men will make in a Country where they live at Discretion. O Lord, cry'd *Sancho*, what will become of my Oxen, my Six Ews, my Goats, my Eight Hens and my Cock? I'll warrant those Dogs will soon dispatch them. That's done already, quoth Master *Nicholas*, it was the first Thing they did. The very first Day they came they devour'd your Oxen, your Sheep, and your Goats, and the Emperor, who loves none but nice Bits, eat your Cock boil'd with Bacon. And what became of my Hens, said *Sancho*? They made Broth for their sick Men with them, reply'd *Tobosin*.

bofin. Bless us, cry'd *Sancho*, I am undone. Good God, is it lawful to devour other Men's Substance after that manner? The holy Brotherhood ought to take up all those Knaves, and send them to the Gallies. That is not so easily done, answer'd the Barber; but cheer up, my Friend, you serve a Master who keeps Fortune lock'd up in his Sword-Scabbard; and for the Loss you have sustain'd, I promise you the Princess *Dulcinea* shall make it good. This Promise comforted *Sancho*. Then he saddled and bridled *Rocinante*, and they all went out of the Wood, taking the Road to *Toboso*.

C H A P. XVIII.

What the Barber's Design was : What Don Quixote did after the Example of Don Belianis of Greece : And, Lastly, Of the most unfortunate Adventure that ever befel him.

OUR *Arabian* Historian begins this Chapter acquainting us with the Barber's Design, and tells us, that Mr. *Valentin* being inform'd by the Canons to whom *Sancho* told his Story of the Geese, that *Don Quixote* was gone to *Madrid*, had writ to the Curate *Peter Perez*, giving him an Account of it, and exhorting him in his Charity not to suffer that honest Gentleman to be the Jest of all *Spain* any longer. The Curate show'd the Letter to Master *Nicholas*, and, upon mature Deliberation, they both agreed, that *Don Quixote* must be put up into a Cage again, and for the future be kept close, that he might not make his Escape. That the only Way to draw him into *La Mancha* was to possess him that *Dulcinea* was in some great Danger, and to write a Letter, in which that disconsolate Princess was to beg his

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Assistance. That the Barber should go directly to *Madrid*, to deliver the Letter, and, to give the better Colour to the Cheat, should pretend to be *Dulcinea's* Squire. This was accordingly exactly perform'd, as has been seen; now let us return to our History.

Our Adventurers were not yet got out of the Wood, when *Don Quixote* said to the Barber, Mr. *Tobosin*, I remember I have read, that *Don Belianis* understanding, that a puissant Army lay before *Babylon* to carry off *Florisbella*, was Four Days without speaking one Word, to express his Concern. Would not you advise me to follow his Example? No doubt of it, answer'd Master *Nicholas*, it is the best Thing you can do. To what Purpose do we read the Actions of Great Men, if we do not imitate them. Do, *Don Quixote*, speak not in Four Days. *Dulcinea* will be charm'd at such a notable Testimony of your Concern; and, upon my Word, I'll take Care to magnifie it to her. Then I desire you both, said *Don Quixote*, not to interrupt my Silence. Do you Two discourse as if I were not with you. This said, he was silent on a sudden, to begin his Imitation of *Don Belianis*. So, Friend *Sancho*, said the Barber, let us deal it about now. Let us talk a little to divert us. By my Faith, quoth *Sancho*, you have met with your Match. I thank God, my Tongue was never backward, and I know you can play your Part, so we shall make a fine Clattering. Well, said the Barber, to set your Hand in a Talking, tell me all your Adventures, since your last Sally, that I may entertain the Princess *Dulcinea* with them when I come home. *Sancho* did as he was desir'd, and when he had ended the Relation, went on saying, Now, Master *Nicholas Tobosin*, pray do you explain one Thing to me, which very much puzzles me. Is it possible there should be a Palace at *Toboso*, and that the Sister of *Rasil* and *Bertrand Nogales* is a Princess? For, in short, when I carry'd her my Master *Don Quixote's* Letters, I could see nothing, but a down-right Peasant; and yet her Damsel we met this Morning, was clad like a Lady
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of Quality. Then it is likely I was enchanted, when I saw Madam *Dulcinca*, and am so no longer now. There is no doubt to be made of that, answer'd the Barber. It is likely that when you disenchant'd the *Infanta Bouncerina* you tell me of, you disenchant'd your self at the same time. Your Fast might produce that Effect. My Fast, cry'd *Sancho*, laughing as if he were mad. By my Troth, that's a good one. Why do you laugh so heartily, said the Barber? I never laugh'd more heartily, reply'd he, and since my Master cares no more for the *Infanta Bouncerina*, I'll tell you how it was. All the *Arch-banterer's* Court, and my Master *Don Quixote* himself think I fasted for her; but the Devil take him that did. Yet for all that she is as well disenchant'd, as if I had not eaten a Bit; and thus you see sometimes a good Name is got by a Lye. *Don Quixote* hearing this Discourse, could not forbear talking. How now, Scoundrel, said he to his Squire, did not you go to Bed without your Supper. I grant it, Sir, quoth *Sancho*; but when you were got to Bed, don't you remember I got up. Well, and what then, reply'd the Knight? What then, answer'd the Squire; why it was then I went to pil-lage the Pullet and the Piece of Bread you had left up-on the Table. What Stories do you tell us, said *Don Quixote*. You talk of a Dream as if it had been a real Truth. I make no Question of it, said the Barber, that Night he fasted, he dreamt he got up to eat a Pullet and a Piece of Bread, and the Dream has made such an Impression on him, that we need not wonder he looks upon it as Truth. Master *Nicholas* spoke these Words so gravely, that *Sancho*, not knowing what to think of it, cry'd out, Good God! Is it possible I only eat the Pullet in a Dream? Then a Man broad awake cannot swear he is not asleep. You are no good Logician, answer'd *Don Quixote*, you must not say, that a Man broad awake is not sure he is not then asleep; but you must say, that a Man who thinks himself awake, may possibly be asleep, and then you'll argue Categorically. Nay, Faith, Sir, quoth *Sancho*, I do not understand those

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Morals ; but God knows the Truth of it. Since the *Infanta* was disenchant'd, reply'd the Barber, you may be satisfy'd that you fasted ; for Enchanters are not to be impos'd upon. But *Don Quixote*, added he, to your Silence again ; and lest you should be forc'd to break it a Second time, do not listen to what we shall say. The Knight took his Advice, gave no more Attention to their Discourse, and plunging himself in the Thoughts of the great Feats he was to perform before *Dulcinea*, was entirely rapt in Meditation, and observ'd his Silence exactly for Four Days.

By this Time they drew near *Argamasilla* and *Toboso*, and were almost in sight of those Two Villages when the Barber said to *Don Quixote*. At length, Sir Knight, after a long Journey we are now near the Place where your Presence is so necessary. We can never come soon enough, my dear *Tobosin*, answer'd *Don Quixote*. What a Multitude of dismal Notions occur to me ! My Valour is ready to sink under them. When I consider our ruin'd Country, our Fields throng'd with Pagans, our Crops carry'd away by Strangers, our Friends and Towns-Men slaughter'd, and above all, when I think on my Princess in Despair, and counting, as impatiently as I do, the Moments I am wanting ; Good God, what a Torment is this for a Heart so tender as mine. I must confess, said *Tobosin*, those are dismal Thoughts ; but we must hope *Dulcinea* will be more afraid than hurt. Let us think of defending her, and all Three of us resolve to cut and thrust. Why all Three, quoth *Sancho* ? Must we that are no Knights run our selves in the Battle. Sure enough, answer'd Master *Nicholas*. It is true, we cannot fight Knights, but it is lawful for us to engage Scoundrels and Rakes ; and, I believe, there are enough of them in an Army of Six Hundred Thousand Men. You need not Second me, my Friends, said *Don Quixote*. Tho' this Army be very numerous, I shall soon put it to flight my self ; for I'll go directly to the Emperor's Quarters ; and finding out that Prince by the Three Crowns he

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wears on his Head, as is the Custom of the Emperors of *Trabifond*, I'll make my self Way through the Soldiers and Knights that encompass him, and then I'll attack him. He'll not be able to withstand my Force, I'll strike him down, and cut off his Head; as one of his Predecessors was serv'd by *Contumelian* of *Phenicia*. Then the News of his Death being spread abroad among his Troops, they will fall into a Consternation and fly. So our Country, quoth the Barber, will be at once deliver'd from those Pagans, Heavens be prais'd. By my Troth, well fare the Books of Chivalry, they teach us curious Stratagems in War. Thus they discours'd till they discover'd *Argamasilla*, and when they were come within Two Hundred Paces of it, the Barber designing to get into the Village to acquaint the Curate with the Arrival of their Country-man, and to make ready the Cage; he said to the Knight. *Don Quixote*, do you halt here with *Sancho*. I will go view the Enemy, and will return in a Moment with an Account of the Posture I find them in. Be you upon your Guard, the meanwhile, for fear of a Surprise. Go, brave *Tobosin*, answer'd *Don Quixote*; and observe all Things distinctly. I will not fail, reply'd the Barber. I will examine all Things nicely, but I will endeavour chiefly to discover where the Emperor's Quarters are. This said, he left *Don Quixote*, and made haste into the Village. *Sancho*, my Lad, said the Knight, let us both stand Centinel. Let us look about, and be so watchful, that nothing may escape us. Would to God, answer'd the Squire, the Six Hundred Thousand Pagans would make their escape; by my Faith, I would never hinder them. As they stood looking about them on all sides, they happen'd to spy Ten or Twelve Men a Horse-back in the Plain, making towards *Toboso*, and these were a Party of the Holy Brotherhood. To Arms, to Arms, cry'd *Don Quixote*; there is a strong Detachment of the Pagan Army. They are the Flower of the Knights of *Trabifond*, whom the Emperor, being inform'd of my coming, sends out to hem me in. But I'll fall upon them,

them, and having slain them, will by their Defeat strike a Terror into the Enemies Army. This said, he put on *Rocinante* towards the Knights of *Trabifond*. Alas, poor Knight of *La Mancha*, whether is your Valour dragging you ? What a dismal Spectacle are you going to expose to the Eyes of the World : O ye *Tartars* and *Chineses*, ye Nations that see the bright *Aurora* open the Curtains of the Day, and ye People of the New World with whom the great Luminary that light us sets ; ye scorch'd *Ethiopians*, and ye frozen *Laplanders*, *Don Quixote* is going to combat, attend all of ye to this mighty Event.

The Troopers seeing *Don Quixote* make towards them, halted to expect him ; but tho' they were surpriz'd at his Mein and Garb, they were much more amaz'd, when being come within hearing, he cry'd out to them with a menacing Voice. O ye contemptible Mortals, who do not deserve to be call'd Knights, since you are not asham'd to support the base Cause of the infamous Prince you serve ; stand upon your Guard. The Officer, who commanded the Party, thinking that these Words reflected on the King his Master, answer'd *Don Quixote* thus. Sure thou art mad, or some damn'd insolent Fellow, that darest speak such Words of the most honourable of all Princes. *Don Quixote* hearing himself call'd, Madman, and damn'd Fellow, set himself fast in his Saddle, couch'd his Lance, and ran full tilt at the Officer, who having neither Time nor Skill to put by, or avoid the Thrust, receiv'd it in his Heart, and fell down Stone dead under his Horse's Belly. Then the Troopers drew their Swords and hemm'd in the Knight to seize him ; but he drew as well as they, and charg'd them so furiously that he wounded Two or Three of them. The others fearing the same Fate, began to give way, when one of their Companions asham'd that the whole Party could not secure a single Man, laid hold of his Carabine, and taking aim at *Don Quixote's* Face, shot him through the Head with a Brace of Bullets. The poor Knight had no need of a Second Shot. His feeble Hand dropp'd

Rocinante's Bridle, and after tottering a while in the Saddle, he at last fell off, near the dead Body of the Officer he had slain. *Sancho* who beheld the Combat at a Distance, put on to help up his Master; but finding him stretch'd out on the Ground, senseless, and his Face all Bloody, he fell into all the dismal Transports of an afflicted Squire. He wept, tore his Hair, Beard and Eye-brows, and made the Plain ring with his Cries, Sighs and Lamentations.

Whilst *Sancho* thus rav'd, the Curate *Peter Perez*, and the Barber came upon the Field of Battle, and finding no Signs of Life in *Don Quixote*, were much troubled. The Troopers would have taken Possession of *Don Quixote's* Body to form a Process against him as a common Disturber of the Peace, to render him and his Memory infamous; but as soon as they were acquainted with his strange Madness, they left him to his Country-men, and went off with their Officer's dead Body, whom they bury'd in a Place the Arab has forgot to name. When they were gone, the Curate and the Barber began to lament *Don Quixote's* Death, and were the more inconsolable, because they had been the Cause of it, tho' with an innocent Design. *Sancho* on his side renew'd his Lamentations. O my good Lord and Master, cry'd he, shedding bitter Tears. Now it is we are parted: We shall never see one another more till we meet in the great Valley. Alas! Poor Orphans, your Father is dead. Princesses may now cry, no Body will relieve them, and Chivalry will now fall all together since it has lost the Knight that supported it. Alas! what shall I do in this World without you, my dear Master. I have neither Oxen, nor Sheep; the Pagans have dispatch'd them, and the Emperor of *Trabison* has eaten my Cock, Comb and all. I have nothing left but our Portmanteau, which you gave me the other Day; and I cannot tell but Mr. Curate will come in for a Snack, for your Burial. No, *Sancho*, cry'd the Curate, I shall ask nothing for that, my Friend; and if your Master has given you that Portmanteau, you shall keep it. The Barber having spoke some other com-

comfortable Words, they carry'd *Don Quixote* between them all into the Village of *Argamasilla*, where it is to be suppos'd they paid him the last Duties with all the Pomp due to his Character. I say, it is to be suppos'd, for here the Wife *Alifolan* drops his Pen for Grief. He is so concern'd at the dismal Condition he sees his Hero in, that turning away his Eyes from the sad Spectacle, he forsakes his Work, and here ends his History.

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